

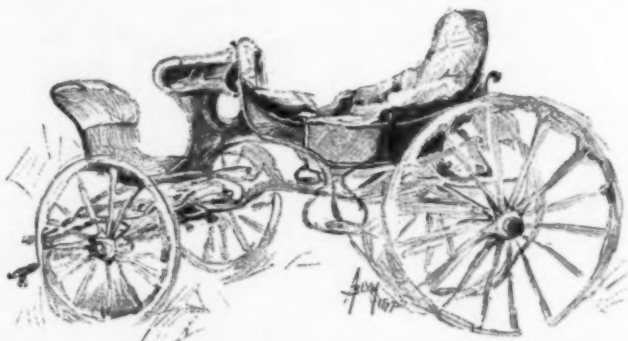
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OLD YORKTOWN.



"DES VARE AM DE KEEBAGE IN WHICH GEN'L WASHIN'TON SURRENDERED TO LORD CORNWALLIS."

ONE hundred years ago, the eyes of a few States along the Atlantic sea-board were turned anxiously toward "Little York," a small town situated on the curve of York River just above where its white current mingles with the green waters of Chesapeake Bay. There was being fought the death struggle between Great Britain and her revolutionary colonies,—between the Old and the New.

Affairs had assumed a gloomy aspect. The army of the South had been defeated and driven back into Virginia, barely escaping annihilation by forced marches, and by the successful passage of the deep rivers which intersect the country through which it retreated; Virginia, the backbone of the Revolution, had been swept by two invasions; and Cornwallis with his victorious army was marching triumphantly through her borders, trying by every means he could devise to bring his only opponent, a young French officer, to an engagement. Had "the boy" proved as reckless as the British

commander believed him, the end would have come before De Grasse with his fleet anchored in the Chesapeake. He was no boy in the art of war, however, and at length Cornwallis, wearied of trying to catch him, retired to York, and intrenching himself, awaited reinforcements from the North. Just at this time, Providence directed the French admiral to the Virginia coast, and the American general, finding himself suddenly possessed of a force such as he had never hoped for in his wildest dreams, and knowing that he could count on the new reinforcements for only a few weeks, determined to put his fate to the touch, and win if possible by a *coup de main*. With this end in view, he withdrew from New York, and came down to Jersey as if to get near his ovens, a move which misled the British commander, who knew that a good meal was a sufficient inducement to carry the hungry American troops farther than that, and did not suspect the ulterior object until he learned that Washing-



THE PRINCIPAL STREET OF YORKTOWN.

ton was well on his way to Virginia. In the last days of September, the colonial general arrived before York and threw the die. Before the end of three weeks, the British troops marched out with cased colors, prisoners of war. The details of the surrender included an act of poetic retribution. When General Lincoln had, not long before, surrendered at Charleston to Cornwallis, the British marquis appointed an inferior officer to receive his sword; this affront General Washington now properly avenged by appointing General Lincoln to receive Cornwallis's sword.

When the British prime minister received the intelligence of the surrender, he threw up his hands, exclaiming: "My God! it is all over!" And it was all over—America was free. A hundred years have passed by since that time, and with natural pride the

people of these United States are preparing to celebrate the centennial anniversary of the great event which secured their independence. Once more the little sleepy Virginia town, which has for a century lain as if under a spell, awakes with a start to find itself the center of interest.

Had the siege of Yorktown taken place a dozen centuries ago, the assailants, instead of hammering the fortifications down as fast as they were repaired, might have been forced to wait until the grim ally, starvation, compelled the besieged to capitulate. Even at this day the place gives evidence of its advantages as a fortified camp. High ramparts and deep fosses, which might have satisfied a Roman consul, surround it on three sides, and on the fourth, a precipitous bluff above the deep, wide York which could be defended by a handful. These fortifica-

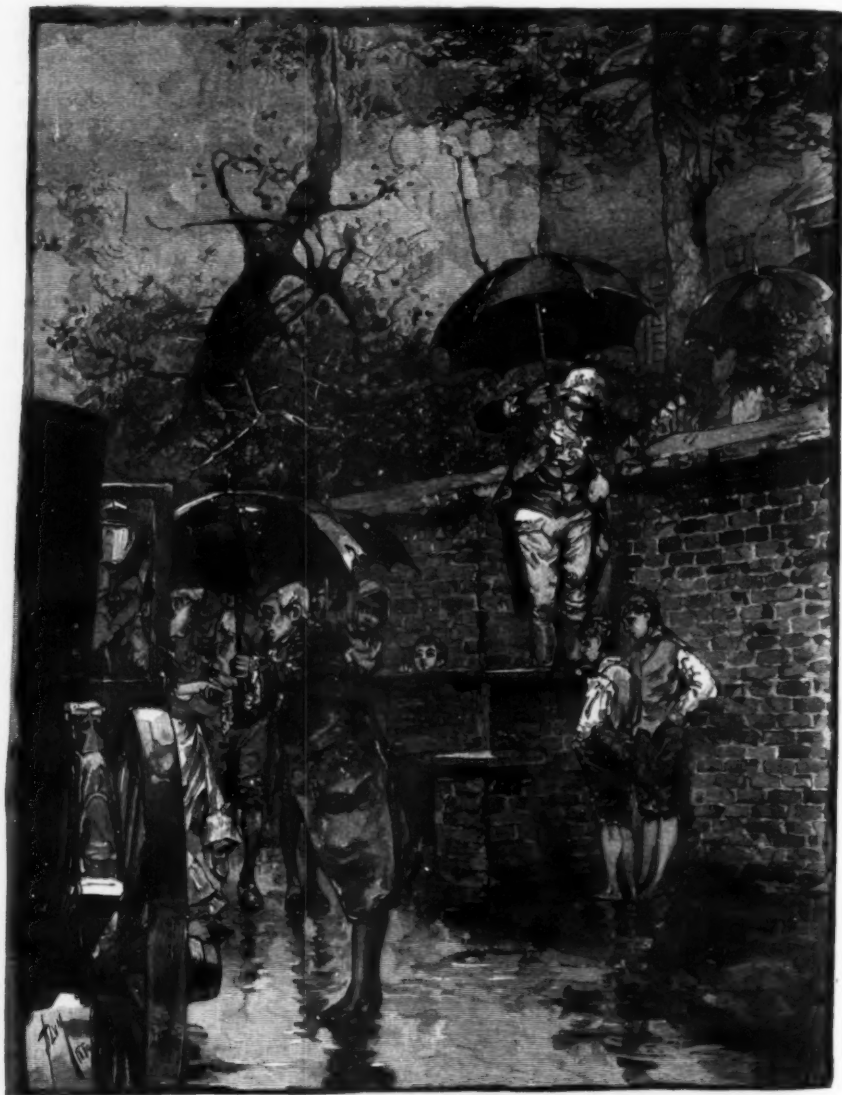
tions bear witness to a later strife. Magruder began them in those early days of 1861, when each side thought the Civil War sport for a summer holiday; and later on, when the magnitude of the struggle was understood, McClellan strengthened them. Together with the few antique brick buildings with massive walls and peaked roofs, which have survived the assaults of three successive wars, and of that more insidious destroyer, Time, they give the place the impressiveness of an old walled town. All new ways and things seem to have been held at bay.

The town is about one hundred and seventy-five years old. It looks much older, but repeated wars have an aging effect, and fish diet is not recuperative. Its

founder was Thomas Nelson, a young settler from Penrith, on the border of Scotland,—and for that reason called "Scotch Tom." Scotch Tom's dwelling, known as the "Nelson House," still stands, with its lofty chimneys and solid walls—towering among the surrounding buildings; an enduring preëminence which would probably have gratified the pride which tradition says moved him to have the corner-stone passed through the hands of his infant heir. The massive door and small windows, with the solid shutters, look as if the house had been constructed more with a view to defense than to architectural grace. Within, everything is antique; modern paint has recently, with doubtful success, if not propriety, attempted to freshen up the old English wainscoting;



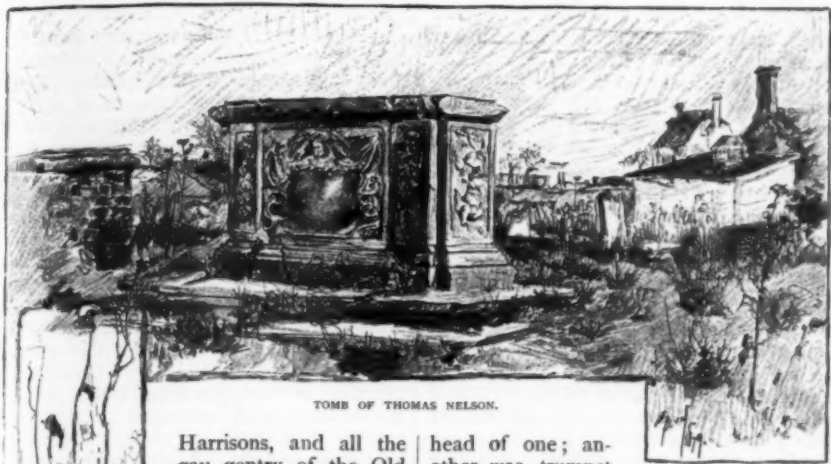
THE NELSON MANSION.



OLD-TIME CANOPIES.

but the old-time air of the place cannot be banished. Memory grows busy as she walks through the lofty rooms and recalls the scenes they have witnessed. Here, in "ye olden tyme," dwelt a race which grew to wealth and power noted even in that age, when the mere lapse of years, opening

up the broad wild lands to the westward, and multiplying the slaves, doubled and quadrupled their possessions without care or thought of the owners. Here have been held receptions at which have gathered Grymeses, Digges, Lees, Carters, Randolphins, Burwells, Pages, Byrds, Spottswoods,



TOMB OF THOMAS NELSON.

Harrisons, and all the gay gentry of the Old Dominion. Up the circular stone steps, where now the dust of the street lies thick, blushing, laughing girls have tripped, followed by stately mammas over whose precious heads the old-time "canopies" were held by careful young lovers, or lordly squires whose names were to become as imperishable as the great Declaration they subscribed. Coming down to a later period, a more historical interest attaches itself to the mansion. George Mason and Washington and Jefferson have slept here; Cornwallis established his head-quarters here during the last days of the great siege, when his first head-quarters, Secretary Nelson's house, had been shelled to pieces. Lafayette, no longer the boyish adventurer with a mind wild with romantic dreams of the Cid, and chased like a fugitive by his sovereign, but the honored and revered guest of a mighty nation, returning in his old age to witness the greatness of the New World toward which his valor had so much contributed, slept here and added another to the many associations which already surrounded the mansion.

Scotch Tom, having built his house, died and was buried. His tomb is one of the two antique monuments which, in spite of war and weather, still remain notable relics of old York. It stands in the uninclosed common near the old church on the bluff, not a stone's-throw from the center of the town. On the four sides, cherubs' faces, elaborately carved, look forth from clouds. Once, a crown was being placed on the

head of one; another was, trumpet in mouth, proclaiming "All glory to God," but the ascription has disappeared. The weather and the vandal have marred and wasted the carving; but enough yet remains to show that on it some noted sculptor had used his utmost skill. The coat of arms on the top shows the *fleurs de lis* as his crest, while the inscription and heraldic insignia declare the founder of Yorktown to have been a "gentleman." At his feet, beneath a less imposing tomb, lies Scotch Tom's oldest son, William Nelson, called "President" Nelson from having been President of the King's Council, and at his feet, in turn, sleeps, in an unmarked grave, the President's oldest son, General Thomas Nelson, the most illustrious of the race—signer of the Declaration of Independence, War Governor of Virginia, and one of the most brilliant of that body of great men who stand, a splendid galaxy, in the firmament of history. "The old store," which for two generations yielded the Nelsons a vast harvest of golden guineas, stood on the open space now called "the common." It survived the siege, but was destroyed in the war of 1812. The custom-house, however, where their goods were entered, still stands a score of yards off, with moss-covered peaked roof, thick walls, and massive oaken doors and shutters. This is one of the most notable relics of York, for it is said to have been the first custom-house erected in America. In the colonial period, it was the fashionable rendezvous of the gentlemen of the town and surrounding country. There the young

bucks in velvet and ruffles gathered to talk over the news or plan new plots of surprising a governor or a lady-love. It was there the haughty young aristocrats, as they took snuff and fondled their hounds, probably laughed over the story of how that young fellow, Washington, who, because he had acquired some little reputation fighting Indians, had thought himself good enough for anybody, had courted Mary Cary, and very properly had been asked out of the house by the old Colonel, on the ground that his daughter had been accustomed to ride in her own coach. There it was doubtless told how Tom Jefferson, leaving his clients and studies on the Rivanna, had come back to try his fate at Becky Burwell's dainty feet, and had been sent off for much-needed consolation to his old friend and crony, John Page, who had just induced little Frances, her cousin, to come and be mistress of Rosewell. Sometimes graver topics were discussed there—whether the Metropolitan's license and the recommendation of the Governor were sufficient to override the will of the vestries in fixing an obnoxious rector in the parishes; whether Great Britain had a right to a monopoly of the colonial trade, or whether she could lawfully prevent them inhibiting the landing of slaves in their ports, with other questions which showed the direction of the popular mind.

It would be difficult to find a fitter illustration of the old colonial Virginia life than that which this little town affords. It was a typical Old Dominion borough, and was one of the eight boroughs into which Virginia was originally divided. One or two families owned the place, ruling with a sway despotic in fact, though in the main temperate and just, for the lower orders were too dependent and inert to dream of thwarting the "gentlefolk," and the Southerner uncrossed was ever the most amiable of men. If there were more than one great family, they nevertheless got on amicably, for they had usually married and intermarried until their interests were identical.

Nearly all the "old" families in the colony were allied, and the clannish instinct was as strong as among the Scotch. The ambition of the few wealthy families in the colony, perhaps more than the usually accepted aristocratic instinct, excluded from the circle all who did not come up to their somewhat difficult standard. Government was their passion, and

everything relating to it interested them. It was the only matter which excited them, and every other feeling took its tone from this. It influenced them in all their relations, domestic as well as public. Even and smooth as seemed the temperament of the nonchalant, languid Virginian,—not splenitive or rash,—yet had it in it something dangerous. His political opinions were sacred to him; he had inherited them from his father, whom he regarded as the impersonation of wisdom and virtue. To oppose them roused him at once, and made him intolerant and violent. He could not brook opposition. The feeling has not altogether disappeared even at the present day. Yet, singular as it may seem, with this existed the deeply ingrained love of liberty and devotion to principle from which sprang the constitutional securities of liberty of speech, freedom of the press, the right to bear arms, and the statute of religious freedom.

In York, the Nelson family was the acknowledged leader in county affairs. President Nelson had sent his eldest son, Tom, when a lad of fourteen, to Eton, and afterward to Cambridge, where he was graduated with some distinction. The style in which the President of the Council lived is exhibited by the casual remark, in a letter written to a friend who was in charge of this son, that he had just bought Lord Baltimore's six white coach-horses, and meant to give his own six black ones a run in his Hanover pastures. In 1761, the young squire came home, and it shows the influence of his family that, while yet on his voyage across, he was returned as a member of the House of Burgesses. About a year afterward, he married Lucy Grymes, the oldest daughter of Colonel Philip Grymes, of Brandon, in Middlesex. The Grymeses enjoyed the reputation of being the wickedest and cleverest family in the Dominion. The name was originally Græme, but when the first of them fled from Scotland in 1715, after the failure of the Old Pretender, he, for prudential reasons, changed his name to Grymes. Little Lucy was a dove in the eagle's nest, however. She was a cousin of Light-Horse Harry Lee and of Thomas Jefferson. An old MS. states that the latter was one of her many lovers, but the story appears to lack confirmation, as the lady denied it even in after years.

During the years that followed, York maintained her position as an influential borough in the direction of affairs. When

the crisis came, Secretary Thomas Nelson, "the President's" younger brother, was at the head of the moderate party. He received forty-five votes in the Convention for Virginia's first governor, but was beaten by Patrick Henry. He was, however, put in the Privy Council. His nephew and namesake, Thomas Nelson, Jr., was one of the leaders of the ultra patriots, and with his cousin and connection, Dudley Digges, took so conspicuous a part in the early revolutionary action of the State, that Captain Montague, the commander of the British ship *Fowey*, threatened to bombard York. The manifestation of their anger took a singular turn, which at the same time shows the naïve character of the old Virginia gentry. They solemnly resolved that his action had been so inhuman that he should not be further recognized as a gentleman. It is possible that however determined the men were not to recognize Captain Montague, the women were less resolute, as he was remarkable for his great personal beauty,—so remarkable, indeed, that it was said Lady Augusta Murray, who afterward married the Duke of Sussex, and who was herself declared to be the handsomest woman in the three kingdoms, used to repeat at the end of each verse in the 136th Psalm, whenever it occurred in the church service:

"Praise Montague, Captain of the *Fowey*,
For his beauty endureth for ever."

Dudley Digges, young Nelson's colleague in the House of Burgesses, was a member of the Privy Council, and of the Committee of Safety. He was the worthy lineal descendant of that brave Sir Dudley who flung at Charles the First's powerful and insolent favorite, Buckingham, the retort, "Do you jeer, my lord? I can show you where a greater man than your lordship, as high in power, and as deep in the king's favor, has been hanged for as small a crime as these articles contain."

Such was York, the patriotic little Virginia town into which Cornwallis retired in the summer of 1781, when he received orders from Sir Henry Clinton to intrench himself on the coast and await instructions. At this time it boasted among its citizens the Governor of the State, for young Nelson had attained the highest dignity in Virginia. He had been one of the leaders in the great movement which had separated the colonies from the mother country. He

had been a conspicuous member of all the great conventions. He had made the motion in committee of the whole in 1776 that Virginia should instruct her delegates in Congress to try and induce that body to declare the United Colonies free and independent States; he had, as one of her delegates, signed the great Declaration; and now he had been chosen to take the entire control of the State, and with almost dictatorial powers to manage both her military and civil polity. "His popularity was unbounded," says the historian. His patriotism certainly was. The father of a modern English statesman, speaking of his son's free-trade views, said he might be exalting the nation, but he was ruining his family. The same criticism might have been passed on General Nelson's administration. His patriotism was of a nature that now strikes one as rather antique. When money was wanted to pay the troops and run the Government, Virginia's credit was low, but the Governor was told that he could have plenty on his personal security, so he borrowed a couple of millions and went on; when regiments mutinied and refused to march, the Governor simply drove over to Petersburg, raised the money, and paid them. Consequently, when the war closed, what old George Mason declared he would be willing to say his *nunc dimittis* on, viz., the heritage to his children of a crust of bread and liberty, had literally befallen Governor Nelson.

When it was discovered that Cornwallis was marching on York, the feelings of the inhabitants were doubtless not enviable. Arnold had not long before swept over the State, leaving "red ruin" in his track. Colonel Tarleton, Cornwallis's lieutenant, had procured for himself a not very desirable reputation, having an eye for a good horse and a likely negro, and a conscience not over scrupulous about the manner of obtaining them. Arnold was so much dreaded that, when he was expected to fall on York, Mrs. Nelson, the general's wife, with her young children, fled to the upper country. On this occasion it was that Jimmy Ridout, the carriage driver, in emulation of Cacus, had his horses shod at night with the shoes reversed, so that if they were followed their pursuers might be misled. When Cornwallis marched on York, Mrs. Nelson once more set out for her upper plantations in Hanover.

Cornwallis, expecting additional forces from Sir Henry Clinton, fortified himself



BEFORE THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

in York. His letter to his chief, conveying the announcement of his surrender, declares that he never saw this post in a very favorable light, and nothing but the hope of relief would have induced him to attempt its defense. This letter gave mortal offense to the superior officer, who was sensible of the justice of the grave charge so delicately conveyed. He had sacrificed his subordinate and the last chances of Great Britain.

Riding over the green fields at present, it requires an effort to picture the scenes they witnessed one hundred years ago. There are fortifications still standing, green

with blackberry bushes and young locusts, but they tell of a more recent strife; the Revolutionary earth-works have totally disappeared, except on "Secretary's Hill," where formerly stood Secretary Nelson's fine house, in which Cornwallis first established his head-quarters. A few signs are still discernible there, due to the possible fact that his lordship had his head-quarters protected by works of unusual strength. If this be the explanation, the precaution proved futile, for when it was known in the Revolutionary camp that it was the British commander's head-quarters, the house was made their special mark, and was almost



PORTRAIT OF GOVERNOR NELSON AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN.

demolished. The butler was killed in the act of placing a dish on the dinner-table. Outside the town, there are several spots which may be accurately fixed. Up the river, on the rise beyond the small, dull stream, to the left of the Williamsburgh road going out, were posted the French batteries—the regiments of Touraine, Agénois, and Gatinois—the Royal Auvergne—“*Auvergne sans tache*.” On the creek a little nearer the town fell Scammel on the first day of the siege, treacherously shot in the back after he had surrendered, which “cast a gloom over the camp.” His death was avenged afterward by his troops, as they charged over the redoubts with the battle-cry, “Remember Scammel!” Below the town, on the other side, the redoubts were stormed and taken

at night by the picked troops of the French and American armies. The short grass now grows smooth over the spot where the Royal Auvergne won back their lost name and fame; but as we stand where they stood that night with empty guns, panting to use the bayonet, steadfast though their ranks were being mowed down in the darkness, we feel stirred as though it had all occurred but yesterday. Meantime the American stormers of the other redoubt, led by the dashing young Colonel Alexander Hamilton, had plunged through the abattis and gained their prize. What a speech that must have been which the young officer made his men as he halted them under the walls!

“Did you ever hear such a speech?”

asked one officer of another. "With that speech I could storm hell!"

The striking incidents of the siege were not very numerous. It was a steady and unreceding advance on one side and retrogression on the other; but this particular night was somewhat noted for its romantic episodes. When Hamilton, inside his redoubt, sent to inform the French leader of the fact and to inquire if he was in his, "No, but I will be in five minutes," he answered, and he kept his word. Many a blue lapel was stained with heart blood; but their king wrote with his own hand, "*Bon pour Royal Auvergne*," and posterity says, Amen! They died not in vain. "The work is done and well done," said Washington, when the signal was given that the redoubts were won.

A few days before this eventful night, the Governor of Virginia, who was present in person, commanding the Virginia State forces, had displayed his patriotism by an act which attracted much attention. Observing that his own house within the town had escaped injury from the shells, he learned that General Washington had given orders that the gunners should not aim at it. He immediately had a gun turned on it, and offered a prize of five guineas to the gunner who should strike it.

Three-quarters of a mile back of the two captured redoubts, and outside of the first parallel, stood, and still stands, an old weather-board mansion. Its antique roof, its fire-places set across the corners, and its general old-time air, even a hundred years ago bespoke for it reverence as a relic of a long by-gone age. It was historical even then, for it had been the country residence of Governor Spottswood, who had been the great Marlborough's aid-de-camp, and had

borne the news of Blenheim to England. He had come, bringing his virtues and his graces, to the Old Dominion, and had in the quaint old house on the river bank held his mimic court, forming royal plans for the development of the kingly domain he ruled, entertaining his knights of the Golden Horseshoe, drinking healths which amaze even this not over temperate generation. He established the first iron foundry ever erected on American soil. Hither his body was brought from Maryland, where he died. But one hundred years ago, to the many associations connected with the old house was added one which to this generation dwarfs all others. In its sitting-room were drawn up the articles of capitulation of the British army. Imagination almost always paints in high colors the scene of any great act in the world's drama, but a milder and more peaceful picture can scarcely be conceived than that which this spot now presents. The house was owned at the time of the surrender by "Aunt Moore," as she was called by nearly all the people of York. It is now unoccupied, and the cellar has been utilized as a stable. About it the mild-eyed Alderneys browse the white clover, or gaze sleepily at the unwonted pilgrim. The river sleeps just beyond, with a single sail set like a pearl on its bosom. The spot looks an "ancient haunt of peace," but war has stalked about it since first the English came. The peaceful-looking hedges beyond the old orchard, and on the bluff, are breastworks overgrown with bushes. The great civil war, the war of 1812, and the Revolution, all have passed over these green, quiet fields; and yonder in the "Temple" lies the relic of a still older strife—the grave of a soldier who had won his laurels and lain down long before



THE SPOTTSWOOD HOUSE.

Sir Alexander Spotswood earned his spurs at Blenheim. A mystery of more ancient date than the Revolution hangs about the spot. Some authorities state that Governor Spotswood built a temple of worship here, whence came the name of the plantation, "Temple Farm"; but the Temple is doubtless of older date than this account would make us believe. The more probable explanation is that the building, whose foundations alone remain at present, was erected in the early days of the colony. The double walls, one within the other, give credit to the story that it was so built for defense against the Indians, and the date on Major Gooch's tomb, October, 1655, corroborates it. The tomb of the royal governor has long since disappeared. Major Gooch's epitaph reads:

"Within this tomb there doth interred lie,
No shape but substance, true nobility,
Itself though young in years, just twenty-nine,
Yet grac'd with virtues morall and divine,
The church from him did good part take,
In counsell rare fit to adorn a state."

Could the young soldier have had a fitter resting-place?

Right below the Temple sleeps Wormley's Creek, with its myriad water-lilies resting on its gentle breast; and not a hundred yards above stands the modern successor to the mill, where the first shot was fired in the siege. The old structure has disappeared, but the old customs still remain. Here, twice a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays (for it takes three days to "catch a head of water"), come the negroes and country folk bringing their "turns" of corn, some in bags on their heads, or, if they are of larger means and appetites, in little carts with generally a single bull harnessed in the shafts. The established rule of each in his turn prevails, and they wait patiently, sometimes the livelong day, until their time comes. They are not in a hurry; for a hundred years this same thing has gone on as placid and serene as the stream down among the "cow collards"; to hurry would be to violate the most ancient and time-honored tradition of the fathers.

It is easy to see that "little York" never recovered from its bombardment. The scene in the street to-day is an idyl,—a few massive old brick houses scattered among modern shanties like so many old-time gentlemen at a modern ward-meeting; a couple of negro children kicking up the dust in the street a hundred yards away; two citizens sitting under an awning "rest-



TOMB OF MAJOR GOOCH.

ing," and a small ox-cart moving uncertainly nearer, as the little brindle bull in the shafts browses the short grass on the side of the street. The most lively things in sight are a small boy and the string of fish he is carrying; for the latter have just come from the water and are still fluttering. Such is the scene now presented in the street where a hundred years ago anxious red-coats double-quickened along or stole sullenly by, trying to shelter themselves from the searching messengers from the batteries out on the heights beyond the creeks.

The Nelson house still remains in the family; but to the Nelsons, peace came with poverty; the Governor's vast estate went for his public debts. The power of his name kept the harpies still so long as he lived; but they were already wrangling among themselves, and at his death they swooped down on the spoil. Years afterward, Virginia, under the leadership of Governor Henry A. Wise, did tardy and partial justice to the memory of Nelson's great services by placing his statue among the group of her great ones in her beautiful Capitol-Square; and, in company with Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, Henry, Mason,

and Lewis, he stands with the bonds in his outstretched hands in *perpetuum rei memoriam*. No recompense, however, was ever made to the family for the vast sums Governor Nelson had expended. Some forty or fifty years after his death, evidence of his great losses was collected for the purpose of applying to Congress for compensation; but a bill being brought in meantime for the relief of the widow of the young colonel who made the speech to his storming party that night under the walls of the redoubt at Yorktown, and who had rendered besides some other small services to the country, a member asked if there were no poor-houses in New York, that Mrs. Hamilton came begging to Congress; and after that, one of Governor Nelson's sons, who was in Congress at the time, refused to proceed further in the matter, declaring that he would not permit his mother's name to be brought before a body which tolerated such blackguardism.

It seems extraordinary that, after only a hundred years, much doubt exists as to the spot where the British laid down their arms. Immediately after the surrender, Congress enacted that a suitable monument should be erected there, to tell the story to succeeding generations. But all things concerning Yorktown sleep, and the memorial was neglected until the very spot was forgotten. There has been builded up, however, a mighty nation, zealous for liberty,

"Monumentum aere perennius
Regaliq[ue] situ pyramidum altius."

This was, to use the closing words of the articles of Cornwallis's capitulation, "done in the trenches before Yorktown, in Virginia, October 19th, 1781."

As York, the territory of the Nelsons, witnessed the last act in Virginia's colonial drama, so Rosewell, the seat of the Pages, saw the first act. The places are only a few miles apart, separated by the York River.

Taking a small boat at the Yorktown pier, you may, by promising an extra quarter, wake the lethargic boatman into positive activity, and get under way to Gloucester Point in something under a half-hour. Your boatman, as black as Charon, rows with a deliberation which would gratify you if crossing the Styx. You are apt to question him about the coming celebration and the events it is to commemorate. Oh, yes! he knows all about it. If his immediate predecessor, "Old Unc' Felix," who was

gathered last fall to his fathers at the age of sixty-five years, and whose funeral sermon was preached last Sunday, were alive, he would have assured you that he remembered all about the siege of Yorktown, and waited on both Generals Washington and Cornwallis.

After a while you reach Gloucester Point, literally a "point," and tread the ground invested by Weedon, De Choisy, and the dashing, bragging De Lauzun.

A ride of a few miles up the river bank brings you to an old place called Shelly, once a part of the Rosewell estate, and still owned by Governor Page's descendants. However appropriate the name may seem, in view of the great beds of shell down on the river bank, it does not call up the associations connected with the name borne by the place in colonial days—"Werowocomoco." Next to Jamestown, this plantation is perhaps the spot most celebrated in the colonial annals of Virginia. It was here that Powhatan reigned like Egbert of old, with kings, less poetic but not more savage, to pull his canoe. Between his wives, his enemies, and his English friends, the old Werowance had a hard time. Doubtless he found much consolation in his oysters. And judging from the mounds of oyster-shells, those Indians must have had royal appetites. It was at this place that the most romantic incident of Virginia's history occurred, when the little tender-hearted Indian maiden, touched with pity for an intrepid young captive, prayed in vain for his life, and then flung herself beneath the executioners' axes and clasped the victim in her arms, risking her own life but saving John Smith and the colony of Virginia.

Other memories cluster around the place: of the ghastly decorations of Payanketank scalps; the ballet dance of Indian nymphs attired in the most ancient of recorded costumes; the coronation of old Powhatan, who with royal instinct refused to stoop while the crown was placed on his head. The whole place is quick with memories.

It has always been my opinion that the world has not done justice to Captain John Smith. He deserves to be ranked with the greatest explorers of all time. At the age of thirty he had left the Virginias and returned to England, having accomplished what Raleigh, with all his wealth, power, and zeal, could not do. Well might the old chronicles call him "the Father of the Colony." Had the die turned differently on the spot where we now stand,

Virginia might have lain a hundred years more a wilderness and a waste place, and the destinies of the world have been different. I should write a eulogy on "oure Capitaine" did I not recall the clever answer of the Spartan to a Sophist offering to deliver a eulogy on Hercules—"Why, who has ever blamed Hercules?" The son of Alcmena underwent scarcely greater hardships or performed more labors than did "oure Capitaine." What higher eulogy could

It had the honor of being built by Captain Smith, and was erected on the requisition of the king for "a house, a grind-stone, fifty swords, some guns, a cock and hen, with much copper and *many beads*." The fire-place is wide enough to roast an ox, and there is grave suspicion that it has served to roast other cattle—Payanketank rebels and the like. All this land about here was a part of the old Page estate, Rosewell. Away to the left it stretches,



OLD POWHATAN CHIMNEY.

there be than that written by one who had shared his danger:

"What shall I say but thus; we lost him that in all his proceedings made justice his first guide and experience his second, ever hating baseness, sloath, pride and indignitie more than any dangers; that never allowed more for himselfe than his souldiers with him; that upon no dangers would send them where he would not lead them himselfe; that would never see vs want what he either had, or could by any means get vs; that would rather want then borrow, or starve then not pay; that loved action more then words, and hated falshood and covetousness worse than death; whose adventures were our lives, and whose losse our deaths."

A few miles below here on the bluff is Powhatan's Chimney, the sole remaining relic of the royalty of the old Indian king.

taking in all of Timber Neck, which came to the Pages in 1690 with Mary Mann, whom Matthew Page married. Very likely Artemus Ward's first reason for marrying his sweetheart, to wit: that "the two farms j'ined," had something to do with this match.

That broad stream down there is Carter's Creek. There it was that Powhatan and his people used to land in pre-colonial days, and brown canoes, driven by dark warriors or dusky maidens, shot in and out. Later on, in the spring evenings, white-winged sail-boats, with proud-faced dames or portly, ruddy gentlemen, or with laughing girls in rich attire and gay young gallants, glided to and fro, now drifting wide apart, now near



ROSEWELL.

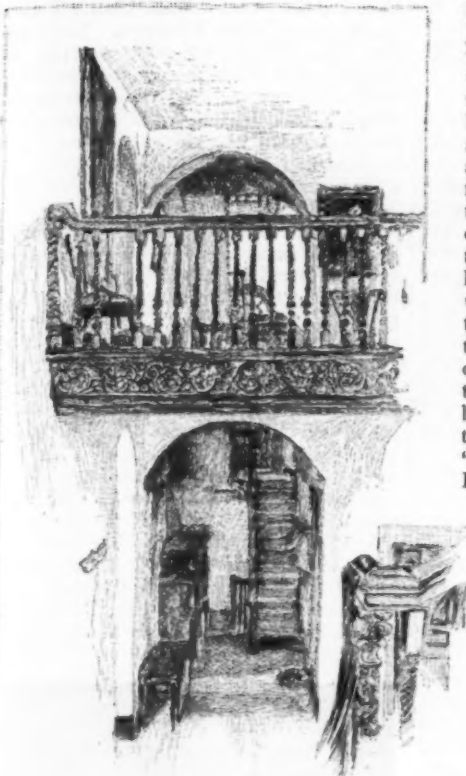
together side by side, amid mirth and shouts and laughter. Across the creek, a few hundred yards, stands Rosewell, the ancient Page mansion, stark and lonely, a solid cube of ninety feet. Once it was flanked by great and numerous out-buildings—stables, barns, warehouses, and negro quarters. All have vanished before the years, and nothing is left except the stately old mansion.

When it was built, in 1725-30, it was the largest mansion in Virginia, and continued such for many years. The great hall was wainscoted with mahogany, and the balustrade of the grand stair-way, also of mahogany, was beautifully carved by hand to represent baskets of fruit, flowers, etc. The roof was originally covered with lead, but during the Revolution it was stripped for bullets by its master, the fiery patriot, John Page. He came out of the war with broken fortunes, his large plantations going one after another to pay his debts. Shortly after his death, the place was sold for twelve thousand dollars to a man, who, after making a fortune by selling everything he could sell, from the trees on the lawn to the wainscoting in the hall, sold the place, stripped and denuded as it was, at a large advance. The vandal not only sold the bricks around the grave-yard, and the fine old cedars in the avenue, but what was even worse, whitewashed the superb

carved mahogany wainscoting and balustrade. Once again it is in the hands of gentlefolk.

There is a tradition that at this house Thomas Jefferson spent some time, while absent from his seat in Congress in 1775-76, in reflection and study, crystallizing into worthy expression those principles which he was shortly afterward to set forth in the "Great Declaration." It is said that he then submitted his rough draft of that great paper to his friend John Page before it was seen by any one else, and when independence was no more than a possibility. The summer-house on the roof is pointed out as the spot where the paper was read and discussed. There is, perhaps, nothing to substantiate the legend, except that it extendeth back to a "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," and has always been one of the traditions of the house.

The founder of the Page family in Virginia was "Colonel John Page," who, thinking that a principality in Utopia might prove better than an acre in Middlesex, where he resided, came over in 1656. He had an eye for "bottom-land," and left his son Matthew an immense landed estate, which he dutifully increased by marrying Mary Mann, the rich heiress of Timber Neck. Their son, Mann, was a lad thirteen years old when his father died. After be-



INTERIOR OF ROSEWELL MANSION.

ing sent to Eton, he came back and took his place at the "Council Board," as his fathers did before him and his descendants did after him.

Mann built the Rosewell mansion. The bricks and material were all brought from England, and the stately pile grew slowly under the Virginia sun to be a marvel of pride and beauty for that time. The inscription upon the tomb, "Piously erected to his memory by his mournfully surviving lady," presents a complete biography of Mann, who, together with his pride, possessed the independence, the dignity, and the virtue so often found combined in the old colonial gentleman. He possessed the colonial instinct, and fought the tax which the Home Government wished to place on tobacco. The three surviving sons of old Mann were Mann, John, and Robert, who became the heads respectively of the Rosewell, the North End, and the Broadneck

branches of the family. The eldest son, John, was a most ardent patriot, and would undoubtedly have been hanged if General Washington had surrendered to Cornwallis, instead of the latter to him. He and Thomas Jefferson were at William and Mary College together, and that closest of bonds, a college friendship, commenced there and lasted throughout their lives. As college students, they together stood at the door of the House of Burgesses, and, looking in, heard Patrick Henry ring out his famous warning to George III. From that time, the two young men were rebels, and their views were of the most advanced order. There remain a number of rattling "college-boy" letters which passed between the cronies at a time when the light of the world, to them, were "Nancy's" and "Belinda's" eyes, and Fame's siren voice had not sounded in their ears. In a letter bearing date Christmas Day, 1762, Jefferson, frozen up in his Albemarle home, wrote his friend:

"You cannot conceive the satisfaction it would give me to have a letter from you. Write me circumstantially everything which happened at the wedding. Was she there? Because, if she was, I ought to have been at the devil for not being there too."

The "she" alluded to was his lady-love, Miss Rebecca Burwell. The letter goes on:

"Tell Miss Alice Corbin that I verily believe the rats knew I was to win a pair of garters from her, or they never would have been so cruel as to carry mine away. This very consideration makes me so sure of the bet that I shall ask everybody I see from that part of the world what pretty gentleman is making his addresses to her. I would fain ask Miss Becca Burwell to give me another watch-paper of her own cutting, which I should esteem much more, though it were a plain round one, than the nicest in the world cut by other hands."

A few weeks later, he writes to his friend a mournful, woful epistle, like that of any other love-lorn swain. After inveighing against the dullness of his life, he says:

"How have you done since I saw you? How did Nancy look at you when you danced with her at Southall's? Have you any glimmering of hope? How does R. B. do? Had I better stay here and do nothing or go down and do less? Or, in other words, had I better stay here while I am here or go down, that I may have the pleasure of sailing up the river again in a full-rigged flat? Inclination tells me to go, receive my sentence, and be no longer in

suspense; but reason says, if you go, and your attempt proves unsuccessful, you will be ten times more wretched than ever. * * * I hear that Ben Harrison has been to Wilton. Let me know his success."

Ben Harrison's success at Wilton, where he was courting Anne Randolph, a cousin of both Jefferson and Page, was greater than that of either the writer of the letter with "R. B." or of the recipient with "Nancy." Miss Anne, after leading her lover a reasonable dance, married him, and had the honor of being the wife of a signer of the Declaration of Independence and the governor of Virginia. "Nancy" and "Little Becky" might have sat in high places themselves had they only smiled a little more on their lovers. Cupid, however, lacks the gift of prophecy; and Fame will not tell her secrets till the time comes, for the sweetest lips that ever smiled.

Young Page, having failed with Nancy, found consolation at the feet of his sweet cousin, Frances Burwell, of Carter's Creek, who was the niece of President and Secretary Nelson. When quite a young man he became a member of the King's Council and of the Board of Trustees of the College, and represented that institution in the General Assembly.

When the storm came, Page was the head of the Republican element in the Council. He represented Gloucester in the Great Convention, and received votes for governor when Patrick Henry was elected first governor of Virginia. He was elected president of the Privy Council, and was a member of the Committee of Safety that had control of the Virginia forces. He was also a member of the first Congress, and continued a representative from Virginia for eight years, and until, as he said, John Adams and Alexander Hamilton shut him out.

Like their kinsmen, the Nelsons, the Pages were Episcopalians, living after the strictest sect of their religion so strictly that they were regarded as the pillars of the establishment in the colony. Yet, great as was their love for the church, their love of liberty was not less, and they took an active part in the disestablishment. The purity of their motives will be understood when it is learned that the families were such rigid churchmen that Mrs. General Nelson never was in a "meeting-house" in her life, and never heard a "dissenter" preach, except when, being present with her husband in Philadelphia, in July, 1776, her patriotism overcame her princi-

ples, and she went to hear Doctor Witherspoon preach before Congress. John Page was urged to stand for orders and take the Virginia miter when it was first decided to send a bishop to the colony, but he declined. The importunity of his friends at length worried him so, that he said "he'd be damned if he would be their bishop"—a resolution which probably saved him further trouble on that score.

After the Revolution, the master of Rosewell became governor of Virginia, and continued to be reelected, until, after three terms, he became ineligible by constitutional limitation. Like his friend Jefferson, he was an advanced Republican.

So long as the master lived, Rosewell, although mortgaged for debts contracted for the cause of liberty, was kept up,—a grand old Virginia mansion, open to all, gentle and simple, the home of hospitality more boundless than the wealth of all its owners. In 1808 the master died. He sleeps in "Old St. John's" church-yard, in Richmond, Virginia, with his head not three feet from the old door of the church, and within a few yards of the spot where he stood when Patrick Henry thrilled him with the famous "Give me liberty or give me death."



PART OF MANN PAGE'S TOMB.

POETRY IN AMERICA.

SECOND ARTICLE.

I.

HAVING given an outline of the situation which rendered the new country, in the earlier periods of settlement, an untoward region for the pursuit of song, and also of the specific aids which at last have enabled America to have some voice and inspiration of her own, I now wish to glance at the actual record of her lyrical exploits before the rise of the group of poets to whom these essays chiefly are devoted. To do this minutely would require us to travel over dreary wastes indeed, though gaining rest at last upon the borders of a land of promise. From what has been written, I shall rightly be understood to agree with Mr. Whipple in his statement that the course of our literature has been, upon the whole, subsidiary to the general movement of the American mind; that our imagination has found exercise in the subjugation of a continent, in establishing liberty, in war, politics, and government,—above all, in the inventive and constructive energy and the financial boldness needed to develop and control the material heritage which has fallen to us. But to this let me add that the course of our poetry, for the same reasons, was long subsidiary to the course of other literature—at once, or by turns, to our theological, political, or educational achievements in prose, and to those in the departments of historical narrative and romance.

The means for a survey of the early waste, and of its few and unimportant oases, are to be found in the libraries of collectors, and in the compilations of Duyckinck, Griswold, and others, who have made for us as cheery a showing as they could. But how can a reader, who has not access to the rare books of a succession of by-gone authors, gain with more satisfaction a correct idea of their worth and purport than by the study of such a work as Professor Tyler's "History of American Literature"? He well may avail himself, so far as it is completed, of a critical digest whose facts will not be gainsaid, a clear and wholesome exposition of our early literature, presenting judgments and inferences with which he usually must be in accord. It is a result of scholarly labor, closely examining the field, and fail-

ing not to detect whatever might be found of value in those new plantations. Can this mold of the colonial period be touched with the sunlight of to-day? Can these dry bones live? Yes, under the hands of a man with the patience, firmness, and kindly humor of their historian, to whom American literature is so indebted for this review of its progress that his name will be enviably connected with it henceforth.

And in the two large volumes, covering our first and second periods,—more than a century and a half—from 1607 to 1765,—the product of the poets appears so valueless and meager that, if the narrative depended on them alone, there would be no great reason for its compilation. A larger proportion of educated men belonged to the early colonies than is to be found elsewhere upon the rolls of emigration. Nearly all writers then wrote verse, at first printing their works in London, and afterward by means of the few and meanly furnished presses along this coast. These folk were simply third-rate British rhymsters, who copied the pedantry of the tamest period known. The only marks of distinction between their prose and verse were, that while the former might be dull, the latter must be, and must pay a stilted regard to measure and rhyme. How hard for our amiable historian to make poetical finds that can lighten the pages of his record! How he seizes upon some promising estray, like the anonymous ode on the death of picturesque Nat. Bacon, like Norton's "Funeral Elegy" upon Mistress Anne Bradstreet, or Urian Oakes's upon Thomas Shepard, and makes the most of it! Surely a time that fed its imagination with the offerings of the "Tenth Muse," and expressed religious exaltation in those measures of the Bay Psalm-book that seem to break from a cow's horn or a Round-head's nose, and in the lyrical damnations of Michael Wigglesworth,—such a time, from its beginning with George Sandys even to the generation that founded hopes of a native drama upon the genius of Thomas Godfrey, had derived few creative impulses from its own experience, and could give no real intimation of a national future. This was a time which now seems more

venerable to us than the daylight eras of ancient civilization,—drearly old-fashioned, like its town halls and college barracks, still remaining, all the older and molder because they are not antique. To its very close, when the different colonies began to move toward cohesion, the most of it seems to me night—utter night. Its poetical relics are but the curios of a museum—the queer and ugly specimens of an unhistoric age.

Manifestly, and as at a later time, New England claimed the lead in whatsoever there was of thought, or wit, or fancy; and Cambridge even then had her poets, who accounted themselves true children of Parnassus, doubtless with far more self-assurance than is displayed by their successors in our own day. Tyler plainly shows how the feudal policy of dispersion, and a contempt for book-learning as compared with active life, placed a ban upon letters in Virginia; while the New England policy of numerical and intellectual concentration brought forward the learned men of that region, and made its colonists a literary people from the first. In spite of their moroseness, pedantry, asceticism, a lurking perception of beauty, an æsthetic sensibility, was to be found among them. But the manifest, the sincere genius of the colonies, is displayed elsewhere than in their laborious verse. Noble English and a simple, heroic wonder give zest to the writings of the early chroniclers, the annals of discovery and adventure. Such traits distinguish the narratives of the gallant and poetic Captain John Smith, and of Strachey, whose picture of a storm and wreck in the Bermudas so roused the spirit that conceived "The Tempest." They pervade the memorials of Bradford and Winthrop, of Johnson and Gookin, of Francis Higginson, and Winslow, and William Wood. There are power and imagination in the discourses of the great preachers,—Hooker, Cotton, Roger Williams, Oakes,—who founded a dominion of the pulpit that was not shaken until after the time of Edwards and Byles. Verse-making was but the foible of the colonial New-Englanders; law, religious fervor, superstition, were then the strength of life; and the time that produced Increase and Cotton Mather fostered a progeny quite as striking and characteristic as the melodists of our late Arcadian morn.

When the Middle Colonies began to have a literature, it was natural that the chief writers—men of the learned professions, busied in affairs and already feeling that

instinct of government which animates territorial centers—should be publicists, setting forth the principles of order, economy, and social weal. The colonial separation ended; the national movement began with stormy agitation and progressed to union in council and war. With the Revolution came not only the great orators, but an outburst, otherwise than tuneful, of patriotic ballads, songs, and doggerel satires—to all of which, at this distance, the sounds of the Continental fife and drum seem a fitting accompaniment. Nor did staid and learned personages disdain to pay homage to the precept of Andrew Fletcher, and to supplement the new-born national ardor by the aid of their muses. Trumbull's "McFingal" is a work that will not go quite out of repute. It still speaks well for the character, wit, and facility of the stanch and acute author, and shows genuine originality although written after a model. Not even "Hudibras" more aptly seizes upon the ludicrous phases of a turbulent epoch. In New York, bluff Captain Freneau, mariner, journalist, and poet, proved himself the ready laureate of the war. Read the story of his impetuous life, and look through the collection of his ditties and poems, with their pretentious defects and unwittingly clever touches. A strange and serio-comic medley they are, and no less a varied representation of the poetic standards reached in America a hundred years ago. Among the relics which I call to mind of the jingling verse produced in quantity by Treat Paine and his contemporaries, there is scarcely a lyric that breathes what we now recognize as the essential poetic spirit, excepting two or three of Freneau's, such as the stanzas upon "The Wild Honeysuckle," and a delicate little song, by John Shaw, of Maryland, entitled "Who has Robbed the Ocean Cave?"

After the close of the Revolution, and until the War of 1812, the genius of our people was devoted to the establishment, through peaceful labor, of the security and resources which should be the first fruits of a conflict for independence. Writers occupied themselves with analyzing the science of government, its principles and practice. No American library, however, was complete without copies of Dr. Dwight's *historico-didactic masterpiece*, "Greenfield Hill," and Joel Barlow's quarto epic, "The Columbiad." The popular ear was content with patriotic songs, among them "Hail Columbia," which owed their general adop-

tion, like a successor, "The Star-Spangled Banner," to the music that carried them or to an early possession of the field. It was not until peace, for a second time, became a habit that the imagination of a young people, assured of nationality, slowly found expression upon the written page. In view of the conditions already described, what traits might we reasonably expect would characterize poetic effort at this stage of development?

First,—and although the form and ideal of American verse should still correspond, like all our early fashions, to the modes prevailing in England,—it would seem that, gradually, poets should appear, hampered by this instinct of correspondence, and not quite knowing or daring to be original, yet possessing graces and thoughts of their own, and looking at things, after all, in a different way from the English; that they should seek for home themes, and study their surroundings, most likely in a doubtful and groping manner; that a diversity of subject, thought, and language should be observed in the distinct sections of the Republic—the poets of the South being more courtly and romantic, and those of the Middle States more national and more upon the search for aboriginal and historical flavor; that local successes should be marked where there was the least inflow of new foreign elements, the sincerest faith, the most intelligent thought; that poetry should be the more learned, the more subtle and earnest, in the scholarly region of the East, and that poets should thrive best there, where the practice of literature had long obtained—since all forms of art require more time for growth than other products of national organization.

Somewhat after this wise, in fact, as we recur to the earliest promise of an American school, we find that it began with the second quarter of this century. Imaginative youths, born and educated in the new republic, discovered that they were poets, and strove to express the spirit of their birth and training. Among them, Pierpont, Dana, Allston, Sprague, Bryant,—the gentle stars of the East,—began to show their light, and offered their tender or patriotic lyrics, their meditative verse, their placid monographs on the phases of American scenery and tradition. Of these, Bryant was the one whose genius had the lasting modernness that gives permanence to the work of assured poets. In the South, a few scattered minstrels, such as Wilde and Pinkney, sang their Lovelace

lyrics. Their type has survived, almost to our day. Throughout the swift development of the Northern States, the South—agricultural, feudal, provincial—loyally clung to its eighteenth-century taste, making no intellectual changes so long as human slavery was the basis of its physical life. I shall hereafter refer to the quality of the new-born Southern imagination. That it exists, in fresh and hopeful promise, is now beyond doubt. A few of the earlier Southern writers—one of whom was Simms, the novelist-poet—worked courageously, but with more will and fluency than native power; so that, in spite of their abundant verse, such a lyrist as Pendleton Cooke was long the typical Southern poet—a name joined with the memory of a single song. A collection of the earlier Southern poetry worth keeping would be a brief anthology, which a little volume might contain. Poe, whose pieces would occupy one-third of it, sought the literary market, deserting Richmond and Baltimore for Philadelphia and New York. He lived in the Northern atmosphere, and, like Bryant, took his part in the busy movement of its civic life and work.

Besides the Eastern poets whom I have named, there were others who still more closely followed English models. Among them, the orthodox bards of Connecticut, Hillhouse and Brainerd, compared with whom Percival, the eccentric scholar and recluse, shines by virtue of a gift improved by no mean culture. His lyrics and poems of Nature, though inferior to Bryant's, so resemble them that he would be called the latter's pupil had not the two composed in the same manner from the outset.

These writers and some others of their time must, in all fairness, be judged by it. They had their modest laurels and rewards, and were the bright selected few of their country and period,—no less distinguished, though within a smaller horizon, than their latter-day successors. Their work was the best of its kind which America could show; it had the knack of making itself read in the annuals and school-books, and influenced the sentiments of more than one generation. Were Dana and Allston flourishing now, they would accomplish feats then impracticable, and doubtless would be at no disadvantage among our present favorites, nor less receive our honor and support. Fashion is a potency in art, making it hard to judge between the temporary and the lasting. Are we sure that our popular poets are better in native faculty? If they have a finer

understanding, and a defter handling of their craft, this may be partly a consequence of the fact that not Montgomery and Wilson, but Keats, and Wordsworth, and Tennyson, and their greater masters, have supplied the models of a recent school.

It was natural, also, that the literary center should shift from place to place, along a sea-board whose capital was scarcely yet defined. New York early drew together a number of bright young wits and songsters. The fame of the prose-romancers, Cooper and Irving, and their success with home-themes, were gratifying to the local and national pride, and encouraged at the time, so far as literature was concerned, a broader American sentiment than prevailed in New England. That was a spirited little group of rhyming satirists whose fancy brightened the pages of Coleman's "Evening Post." Two young writers, Halleck and Drake, worked together in comradeship until the one sustained a more than common misfortune in the other's untimely death. These two men, I take it, were real poets; such is the impression left as one reexamines, after many years, the verse composed by them. Had they been born half a century later, they certainly would work more elaborately, but could not be surer of reputation. Their best pieces, however different from the new mode, were at once so received into popular affection that the authors' names still last. Both of these poets had humor, and a perception of its legitimate use. They, with Bryant and his school, and with Brockden Brown, Paulding, Cooper, Irving, and Miss Sedgwick, writers of prose, were the first Americans whose work gave any substantial evidence of a home-movement in ideal or creative literature. Drake died in his twenty-sixth year, leaving a daughter, through whom his poetic gift has been transmitted to our day. He had a quick, genuine faculty, and could be frolicsome or earnest at will. As an exercise of that delicate imagination which we term fancy, "The Culpit Fay," although the work of a youth schooled in fairy-lore and the meters of Coleridge, Scott, and Moore, boded well for his future. "The American Flag" is a stirring bit of eloquence in rhyme. The death of this spirited and promising writer was justly deplored. His talent was healthy; had he lived, American authorship might not so readily have become, in Griswold's time, a vent for every kind of romantic and sentimental absurdity. He would also have stimulated the muse of

Halleck, whose choicest pieces were composed before he had outlived the sense of Drake's recent companionship. He, too, was a natural lyrist, whose pathos and eloquence were inborn, and whose sentiment, though he wrote in the prevailing English mode, was that of his own land. As we read those favorites of our school-boy days, "Burns" and "Red Jacket," and "Marco Bozzaris," we feel that Halleck was, within his bounds, a national poet. Circumstances dulled his fire, and he lived to write drivel in his old age. But the early lyrics remain, nor was there anything of their kind in our home-poetry to compete with them until long after their original production.

The impulse given to poetry and *belles-lettres* by the example of the early poets and novelists increased with the appearance of fresh strivers after literary fame. In the East, names began to be mentioned that now are great indeed; others, then more commonly known, have passed almost out of memory. A few teachers of sound literary doctrine, like E. T. Channing, of Cambridge, were sowing good seed for future harvests. In New York, the writings of Willis and Tuckerman, of the song-makers Hoffman and Morris, of Verplanck, Duyckinck, Benjamin, Griswold, and other editors and bookwrights, and the parade of new versifiers, male and female, betokened a positive taste, however crude and ill-regulated, for the pursuit of letters. Occasionally a note of promise was heard, from some quaint genius like Ralph Hoyt, or some aspirant like Lord, of whom great things were predicted, and who, in spite of Poe's vindictive onslaught, was a poet. A good deal of eloquent and high-sounding verse was produced by such writers as Ross Wallace and Albert Pike. In the East, John Neal, Ware, Mrs. Child,—and in regions farther South, Conrad, Kennedy, and Simms,—were active at this time. Among these writers were others whose claim to our attention is frequent throughout these essays. But to enumerate all who, in the second quarter of this century, held themselves of much account; is quite beyond our need and intention. Of the New York group, Willis perhaps had the most adroit and graceful talent, but it was slight, and not always exercised as by one possessing convictions. His kindness, tact, and experience of the world made him an arbiter in a provincial time. They also seriously exposed him to the three worldly perils of which, no less than in the days of

the Apostle John, the children of the Lord must have a care. A few of his lyrics are charmingly tender and delicate, but he never did himself full justice as a poet, nor realized the purpose of his ambitious boyhood. The bustle of the Literati, as Poe chose to call them, and the concentration of thriving journals and book-houses in Philadelphia and New York,—whither most roads then seemed to lead,—made for a while the scribbling class of this middle region very conspicuous and alert. Their kith and kin, scattered throughout the States, multiplied in numbers. The first green fruit of a school-system, under which boys and girls had models set before them and were incited to test their own skill in composition, fell in plenty from the tree. Each county had its prodigy contributing to the annuals and magazines. Lowell's "mass-meeting" of poets was in continuous session,—made up of those who made verse, read and praised it one to another, and printed it for their countrymen to read and praise. The dull and authoritative felt the responsibilities of the situation. Never was a more united effort made, with malice prepense, to create an indigenous school. It was thought essential that purely American themes and incidents should be utilized. Cockney poets, emulating the method of Cooper, sent fancy ranging through the aboriginal forest, and wreaked their thoughts upon the supposititious Indian of that day. Powhatan and Tecumseh became the heroes of hot-pressed cantos, now extinct. The Spirit of Wakondah was invoked by one bard, and made to tower above the Rocky Mountains, more awe-inspiring than Camoëns's Spirit of the Cape. Each poet, moreover, tried his hand at every form of work, and each thought it specially incumbent upon himself to write a drama,—not solely for the stage, but that America might not be deficient in the most complex order of poetical composition. Since the heyday of the Della Crusicans never were so many neophytes and amateurs suffered to bring their work before the public. Women took part in the campaign, and, truth to say, were often more spontaneous and natural than their brother-writers. One of the sex, Mrs. Sigourney, had long been supplying the prose and verse that answered to the simple wants of a primitive constituency. Another, "Maria del Occidente," gained something like fame, and even beyond the seas. She was, in fact, a woman of

ardent feeling, refined art, and undoubted metrical talent, though scarcely meriting the praise which Lamb and Southey awarded her, or the extravagant eulogium of her modern editor. There was no lack of rivals to her success among the American pupils of Mrs. Hemans and Miss Landon. Such caterers to the literary market were found not only upon this side of the Atlantic. England was slowly escaping from her own sentimentalists; the "Annuals" and "Souvenirs" were still in vogue, and the fashions of the two countries were less divided than now. Poe, with a critical eye made somewhat keen by practice, saw the ludicrous side of all this, and poured out vials of wrath upon his contemporaries, though with no just claim to impartiality. Lowell, from a classical distance, celebrated their follies in the lines beginning:

"But stay, here comes Tityrus Griswold, and leads
on
The flocks whom he first plucks alive, and then feeds
on!"

But this reminds us that Poe, Lowell, Longfellow, and Emerson were gaining influence at that very time; that others since eminent in our literature were gradually distinguished from the multitude; that, however absurd and depressing the condition just set forth, a superficial literary movement may be better than no movement at all. As the voyage progressed, it really was surprising how soon the dullards and pretenders went below, while the born sailors helped the vessel forward. The fit survivors of a brood of poets and authors soon obtained a grateful hearing, and a few publishers found pleasure and profit in nursing the works of these home-writers. A number of poets—men of individual traits, but allied in sentiment and taste, and belonging to the same generation—seemed to arise at once, and gained the position which they have steadfastly held to the present day.

II.

ALL this preliminary ferment, then, was in some way needful. The experiments of many who thought themselves called enabled the few who were chosen to find motives and occasions for work of real import. The first year of the new dispensation was worth more in its product than the score of years preceding it. The poets who now came to the front have justly

gained distinction, vying with those of other countries in finish and thought, and peculiarly in that truthful reflection of the life about them which alone could make them the leaders of a national school. At the recent date when the formation of such a school became manifest, these poets spoke truthfully for our people as they were and had been. One who gives their verse the fair consideration which he would extend to that of any foreign land or language is led to this conclusion. The new poetry was not autochthonous in the sense of differing from all previous outgrowth of the universal human heart, and as at variance with forms that have long seemed natural to our mother-tongue, but rather in unaffected and faithful presentation of the feeling and ideas of its constituency, and after this wise was as national, fresh, and aspiring as America herself. If this land has not yet grown to full voice, it has not lacked a characteristic expression in the verse of our elder living poets. Their careers, we have seen, began almost simultaneously at the close of the second fifth of this century, and have been prolonged until now, through a period of forty years. Let me again briefly refer to the elements which our literature hitherto might justly be called upon to idealize, and make some mention of the favorite poets whose song has been the response to such a call.

III.

I HAVE said that a fellowship with the spirit of natural Landscape, and the recognition of its beauty and majesty, were the earliest, as they are the most constant, traits of American verse. The contemplation of Nature has not often been the first step, nor the second, in the progress of ideality. But this remark applies to primitive races. The aborigines of a country are almost a part of its mold—or, at least, so closely related to its dumb fauna, that they reflect but little on the mountains, woods, and waters which appear to surround them as a matter of course. Heroic or savage deeds of prowess are their first incitements to poetic utterance. Even an extended period of culture and growth has not always led them to consider the landscape objectively. Of this the Greeks, with their curious disregard of natural scenery, are a familiar example. They observed Nature only to inform it with their own life, until there was no river or tree without its genius. First, epic action;

next, patriotism and devotion; afterward, dramatic passion; last of all, analysis and reflective art. In our own settlements, a race that already had gone through these stages took possession of a new world. A struggle with its conditions involved a century of hardship and distrust. The final triumph, the adjustment of the people to their locality, brought a new understanding, out of which came the first original quality in our poetry and design. Here it is to be noted that descriptive literature, poetry or prose, though not earlier upon the record of intellectual development, is lower as respects the essential worth of Art than that which is emotional or dramatic. In the full prime of creative work, the one must serve as a background for the other—upon which attention chiefly is concentrated. All in all, it was a foregone conclusion that our first independent artists should betake themselves to the study and utilization of American scenery. In painting, our first distinctive school—for such I do not term the early group of historical and portrait painters, from West to Allston—has been that of the landscapists. Let us own that when either poetry or painting deals with Nature in no copyist's fashion, but with a sense of something "deeply interfused," it may reach the higher plane of art-expression. To this end our modern painters, upon the whole, have striven, from the time of Cole. The hands of Durand, Inness, Kensett, the two Giffords, Whittredge, McEntee, Church, Bierstadt, Bristol, Hubbard, Martin, Wyant, and La Farge have given us a landscape-school that, for truth and freshness, is notable on either continent, and is constantly gaining in technique and variety from the experiments of younger men. The literary counterpart of this school began with Bryant, the Druid of our forests, the high-priest of Nature in her elemental types. These he has celebrated with the coolness and breadth that were traits of the earlier painters named, though lacking the freedom and detail of their successors. It is dangerous to measure one art by another, or to confuse their terms; yet we feel that the relationship between the pictures of Durand and Kensett, for example, and the meditative verse of Bryant—from "Thanatopsis" and "A Forest Hymn" to "The Night Journey of a River"—is near and suggestive. Bryant was at the head of our reflective poets, finding his bent at the outset and holding it to the very close. His work rose to an imagina-

tive height which descriptive poetry of itself rarely attains.

He was followed—at an obvious distance—by Percival, Wilcox, Street, and other mild celebrants of Nature, who, with greater minuteness, failed of his breadth and elevation. Their patient measures show how strongly the scenery of America has impressed her people. To the present day, the landscape, however incidental to the poetry of Emerson, Whittier, Thoreau, Lowell, and Taylor, is constantly there, and fresh as a rocky pasture-ground in New England or Pennsylvania compared with a storied park of Warwickshire. In the work of Mrs. Thaxter, Piatt, and other recent idylists, it is natural, sympathetic—in short, thoroughly American. And to me the veritable charm of the poetry of Whitman and Joaquin Miller does not belong to the method and democratic vistas of the one, and the melodramatic romance of the other; but to Whitman's fresh, absolute handling of outdoor Nature, and to the fine surprises which Miller gives us in haunting pictures of the plains, the sierra, and the sundown seas.

Our poetry has been equally fortunate as the language of the ideas and human emotions to which, as a people, we most readily incline. Notwithstanding the change and unrest of a new country, the *milieu* which Taine found in England here exists, and with fewer qualifications. Not that America is all middle-class, as some have asserted. But her ideal is derived from sentiments which, even more than in Great Britain, preserve a Saxon quality—those of domesticity, piety, freedom, loyalty to the institutions of the land. If inessential to various dramatic and impassioned art-creations, they have an art and passion of their own, and, in recognizing this, our singers are more national than their English contemporaries. The latter, except through the odes and idyls of Tennyson, have conveyed to us little of the home-sentiment, the English faith and feeling, which brought the mother-land to greatness. Doubtless it is because these qualities were so general in the song of their predecessors that the Victorian choir has earnestly concerned itself with mediæval and legendary work, and with those technical diversions which are counted as art for art's sake.

The instinct of our poets has led them first to charge their lyrics with the feeling of their time and people, and in doing this they have, almost without exception, given

voice to their own heart. Bryant's verse is an illustration. It everywhere breathes of liberty and patriotism. But as an apostle of all the sentiments just named,—taken singly or in combination,—Whittier, the Quaker bard of Amesbury, whose art is by turns so homely and so refined, certainly is preëminent, and in a sense has made himself that uncrowned laureate—the people's poet. His legend is *pro aris et focis*. He glows with faith, strong by heredity in New England and thence outflowing to the West, nor forgets the beauty and duty of temperance, charity, and virtue. Nothing restrains his democratic conception of the freedom of the soil, the nobility of work, the right to labor for oneself. He represents (to borrow Hugo's formula) our conflict with oppression, and was the herald and inspired seer of the enduring fiery conflict that preceded the antislavery war. His earnestness and burning effort contrast with Bryant's stern repose. In various national qualities the more polished work of Longfellow and Lowell has rivaled Whittier's, and sustained it. They, in their ways, and Holland, Trowbridge, and Taylor, each in his own, have paid tribute to the charm of American home-life, and have repeated the ancestral and prevalent feeling of regions which they thoroughly comprehend. In this direction they have been accompanied by many writers in verse or prose—simple balladists like the Vermonter, Eastman, and tale-writers with the insight and fidelity that belong to Sylvester Judd, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Rose Terry Cooke. In times of concentrated emotion, our poets of all degrees have broken out in vivid strains. Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn" is memorable. There is native fire in the lyrics of Melville, and of a few poets who died too soon, Ellsworth, Forceythe Wilson, and that brave free singer, Brownell, to whom Ticknor, sounding the war-cry of the South, bore a half-likeness in manner and spirit. There have been many single voices, heard but for a moment, of this class. In closing this section, I will add a word in regard to a kind of verse which, of all, is the most common and indispensable—that devoted to reverence and worship. The religious verse of America, whether the work of poets at large, or of those whose range is chiefly confined to it,—Muhlenberg, Coxé, Crosswell Doane, S. Johnson, S. Longfellow, Abraham Coles, Ray Palmer, Harriet Kimball, Hedge, the Frothinghams, and many other orthodox or liberal composers,—ranks in

quality, if not in quantity, with the hymnology of other lands.

No one can enter upon the most cursory review of our literature without being struck by the share which women have had in its production. A sisterhood of song, expressing its own delicate and heroic nature, and many thoughts and affections that are sweet and high and impassioned, has won in America a just and distinctive regard. The female voices early added softness and, at times, strength, to the general song. The names of Maria Lowell, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Whitman, the Cary sisters, Mrs. Judson, Mrs. Sewall, Elizabeth Lloyd, Mrs. Oakes-Smith, Mrs. Kinney, and Mrs. Botta, many of whom have passed away, are cherished by not a few. They have had successors—of whom are Mrs. Cooke, Mrs. Stoddard, Mrs. Akers Allen, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Dorr, Lucy Larcom, Mrs. Mapes Dodge, Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, Mrs. Helen Jackson, Mrs. Moulton, and others to whom I shall refer in a later article, whose names are veritably household words throughout the country, and much of whose work, in verse and prose, has taken a subtler range, a better finish, a definite and influential hold upon the public attention.

American culture, if not so exact and diligent as that of more learned nations, is sympathetic, and explores all literatures for its delight and betterment. It is most advanced in the sections where it took its start, but there and elsewhere is well represented in our poetry. A University school has sent out rays from Cambridge, the focus being the home of a poet with whose rise the new poetic movement fairly began. He has grown to be not the poet of a section, nor even of a people, but one rendered into many languages, and known throughout the world. Longfellow, on the score of his fame, and his almost exclusive devotion to the muse, is the center of a group distinguished by culture, elegant learning, regard for the manner of saying no less than for what is said. His early legend rightly was *Outre-Mer*, for he stimulated our taste by choice presentation of what is rare abroad, until it grew able to perceive what is rare and choice at home. With thoughts of this singer come thoughts of peace, of romance, of the house made beautiful by loving hands. Lowell and Holmes, no less than Longfellow, and wonted to the same atmosphere, represent our conflict with rudeness, ignorance, and asceticism. They

laugh the Philistine to scorn, and with their wit and learning advance the movement toward sweetness and light. Near them are others, such as Parsons, Story, Robert Lowell, Mrs. Fields, who may be classed more readily with a composite group of whom I have yet to speak. But first let us observe that an imaginative and unique division of the recent school is that which represents the liberal philosophy of New England and its conflict with ancestral superstition. The mind and soul of Transcendentalism seemed to find their predestined service in the land of the Puritans. The poetry which sprang from it had a more subtle aroma than that whose didacticism infected the English Lake school. The latter made prosaic the verse of famous poets; out of the former the quickest inspiration of our "down-East" thinkers seemed to grow. Their philosophy, beginning with the prose and verse of Andrews Norton, and the exalted spirituality of Dr. Channing, and soon going beyond the early liberties, has found its riper expression in lyrical work, prophetic, mystical, or quaintly wise. It borrowed, in truth, the wisdom of the Orient and the speculations of Germany, but has not failed to apply the vision that so inspired it to the life and action of the new world. The white light of Emerson, the pure and elevated master of the Concord group, has been a steadfast beacon for his companions. Among these, Thoreau, Margaret Fuller, Jones Very, Cranch, and Ellery Channing may be reckoned, with due allowance for the individuality of each. Here and there stray singers have seemed to belong to this peculiarly American caste. One such was the lamented Dr. Wright, whose gift was delicately pure and thoughtful. Poe was right in claiming that the speculative tendency of these poets was at odds with the artistic effect of their work, but ought to have seen that a more exquisite feeling and insight, allied with that tendency, often made amends for it.

Meantime, as I was about to point out, we have had a quota of poets, including most of those who do not live in New England, who have clung to their art from sheer love of the beautiful, under varying chances of favor and discouragement. They have paid slight regard to their respective localities, writing after their own versatile moods, and looking wherever they pleased for models and themes. Some have followed other than literary pursuits, or, if earning their bread by the pen, have accepted the vicissitudes of their

craft under the conditions heretofore set forth. Their tastes and habits have made them composite, if not cosmopolitan. Their work is not provincial, though often less original than that of some whom we have named. But in escaping the rigors of a chosen section, they also have foregone its distinctions. The East has loved its poets, and, what is more, has listened to them. The New-England spirit has been that of Attica, which state, we are told, "secure in her sterility, boasted that her land had never been inundated by these tides of immigration," and that "she traced the stream of her population in a backward course through many generations."* With respect to philosophy and economics, and in fields of taste and literary judgment, the trust of the modern Athens is founded on her own usage and her men of note. It is true that the reverence paid our elder poets is now general throughout the land, and as sincere and beautiful as that which the bards of Germany and Scandinavia always have received at the hands of their countrymen. It even has its jealous side, and renders it hard for new aspirants to gain their share of welcome. But New York has been to her later poets, somewhat as Oxford street was to De Quincey, a stony-hearted mother. This is partly due to the standards of success established by monetary power and prosperity, and partly to the accident that here, more than in the East, idealists have had to live by all sorts of very practical work. Writers have been tolerated, and even welcomed, but not honored and taken as counselors, until they have proved themselves worldly wise, or gained their influence elsewhere. Then New York has been proud of them, in her awkward way, and used them at need, but has assigned to the provinces the duty of reading their works. Bryant came to be her most honored citizen, and for some years was a kind of literary Doge; his city knew that he was a poet, for the country had told her so. It would be interesting to learn how large a proportion of the wealthy classes among whom he was a peer, and who placed him at the head of feasts and civic gatherings, knew this through an appreciative knowledge of his poetry. Such, however, is apt to be the state of things in a great commercial center,—so great, that it matures slowly, and must long await that splendid prime of which smaller towns earlier furnish types in miniature; and under

just such conditions many a poet has struggled, yet gone down to time and fame.

The artistic bent of Parsons and Story, of Poe, Taylor, Stoddard, and Weeks, in New York, of the Philadelphians, Boker and Read, and of the Southerners, Timrod, and Hayne, and Esten Cooke, has been plainly seen in the application of each man's gift, whatever its degree. They have cared for poetry alone, and have believed its country to be universal, and that England, whose poets conspicuously avail themselves of the materials and atmosphere of other lands, should be the last to lay down a law of restriction. Herein, nevertheless, they subject their work, upon its general merits, to comparison with models which they scarce could hope to surpass; the highest excellence alone could draw attention to them as poets of America. Some of our verse composed in this wise has been so charming, and withal so original, as to make reputations. Poe's lyrics are an example, and others besides Poe, less conspicuous as victims of unrest and heroes of strange careers, also have represented the conflict with materialism, and have shown as genuine a gift and a wider range. Dr. Parsons holds a place of his own. He is one of those rare poets whose infrequent work is so beautiful as to make us wish for more. In quality, at least, it is of a kind with Landor's; his touch is sure, and has at command the choicer modes of lyrical art—those which, although fashion may overslaugh them, return again, and enable a true poet to be quite as original as when hunting devices previously un essayed. His independence, on the other hand, is exhibited in his free renderings of Dante. These, and Longfellow's literal translation of the entire "*Commedia*," with Bryant's of the "*Iliad*" and "*Odyssey*," Brooks's of various German authors, Taylor's of "*Faust*," and with the kindred achievements of Cranch, Leland, Macdonough, Alger, Coles, Miss Preston, and Emma Lazarus (whose poetic version of Heine has just appeared), have made the American school of translation somewhat eminent. Parsons's briefer poems often are models, but occasionally show a trace of that stiffness which too little employment gives even the hand of daintier sense. The "*Lines on a Bust of Dante*," in structure, diction, loftiness of thought, are the peer of any modern lyric in our tongue. Inversion, the vice of stilted poets, becomes with him an excellence, and old forms and accents are rehandled and charged

* Wordsworth's "*Greece*."

with life anew. It is to be regretted that Dr. Parsons has not used his gift more freely. He has been a poet for poets, rather than for the people; but many types are required to fill out the hemicycle of a nation's literature. Story's various talents and acquirements as a scholar, painter, sculptor, author, and what not, and his prolonged residence and studies abroad, are mirrored in his verse. This, indeed, is so un-American that I was held to blame by a prominent London journal for not reviewing him as a British-born and Victorian poet. He has extreme refinement, but is a close follower of Browning's lyrico-dramatic method, and more novel in his choice of themes than in their treatment. "Cleopatra" and "Praxiteles and Phryne" are striking pieces, and show him at his best. Among the group under notice was the ardent and generous Taylor, whose seniority in death caused my selection of him as one of those who illustrate the rise of the American school, and upon whom alone I venture any extended criticism. Poe, the eldest of the art-group, and the subject of a recent essay, is related to the others as a toiling professional writer, whose ideality maintains itself apart from the atmosphere about him. In many respects he is an exception to the rest, but, on the whole, may be counted the first to revolt against didacticism, from the artist's point of view,—while Whitman, on the other hand, is hostile to art-tradition and conventionalism, as an apostle of the "democracy of the future." Another artist-poet was Buchanan Read, whose song was of a more genuine quality than the painting which he made his vocation. His idyllic verse fairly portrayed the rural life of his own State, but his successes were a few rhymed lyrics and idyls that will be preserved. "The Closing Scene" gained a reputation through its descriptive beauty and clever treatment of a standard form of verse. His townsman, Boker, is the eldest of a little group described in my article on Bayard Taylor. A close study of the English poets, especially of the Elizabethan brotherhood, led him to dramatic composition. Although his plays follow old models, and are founded upon the historic themes of foreign lands, they have excellent dramatic and poetic qualities. Thirty-five years ago, in an essay upon the condition and prospect of our literature, Dr. Griswold said that "the success of the plays of Bird and Conrad, and the failure of those of Longfellow and Willis," showed that there

was still "patriotism enough among us to prefer works with the American inspiration to those of any degree of artistic merit without it." But it is recorded to the credit of some of Boker's plays, which are of a poetic and literary mold, and bear the test of reading, that, like their humbler prototypes,—the acting plays of Bird, Conrad, Sargent, Matthews, and others,—they were found to have the life and substance that could gain them favor, not only in the closet but on the stage. They are quite antecedent to the realistic manner of our own time; and nothing of their sort would be acceptable at the present day. In their place we have signs of the appearance of a native dramatic school. But they show, none the less, a manly hand, and the healthy imagination of the poet, their author. His minor pieces are of uneven quality, some of them thoroughly national and spirited. Such lyrics as "On Board the Cumberland," "A Ballad of Sir John Franklin," and the "Dirge for a Soldier," often continue a poet's name more surely than the efforts which he considers his masterpieces.

Stoddard, the life-long friend and brother in song of Taylor and Boker, is still in full voice, and Mr. Macdonough recently has given us a careful, sympathetic analysis of his genius and career. A New-Englander born, the honors of his life and service belong to New York. The whole range of his poetry has the unrestricted or cosmopolitan tendency of which I speak. He had poor advantages in youth, but an absolute bent for letters, and a passion for the beautiful resembling that of Poe. His knowledge of English literature, old and new, early became so valuable that his younger associates, drawn to him by admiration of his poetry, never failed to profit by his learning and suggestions. His life has been peculiarly that of a writer, with its changes and pleasurable pains, and is marked by independence, sensitiveness, devotion to his calling, and pride in the city with whose literary growth and labor he is identified. The characteristics of Stoddard's verse are affluence, sincere feeling, strength, a manner unmistakably his own, very delicate fancy, and, above all, an imagination at times exceeded by that of no other American poet. This last quality pervades his ambitious pieces, and at times breaks out suddenly in the minor verse through which he is best known. The exigencies of his profession have too constantly drawn upon his resources; the bulk of his miscellaneous

verse is large, and to this is somewhat due its unevenness. No poet is more unequal; few have more plainly failed now and then. On the other hand, few have reached a higher tone, and a selection could be made from his poems upon which to base a lasting reputation. "The Fisher and Charon," "The Dead Master," and the "Hymn to the Sea," are noble pieces of English blank verse, the secret of whose measure is given only to the elect; one is impressed by the art, the thought, the imagination, which sustain these poems, and the Shakspeare and Lincoln odes. Stoddard's abundant songs and lyrics are always on the wing and known at first sight—a sky-lark brood whose notes are rich with feeling. The sweet and direct method of "The King's Bell" placed him high in the ranks of writers of narrative verse. Among poets equal to him in years, he is, perhaps, the foremost of the artistic or cosmopolitan group.

If I cared to give, in detail, various by-road illustrations of the American spirit, I could cite many instances where the brooding humor, the quaintness and frankness, the pluck and fun and carelessness of our new people long since cropped out in rhyme. These characteristics give life to the wise and witty purpose of Holmes's and Lowell's satires, and to the verses of Saxe, Leland, Fields, and Butler. We have their continuance and diversity in the clever, off-hand fantasies of younger men. There is no lack of dialect, bric-à-brac, and society verse. Some of our young Bohemians all at play, twenty years ago,—of whom George Arnold was American by birth, and Halpine and O'Brien by adoption,—while not without their earnest moods, did rollicking work of this kind, and in Arnold's case it seemed to his friends but an offshoot of the better work he had it in him to do. The Dean among our writers of poems for occasions is unquestionably Dr. Holmes, by virtue of his apt response to the instant call, and of the wit, wisdom, convictions, and the scholarly polish that relegate his lightest productions to the select domain of art.

To Whitman a special review already has been given, and was needed for the fair consideration of his traits and attitude. While differing with some of his theories, I paid him as liberal and impartial a tribute—and one as churlishly received—as any that ever was awarded to the genius of a poet. He represents, first of all, his own personality; secondly, the conflict with aristocracy and formalism. Against the

latter he early took the position of an iconoclast, avowing that the time had come in which to create an American art by rejection of all forms, irrespective of their natural basis, which had come to us from the past. In their stead he proffered a form of his own. If I rightly understand the meaning of one or two recent papers by Mr. Whitman, his extreme views, in deprecation of what is and anticipation of what is to be, are now somewhat tempered by years and experience. It was suggested in this magazine that a new edition of his poems—so modified as not to lessen their freshness, their imaginative grasp and freedom, nor to affect the dignity of his position, but to seem less objectionable to ordinary readers—would secure him a more general audience. His admirers, of whom I am one, have been glad to hear a rumor that such an edition may appear. Whitman is a man of genius, of striking physical and mental qualities, and excels most writers in personal magnetism, tact, and adroitness as a man of the world. He is the avowed champion of democracy, and accepted as such by the refined classes at home and abroad. I have referred to his minute knowledge and healthy treatment of the American landscape, of the phases and products of outdoor Nature, and in this respect his most fragmentary pieces show the handicraft of an artist and poet.

We need not continue farther the analysis proposed in a former article. I have not tried to make a rigid classification of all who have borne a part in the rise of a home-school, but to observe the general groups of which some of our elder poets may be called the leaders, and the condition and sentiment by which their work has been affected. Enough has been said, I think, to justify the assertion that such a school already has had a career which Americans should be swift to recognize and slow to undervalue. One "of your own poets" has taken a different view, declaring that a barren void exists—that our poetry has been marked by an absence of patriotism, and that it has shown brain and no soul. A more incorrect or willfully pessimistic statement never was made. In every department of art, times of energy are divided by times of calm. The first course is run, and there is a temporary halt, so far as poetry is concerned. The imaginative element in our literature is active as ever, but in other directions. Meantime, we have singers in their prime, resting their

voices for the moment, and others whose fresh notes will soon be more definitely heard. Both these classes will come within our review. The younger poets, upon whom the future depends, must prove themselves well endowed, if they are to succeed to the laurels of those who now, blessed with years, hold the affection of life-long readers scattered far and wide. But it is of the elders only, the representative founders of our school, that I have undertaken to write

at any length. To pass critical judgments upon those of my own, or a younger, generation is beyond my province. The time will come when some of them will in turn occupy the high places, and furnish typical illustrations of poetry and the poetic life. In that near future there will not be wanting critics to measure their works, nor hands to award the recompense that is due to those who add to the sum of human pleasure by their ministry of song.

ERNESTO ROSSI.

It may seem somewhat singular that Ernesto Rossi, who will begin an engagement in New York in November, should be so little known in this country, when he has had a wide reputation in Europe for more than twenty-five years. But the same thing has happened repeatedly. Even the name of Salvini, when he was announced to make a professional tour of the United States in 1874, was familiar to very few Americans—mainly to those who had seen him abroad; and yet he was considered by many in the Old World then, as he is considered by many in the New World now, the first of living actors.

Rossi, now fifty-two, is a native of Leghorn, son of an intelligent, well-to-do merchant, and has not, so far as known, inherited a drop of histrionic blood. He very early displayed intellectual tastes, if not positive talents; and his parents, who were too ambitious for his behoof to attempt to hamper him with any sort of commercial pursuit, decided to qualify him for the law. After receiving a tolerable, though rudimentary, education at the place of his birth, he was sent to the University of Pisa, ancient in renown, to master legal lore. Before going thither, he had disclosed a fondness for the stage, and at the University his fondness quickened into a passion. He might, with perseverance, have gained a respectable position in the law, for he had abundant application and energy; but his youthful soul was so set upon the theater that his father was wise, after duly combating the boy's natural bent, to allow him to follow it unchecked. He had made a mistake about Ernesto from the first. He had imagined that he would be a good advocate, from his declaiming capacity; but this was evidence

of histrionic, not legal, prepossession. If ever a lad was incurably stage-struck, it was he: he consumed plays and recited them with considerable effect at nine years of age, and was never so happy as when in a theater. This was all the more remarkable, because Leghorn is one of the last towns of any size in all Italy to inspire or foster dramatic inclinations. Comparatively modern, devoid of monuments of history or art, it is purely mercantile in aims and antecedents. While a student at Pisa, he frequently took part in amateur performances and in those of a regular company, under the direction of Signore Marchi, of no small local repute. He was not sixteen when he forsook law, and surrendered himself, body and mind, to the players. He is reported to have said, at that time, that he would rather act minor parts at a small provincial theater than be the leading barrister of the capital.

He was barely eighteen when he was portraying lovers in Marchi's troupe, and was warmly applauded by many of the members of the Scientific Congress, then assembled at Genoa. He was a particular favorite with women, young and old, and they flocked to the theater to see and encourage him. His youth, his personal comeliness, his slight, graceful figure, his romantic bearing, his erotic intensity, and his melodious voice signally fitted him for amorous rôles. The modern drama of Italy brims with sentiment, verging upon sentimentalism, and its sighing, pensive, rhapsodizing swains found ample and sympathetic expression in the handsome, impassioned youth burning for histrionic distinction. The feminine traditions of Pisa, Verona, Mantua, Genoa, still assert that there is not, and never has been, such a

stage lover as Ernesto Rossi was, thirty or thirty-five years ago.

After playing under Marchi, he entered the dramatic school that had recently been founded by Gustavo Modena, an excellent master, and improved vastly under his instruction. He then appeared at the Carcano Theater, Milan, also at the Carignano in Turin, and was cordially received. At twenty-six, after performing most creditably in different Italian cities, he went to Paris with Ristori, and contributed not a little to the success of her engagement by his valuable support. He subsequently introduced to that capital the works of divers Italian dramatists—Alfieri, Pellico, Niccolini, and Goldoni among them. In the comedies of the last he excelled, delighting the French with the portrayals of the author who had lived among them, and been attached to their court as instructor in his native language to the daughters of the king. He seems specially adapted to Goldoni's characters, which have a wide range and are marked by freshness and subtlety. During his engagement in Vienna, to which he went from Paris, his presentations of Goldoni won high encomiums, and he there increased his rapidly growing reputation. Returning to his own country, he formed a company, and undertook its financial as well as dramatic direction; but, after one or two seasons, he discovered what so many of his profession have discovered before and since his attempt, that an excellent actor may be a very poor manager. On a second visit to Paris, made eleven years after his first, he was warmly welcomed. While representing his regular parts at the Italian Theatre, he was persuaded to essay the *Cid*, in a translation of that celebrated tragedy, at the Français, on the occasion of the anniversary of Corneille. The essay was so felicitous that the Parisians, with characteristic chauvinism, pronounced him the Italian Talma—a very questionable compliment in itself, though a most lofty one, from their over-patriotic point of view.

For many years, Rossi has personated some of the leading characters of Shakspeare, to whom he had previously given, in translation, long and earnest study. These have been seen in Madrid, Lisbon, Paris, London, and other European capitals, and have elicited very favorable criticism. It is questionable if any of the Latin races can fully comprehend or sympathize with the Gothic genius of Shakspeare. His richness, majesty,

and diversity are alien to them; they see his power, they are impressed by his massiveness; but in general they lack the capacity to interpret either. Their scholars, even the French, admire him; but they do not wholly approve him, and they are unable to feel him in his depth and scope. Talma enacted *Hamlet* and *Othello* in Ducis's diluted, glossy version; but he produced no such effect as in Jouy's "Sulla" or Delavigne's "Charles VI." Lekain shone resplendent in Voltaire's heroes, though he neglected Shakspeare. Rachel, despite her wondrous gifts, could never be brought to endure the master mind of all the ages.

The Italians affect Shakspeare, notably "Hamlet" and "Othello," as adapted and purified in their mellifluous tongue. Their four most eminent players, Salvini, Rossi, Ristori, and Majeroni (Rossi is the last of them to visit these shores), have been happy to present him, and he is exhibited, even in their open-air theaters, all the way from Como to Sorrento, from Lucca to Udine.

Hamlet is Rossi's favorite part, and he will probably play it at his *début* in this city and country. He first acted it abroad, I believe, in Lisbon, some thirteen years ago, and has since repeated it many times in Spain, France, Germany, and Britain. Previous to that time he had represented it, as well as other Shakspearean characters,—*Lear*, *Romeo*, *Coriolanus*, *Macbeth*, and *Othello*,—in the principal cities of Italy, where, indeed, he is credited with popularizing the poet by putting his productions regularly, and in the best translations obtainable, on the national stage. Any judgment, favorable or unfavorable, that might be passed in Italy, Spain, or Portugal on interpretations of Shakspeare might not bear much weight with the Teutonic races. But the fact that Rossi's interpretations have been lavishly lauded in England as well as in Germany, where the great master has been more thoroughly studied than even in the country of his birth, is one of the strongest arguments in behalf of the artist's penetration and performance. In none of his Shakspearean delineations has Rossi won such celebrity and such praise as in *Hamlet*, and to none of them, in truth, has he devoted the same degree of thought and research. To him, *Hamlet* is almost constant source of meditation and employment; hardly a week passes, it is said, that he does not read over the text, and he is continually reaching new disclosures of its subtlety.

When he first played *Hamlet*, he had never, I am told, seen the part personated, though he had been familiar with it in translation from boyhood. He had steadily delved at its inconsistencies and riddles; contrasted its lights and shades; analyzed its motives, and sounded its depths, until he had extracted therefrom a consonant and harmonious whole. Years ago he wrote a careful, scholarly paper on the tragedy, bearing mainly on its leading personage, detailing his conception of the character, the influences exercised upon the Prince by his surroundings, and the conclusions at which, as student and actor, he had arrived. This paper, which should be very interesting to our play-goers, has been published in a volume along with other of his contributions to dramatic art. For Rossi is a literary man as well as an actor. He is the author of a number of plays, the best known being "Adela," done for Ristori; the "Hyenas," a social comedy; the "Prayer of a Soldier," and the "Paternal Consort." He has personated the principal masculine parts in most of these, and has been very successful therein.

Rossi's *Hamlet* can scarcely fail to be attractive, even to those who may disagree with his understanding and rendering of it. It is indubitably original, at least in the sense that it is not consciously borrowed from any source; it is intellectual throughout; it is highly finished and altogether symmetrical. It is also saliently romantic, intense, pictorial, passionate,—far more than Englishmen or Americans are wont to portray it. Absolutely free from stage traditions—Rossi belongs to the natural school—and individualized by his mental processes, certain portions are apt to strike those familiar with the piece, who see him in it for the first time, as strained, perhaps artificial. Most of us are inclined to think that whatever we are unaccustomed to is incorrect or wrong, although we may soon accept and warmly commend the innovation. Thus Rossi's novelties, which may startle in the beginning, are likely to be welcome at last, and to rest in the mind with fertilizing effect. His *Hamlet*, like most of the characters he has retained in his repertory, will bear a deal of study,—as they surely ought to, since he has brought so much study to them,—and study will reconcile what may have appeared to be incongruities. He often changes his readings, his gestures, his business,—his idea of art is endless striving for perfection,—but only after mature reflection

and untiring comparison of the new with the old method. He yields to impulses, likewise, having full faith in intuitions born of exalted, impassioned moods, on or off the stage, and such yielding has served him well. Flexibility of presentment is one of his cardinal features; he is all alive, body and mind, every moment he is upon the scene; he acts as much when he has ceased to speak as while he is speaking. The comedy or tragedy in which he is engaged appears to emanate from and stream through him, as though he were, as indeed he is, its head and source. He is in the completest sense an actor; his whole personality, his very atmosphere, is action.

Hamlet he regards, very justly, as a creature of moods,—and of moods that control him. Consequently, the Dane is not in his hands, as he is so generally shown to be, supremely and everlastingly dejected. At times he exhibits elasticity, mercurialness, gayety; but the shadow of his life is ever swooping upon him; he cannot escape the consciousness of his doom. His is a nature always struggling with destiny, but struggling hopelessly, from an inherent weakness of character and a foreboding of inevitable fate. He wants and he tries to withdraw himself from the gloom of his situation, but he cannot; and as he regularly falls back into himself, one can almost hear the fresh cracking of his heart, and can perceive the black, trailing cloud of despair. In the scenes with the courtiers, with *Polonius*, with *Laertes*, preparatory to the fencing bout, the Prince is well-nigh merry, denoting his anxiety to forget, for the nonce, the dreaded, dreadful task his father's spirit has imposed upon him. In his interview with *Ophelia*, when he bids her get to a nunnery, one sees enkindled in his person the conflict between his cruel words and his tender feelings, and the agony they cause in his own breast. And in the church-yard his jocosity and lofty speculation descend, like a bird wounded in airy flight, to mere human grief, wild in its intensity under the crushing news of *Ophelia's* death. No room is left for doubt of his exceeding love. He so unfolds it, it so quivers through his being, so swells in his soul, that his tumid, extravagant speeches hardly sound like the rant of ordinary players.

The working of *Hamlet's* peculiar mind and his shifting purpose are visible through every act in Rossi's lucid, plastic delineation. One who had never read the tragedy might understand its teaching and its mystery by

closely observing the actor's varied and variable demeanor, reflecting every shade of thought and feeling. He may be considered, in his most serious efforts, as an illuminated artist. His personation of *Hamlet* includes a key with the best notes and comments, in rare histrionic form, that are procurable. He is said to consider the character in many respects Italian, although totally unlike the average type—a consideration that aids him to explain what he thinks to be his entire sympathy with its spirit and manifestations. This is not strange. Many serious students of the wonderful tragedy see, or fancy they see, in *Hamlet* a reflex of their own nationality. French scholars have discovered in him many French traits. The Germans esteem him to be German to the core. The Spaniards have been rash enough to declare that only a Spaniard can understand him. Russian authors have found a clear parallel between him and their educated, brooding compatriots. Learned Brahmins perceive the Hindu and the trace of their mystic theology in his temperament. He is certainly the reverse of the mass of Englishmen, albeit an Englishman has created him. It may seem preposterous to mention *Hamlet* as American in outgiving and constitution. But how many Americans there are to-day in our great cities, having no concern with commerce, and no aim in life, who read in him an autobiography! All this reveals Shakspeare's universality. He is the world's bard, and mankind is fused in the fire of his limitless imagination. He is the macrocosm that comprehends, as microcosms, all other minds.

Rossi's *Othello* is not nearly so impressive or satisfactory as his *Hamlet*; and yet it might be thought that an Italian would play it better, with its burning love, its fierce jealousy, its terrible vengeance. Some portions he does admirably—for example, the address to the Senate, the meeting at Cyprus, all the love passages with *Desdemona*. But he is deficient in the grandeur and glory of the Moor, as we understand him. His jealousy is white heat; it is frenzied, but it wants balance and dignity; it has too much of the quality of disappointing kisses, of baffled desire. He kills her through hurt vanity—because she has been disloyal to him—from bitter consciousness of what he believes to be her violated vow. When he talks of his great love for her, it seems like mockery; for we see that she can never regain his confidence—that his suspicion has been aroused, and will

not be allayed. All his feeling for and against his much-encompassed, devilishly ensnared wife is physical and personal; it is a reproduction of Orosmane's hunting down and sudden slaughter of Zaire. It is not the awful divorce of a once worshiped soul, thought to be false and tainted, from a generous, trusting, vehement nature; nor is it, at the end, a solemn, harrowing sacrifice in the cause of purity and sacred marriage. Nor is Rossi's Moor the Moor that Shakspeare drew, as we, born to speak his language, are pleased to conceive. Shakspeare was not a historian, a copier, or a realist; he was, first and last, a poet, and whatever he touched he transmuted into poetry.

The Italian artist's *Lear*, *Macbeth*, and *Coriolanus* are admired by Latin audiences, but not, as a rule, by the Germans and English, who think them inadequate, deficient in true tragic power. They have plenty of passion, ample sweep, remarkable vividness; they lack largeness, self-sustainment—what we, to whom Shakspeare is indigenous, consider fidelity to the poet's ideal. *Romeo*, in which Rossi has been extolled without stint, is—or, properly, was—finely suited to him, as was he to it. His grace, fervor, romanticism, and emotionalism found full scope there, and must have made the part radiantly picturesque. He has, I learn, seldom played it of late years. *Romeo* being so completely, so irredeemably youthful, a *Romeo* of fifty-two seems little less than grotesque. Nevertheless, if the Italian should do it now, he would be pretty apt to preserve most of the illusion; for he is as flexible in understanding as he is supple of limb, and would never be associated with years. His is plainly the temperament of genius, which is always young, and his every instinct is so artistic as to throw a glamour upon most of his auditors.

No actor of the age has a richer treasury of characters. He draws from Shakspeare, Goethe, Schiller, Corneille, Voltaire, Alfieri, Goldoni, the master minds of four nations, and from later German, French, and Italian authors. Many of the parts which he performed early in his career he has surrendered, finding them shallow and meretricious, because, in the maturity of his intellect and reputation, he aims only at the lasting and the best. During his American engagement, we shall have, in addition to "Hamlet," "Othello," and "Macbeth," "Don Carlos," "Francesca da Rimini," "Faust," "Orestes," the "Cid," "Saul," and "Louis XI.," with other pieces less known to the native stage.

Rossi is generally spoken of as a tragedian, and he is illustrious in various tragic delineations, notably *Hamlet*, the *Cid*, *Orestes*, *Paulo*. But, after all, his forte is comedy, the comedy of elevated character and elegant manners, and the comedy, too, of a decidedly pictorial order. His sympathies are with it; it fits the age, and is more spontaneous and elastic than dramas of the lofty pose and sounding line.

He loves Goldoni, never seen in our theaters, and is unapproachable in many of his characters, the personation of which might show him to the best advantage, should he venture, for the sake of pure art, on such an experiment. But, represent what he may, he must convince all competent critics that he has genius, scholarship, and

rare insight, with the fire and finish of a congenital player. His person is in his favor; he has a good figure, somewhat stout of late, dark, luminous eyes, well-proportioned features, and a singularly mobile, expressive face. He is cosmopolitan in mind and taste; he speaks four or five languages; he has traveled and played all over Europe and in South America; he has secured the ardent admiration of the leading theaters of civilization. A liberal in politics, long a lover of America, he comes at last, on his own account, to this broad commonwealth, with good wishes, sincere sympathies, and a laudable ambition to see if our people will declare that his copious laurels won elsewhere have been worthily bestowed.

RECONCILIATION.

If thou wert lying, cold and still and white,
In death's embraces, O mine enemy!
I think that if I came and looked on thee,
I should forgive; that something in the sight
Of thy still face would conquer me, by right
Of death's sad impotence, and I should see
How pitiful a thing it is to be
At feud with aught that's mortal.

So, to-night,
My soul, unfurling her white flag of peace,—
Forestalling that dread hour when we may meet,
The dead face and the living,—fain would cry
Across the years, "Oh, let our warfare cease!
Life is so short, and hatred is not sweet:
Let there be peace between us ere we die."

PRIMEVAL CALIFORNIA.

"PRIMEVAL CALIFORNIA" was inscribed on the knapsack of the Artist, on the port-manteau of Foster, the Artist's chum, and on the fly-leaf of the note-book of the Scribe. The luggage of the boisterous trio was checked through to the heart of the Red Woods, where a vacation camp was pitched. The expected "last man" leaped the chasm that was rapidly widening between the city front of San Francisco and the steamer bound for San Rafael, and approached us—the trio above referred to—with a slip of paper in his hand. It was not a subpoena; it was not a dun; it was a round-robin of farewells from a select circle of

admirers, wishing us joy, Godspeed, success in art and literature, and a safe return at last.

The wind blew fair; we were at liberty for an indefinite period. In forty minutes we struck another shore and another clime. San Francisco is original in its affectation of ugliness—it narrowly escaped being a beautiful city—and its humble acceptance of a climate which is as invigorating as it is unscrupulous, having a peculiar charm which is seldom discovered until one is beyond its spell. Sailing into the adjacent summer,—summer is intermittent in the green city of the West,—we passed

into the shadow of Mount Tamalpais, the great landmark of the coast. The admirable outline of the mountain, however, was partially obscured by the fog, already massing along its slopes.

The narrow-gauge of the N. P.C.R.R. crawls like a snake from the ferry on the bay to the roundhouse over and beyond the hills, but seven miles from the sea-mouth of the Russian River. It turns very sharp corners, and turns them every few minutes; it doubles in its own trail, runs over fragile trestle-work, darts into holes and re-appears on the other side of the mountains, roars through strips of redwoods like a rushing wind, skirts the shore of bleak Tomales Bay, cuts across the potato district and strikes the redwoods again, away up among the saw-mills at the logging-camps, where it ends abruptly on a flat under a hill. And what a flat it is!—enlivened with a first-class hotel, some questionable hostelryes, a country store, a post-office and livery-stable, and a great mill buzzing in an artificial desert of worn brown sawdust.

Here, after a five hours' ride, we alighted at Duncan's Mills, hard by the river, and with a girdle of hills all about us—high, round hills, as yellow as brass when they are not drenched with fog. In the twilight we watched the fog roll in, trailing its lace-like skirts among the highland forests. How still the river was! Not a ripple disturbed it; there was no perceptible current, for after the winter floods subside, the sea throws up a wall of sand that chokes the stream, and the waters slowly gather until there is volume enough to clear it. Then come the rains and the floods, in which rafts of drift-wood and even great logs are carried twenty feet up the shore, and permanently lodged in inextricable confusion.

I remember the day when we had made a pilgrimage to the coast, when from the rocky jaws of the river we looked up the still waters, and saw them slowly gathering strength and volume. The sea was breaking upon the bar without; Indian canoes



MOUNT TAMALPAIS AND RAILROAD THROUGH THE WOODS.

swung on the tideless stream, filled with industrious occupants taking the fish that await their first plunge into salt water. Every morning we bathed in the unpolluted waters of the river. How fresh and sweet they are—the filtered moisture of the hills, mingled with the distillations from cedar-boughs drenched with fogs and dew!

Lounging upon the hotel veranda, turning our backs upon the last vestiges of civilization in the shape of a few guests who dressed for dinner as if it were imperative, we were greeted with mellow heartiness by a hale old backwoodsman, a genuine representative of the primeval. It was Ingram, of Ingram House, Austin Creek, Red Woods, Sonoma

County, Primeval California. It was he, with ranch-wagon and stalwart steeds. The Artist, who was captain-general of the forces, at once held a consultation with Ingram, whom we will henceforth call the Doctor, for he is doctor—minus the degrees—of divinity, medicine, and laws, and master of all work; a deer-stalker, rancher, and general utility man; the father of a clever family, and the head of a primeval house.

In half an hour we were jolting, bag and baggage, body and soul, over roads where-in the ruts were filled with dust as fine as flour, fording trout-streams, and winding through wood and brake. We passed the old logging-camp, with the hills about it blackened and disfigured for life; and the new logging-camp, with its stumps still smoldering, its steep slides smoking with the friction of swift-descending logs, the ring of the ax and the vicious buzz of the saw mingled with the shouts of the woodsmen. How industry is devastating that home of the primeval!

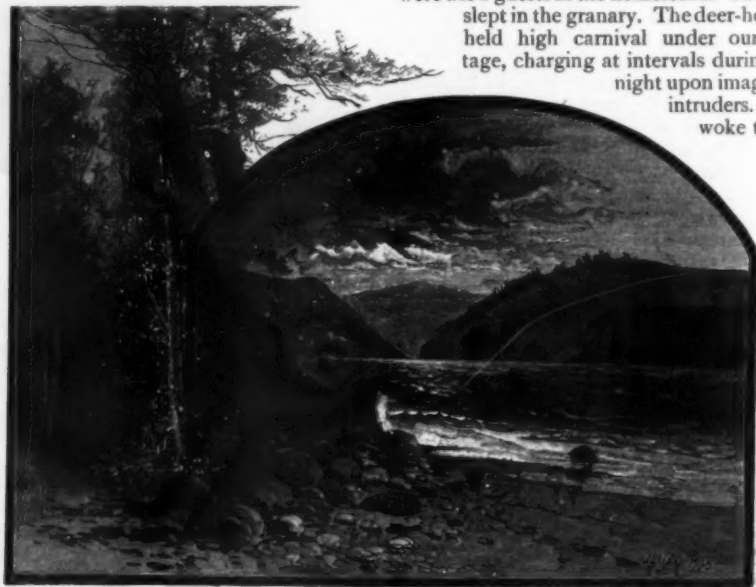
Soon the road led us into the very heart of the redwoods, where superb columns stood in groups, towering a hundred and even two hundred feet above our heads! A dense undergrowth of light green foliage caught and held the sunlight like so much spray; the air was charged with the fragrance of wild honeysuckle and resiniferous

trees; the jay-bird darted through the boughs like a phosphorescent flame, screaming his joy to the skies; squirrels fled before us; quails beat a muffled tattoo in the brush; snakes slid out of the road in season to escape destruction.

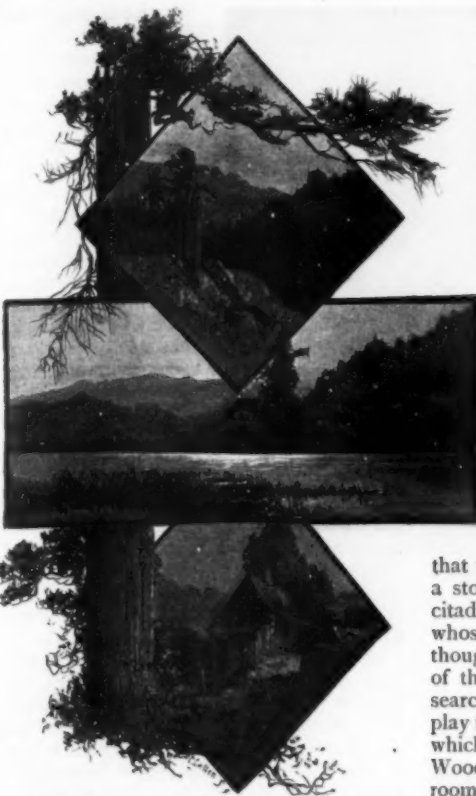
We soon dropped into the bed of the stream, Austin Creek, and rattled over the broad, strong highway of the winter rains. We bent our heads under low-hanging boughs, drove into patches of twilight, and out on the other side into the waning afternoon; we came upon a deserted cottage with a great javelin driven through the roof to the cellar; it had been torn from one of the gigantic redwoods and hurled by a last winter's gale into that solitary home. Fortunately no one had been injured, but the inmates had fled in terror, lashed by the driving storm.

We came to Ingram House in the dusk, out of the solitude of the forest into a pine-and-oak opening, the monotony of which was enlivened with a fair display of the primitive necessities of life—a vegetable garden on the right, a rustic barn on the left, a house of "shakes" in the distance, and nine deer-hounds braying a deep-mouthed welcome at our approach.

In the rises of the house on the hill-slope is a three-roomed bachelors' hall; here, on the next day, we were cozily domiciled. There were a few guests in the homestead. The boys slept in the granary. The deer-hounds held high carnival under our cottage, charging at intervals during the night upon imaginary intruders. We woke to the



MOUTH OF THE RUSSIAN RIVER, LOOKING UP-STREAM.



WILDERNESS OVER THE HILL—RUSSIAN RIVER AT DUNCAN'S MILLS—THE BARN AT INGRAM'S.

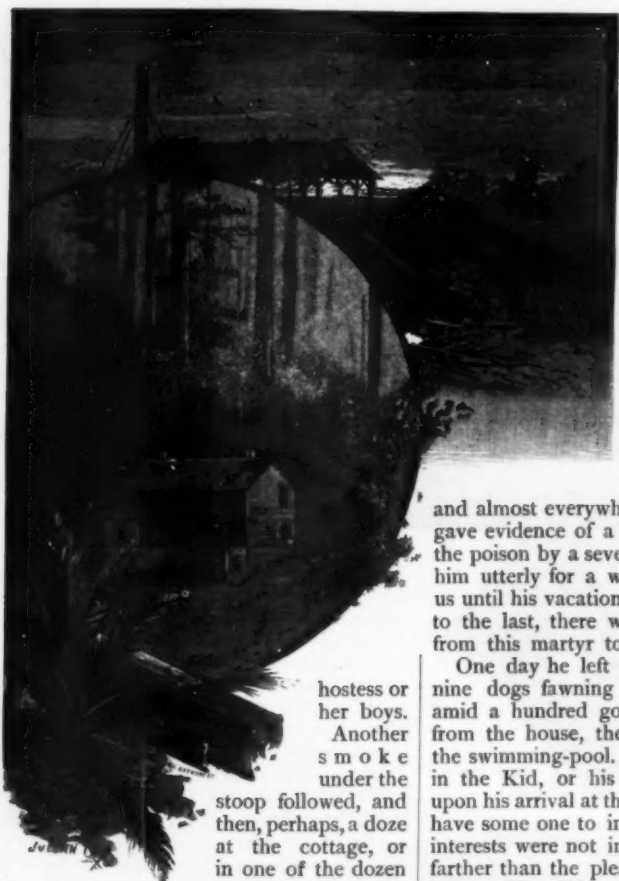
blustering music of the beasts, and thought on the possible approach of bear, panther, California lion, wild cat, 'coon, and polecat; but thought on it with composure, for the hounds were famous hunters, and there was a whole arsenal within reach.

We were waked at 6:30, and came down to the front "stoop" of the homestead. The structure was home-made, with rafters on the outside or inside according to the fancy of the builder; sunshine and storm had stained it a grayish brown, and no tint could better harmonize with the background and surroundings. In one corner of the stoop a tin wash-basin stood under a water-spout in the sink; there swung the family towels; the public comb, hanging by its teeth to a nail, had seen much service; a piece of brown soap lay in an *abelone* shell tacked to the wall; a small mirror reflected kaleidoscop-

ical sections of the face, and made up for its want of compass by multiplying one or another feature. We never before ate at the hour of seven as we ate then; then a pipe on the front steps and a frolic with the boys or the dogs would follow, and digestion was well under way before the day's work began. Then the Artist shouldered his knapsack and departed; the lads trudged through the road to school; the women went about the house with untiring energy; the male hands were already making the anvil musical in the rustic smithy, or dragging stock to the slaughter, or busy with the thousand and one affairs that comprise the sum and substance of life in a self-sustaining community. We were assured that were war to be declared between the outer world and Ingram House, lying in ambush in the heart of our black forest, we might withstand the siege indefinitely. All

that was needful lay at our hands, and yet, a stone's-throw away from our shake-built citadel, one loses himself in a trackless wood, whose glades are still untrodden by men, though one sometimes hears the light step of the *bronco* when Charlie rides forth in search of a strong bull. All work was like play there, because of a picturesque element which predominated over the practical. Wood-cutting under the window of the best room, trying out fat in a caldron or an earth-oven against our cottage, dragging sunburnt straw in a rude sledge down the hill-side road, shoeing a neighbor's horse in a circle of homely gossips, hunting to supply the domestic board at the distant market—is this all that Adam and the children of Adam suffer in his fall?

At noon a clarion voice resounded from the kitchen door and sent the echoes up and down the creek. It was the hostess, who, having prepared the dinner, was bidding the guests to the feast. The Artist came in with his sketch, the Chum with his novel, the Scribe with his note-book, followed by the horny-handed sons of toil, whose shoulders were a little rounded and whose minds were seldom, if ever, occupied with any life beyond the hills that walled us in. We sat down at a camp board and ate with relish. The land was flowing with milk and honey; no sooner was the pitcher drained or the plate emptied than each was replenished by the willing hands of our



DESERTED MILL AT THE OLD
CAMP—THE INGRAM HOUSE.

hostess or her boys. Another smoke under the stoop followed, and then, perhaps, a doze at the cottage, or in one of the dozen rocking-chairs about the house, or on the rustic throne hewn from a stump in the grove between the house and the barn. The sun flooded the cañon with hot and dazzling light; the air was spiced with the pungent odor of shrubs; it was time to rest a little before beginning the laborious sports of the afternoon. Later, we all wandered on the banks of the creek and were sure to meet at the swimming-pool about four o'clock. Meanwhile the Artist has laid in another study. Foster has finished his tale, and is rocking in a hammock of green boughs; the Scribe has booked a half-dozen fragmentary sentences that will by and by grow into an article, and the boys have come home from school.

By and by we wanted change; the monotony of town life is always more or

less interesting; the monotony of country life palls after a season. Change comes over us in a most unexpected guise. Our cañon was decked with the flaming scarlet of the poison-oak; these brilliant bits of foliage are the highlights in almost every California landscape, and must satisfy our love of color, in the absence of the Eastern autumnal leaf. The gorgeous shrubs stand out like burning bushes by the roadside, on the hill-slope, in the forest recesses,

and almost everywhere. The Artist's chum gave evidence of a special susceptibility to the poison by a severe attack that prostrated him utterly for a while. Yet he stood by us until his vacation came to an end, and, to the last, there was no complaint heard from this martyr to circumstances.

One day he left us—on mule-back, with nine dogs fawning upon his stirrup, and amid a hundred good-byes wasted to him from the house, the smithy, the barn, and the swimming-pool. He had orders to send in the Kid, or his successor, immediately upon his arrival at the Bay. We must needs have some one to indulge, some one whose interests were not involved in the primeval farther than the pleasure it afforded for the hour. The Kid was the very thing—a youngster with happiness in heart, luster in his eye, and nothing more serious than peach-down on his lip; yet there was gravity enough in his composition to carry him beneath the mere surface of men and things. The Kid drove in one night with rifle tall as himself, fishing-tackle, and entomological truck, wild with enthusiasm and hungry as a carp.

What days followed! Our little entomologist chased scarlet-winged dragon-flies and descanted on the myriad forms of insect-life with premature accomplishment. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings" we heard revelations not unmingled with the ludicrous superstitions of the nursery.

There is a school-house a mile distant, on the forks of the creek; we visited it one



THE KID.

Friday, and saw six angular youths, the sum total of the young ideas within range of the instructress, spelled down in broad-sides; and heard time-honored recitations delivered in the same old sing-song that could only have been original with the sons of our first parents. The school-mistress, with a sun-bonnet that buried her face from the world, passed Ingram's ten times a week, footing it silently along the dusty road, lunch-pail in hand. She lives in a lonely cabin on the trail to the wilderness over the hill.

The Kid sketched a little; indeed, the artistic fever spread to the granary, where the boys spent some hours of each day restoring, not to say improving, the tarnished color of certain face-cards of an imperfect euchre deck, the refuse of the palette being carefully secreted to this end; we never knew at what moment we might sit upon the improvised color-box of some juvenile member of the family.

But hunting was our delectable recreation; the Doctor would lead off on a half-broken *bronco*, followed by a select few from the house or the friendly camps, Fred bringing up the rear with a pack-

mule. This was the chief joy of the hounds; the old couple grew young at the scent of the trail, and deserted their whining progeny with Indian stoicism. Two nights and a day were enough for a single hunt,—one may in that time scour the rocky fortresses of the Last Chance, or scale the formidable slopes of the Devil's Ribs.

The return from the hunt was a scene of picturesque interest: the approach of the hunters at dusk, as they emerged one after another from the dark wood; the pack-mule prancing proudly under a stark buck weighing one hundred and thirty-three pounds, without its vitals; the baby fawn slain by chance (for no one would acknowledge the criminal slaughter); the final arrival of the fagged, sore-footed dogs, who were wildly greeted by the puppies, and kissed on the mouth and banged about by many a playful paw; the grouping under the trees in front of Bachelors' Hall, where the buck was slung, head downward among green leaves, and with stakes crossed between the gaping ribs; the light of the flickering lantern; the dogs supping blood from the ground where it had dripped; the



IN THE WORLD OF PROGRESS: BEFORE AND AFTER.

satisfaction of the hunters; the admiration of the women; the wild excitement of the boys, who all talked at once, at the top of their voices, with gestures quicker than thought;—this was the Carnival of the Primeval.

One night, the Kid set out for the stubble-field and lay in wait for wild rabbits; when he came in with his hands full of ears, the glow of moonlight was in his eye, the flush of sunset on his cheek, the riotous blood's best scarlet in his lips, and his laugh was triumphant; with a discarded hat recalled for camp-duty, a blue shirt open at the throat, hair very much tumbled, and no thoughts of self to detract from the absolute grace of his pose.

But all hunting-parties were not so successful. One of seven came home empty-handed and disgusted. It became necessary, while the unlucky huntsmen were under our roof, to give them festive welcome. Fred drew out his fiddle; the

Doctor gathered his strength and shook as lively a shoe on the sanded floor of the best room as one will hear the clang of in many a day. Clumsy joints grew supple; heavy boots made the splinters fly; a fellow-townsmen, like ourselves on a vacation tour, jigged with the inimitable grace of a trained dancer. How few of our muscles are aware of the joy of full development! From the wall of the best room the "Family of Horace Greeley," in mezzotint, looked down through clouded glass and a veneered frame. The county map hung *vis-à-vis*. A family record, wherein a pale infant was cradled in saffron, and schooled in pink, passing through a rainbow-tinted life that reached the climax of color at the scarlet and gold bridal, and ended in a sea-green grave; this record, with a tablet for appropriate inscriptions under each epoch in the family history, was still further enriched with lids of stained isinglass carefully placed over the



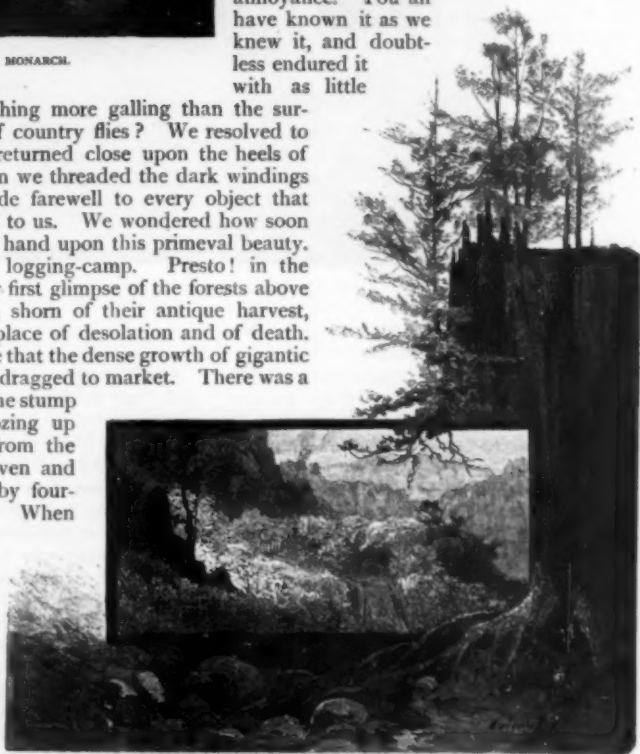
A FALLEN MONARCH.

grace. Is there anything more galling than the surpassing impudence of country flies? We resolved to return to town, and returned close upon the heels of our resolution. Again we threaded the dark windings of the wood, and bade farewell to every object that had become endeared to us. We wondered how soon change would lay its hand upon this primeval beauty. We approached the logging-camp. Presto! in the brief interval since our first glimpse of the forests above it, the hills had been shorn of their antique harvest, and the valley was a place of desolation and of death.

It seemed incredible that the dense growth of gigantic trees could be so soon dragged to market. There was a famous tree—we saw the stump still bleeding and oozing up—which, three feet from the ground, measured eleven and a half feet one way by fourteen feet the other. When its doom was sealed, a path was cut for it and a soft bed made for it to lie on. The land was graded, and covered with a cushion of soft boughs. Had the tree fallen on uneven ground, it would have been shattered; if it

domestic calendar, as much as to say, "What is written here is not for the public eye." On the triangular shelf in the corner, stood the condensed researches of all Arctic explorers, in one obese volume; its twin contained the revelations of African discoveries boiled down and embellished with numberless cuts; a Family Physician, one volume of legislative documents, and three stray magazines, with a Greek almanac, completed the library. So, even in the primeval state, we were not without food for our minds as well as exercise for our muscles. After a time, even the dance ceased to attract us. The Artist had lined the walls of his chamber with brilliant sketches; the Kid clamored for home.

I suppose we might have tarried a whole summer and still found some turn in the brook, some vista in the wood, some cluster of isolated trees, to hold us entranced; for the peculiar glory of the hour transfigured them, and the same effect was never twice repeated. Moreover, we at last grew intolerant of one great annoyance. You all have known it as we knew it, and doubtless endured it with as little



ON THE HOME STRETCH—THE BEGINNING OF THE END.



TWILIGHT ON THE CREEK.

had swerved to right or left, nothing but fire could have cleared the wrecks.

The making of the death-bed of this monster cost Mrs. Duncan forty dollars. Then the work began. An ax in the hands of a skillful wood-cutter threw the tree head-long to the earth. Then it was sawed across, yielding eighteen logs, each sixteen feet in length, with a diameter of four feet at the smallest end. The logs were put upon wheels, and run over a light trestle-work to the mill, drawn thither by a ridiculous dummy, which looked not unlike an old-fashioned tavern store on its beam-ends, with an elbow in the air. At the mill, it was sawed into eighty thousand feet of marketable lumber.

Reaching the forest, on our way to the Mills, we found the river had risen so that ten miles from the mouth we were

obliged to climb upon the wagon-seats, and hold our luggage above high-water mark.

At Duncan's, on the home stretch, we made our final pilgrimage, to a wild glen over the Russian River, where, a few weeks before, the Bohemian Club had held high jinks. The forest had been a scene of enchantment on that midsummer night; but now the tents were struck, the Japanese lanterns were extinguished, and nothing was left to tell the tale but the long tables of rough deal, where we had feasted. They were covered with leaves and dust; spiders had draped them with filmy robes. The quail piped, the jay-bird screamed, the dove sobbed, and a slim snake, startled at the flight of a bounding hare, glided away among the rustling leaves. So soon does this new land recover the primeval beauty of eternal youth.

QUEEN TITANIA.

BY HJALMAR H. BOYESEN,

Author of "Gunnar," "Tales from Two Hemispheres," etc.

XIII.

ABOUT the first of October, the Dimpletons returned to the city. Mr. Dibble and the indefatigable Count also began to find the sea-shore unpleasant about the same date, and might have been seen at any time of the day, during the month of October, lounging at the windows or in the billiard-room of a certain club for fashionable idlers.

It was rumored that the Dimpletons were going to give a magnificent party for Tita, in order, as it were, to introduce her publicly as a recognized member of their social world and a proper recipient of invitations. Her success at Newport had made her a conspicuous personage, and there was much conjecture afloat regarding her origin. Whence she came and who she was, no one could tell with certainty, and Miss Dimpleton, whenever she was directly appealed to, always answered, placidly: "She is a dear friend of ours, whom we expect to spend the winter with us."

That was hardly sufficient to check curiosity; but, as no further information could be elicited, and as Tita, moreover, was a young lady of fine bearing and social accomplishments, their circle of society in the city (as at Newport) was only too glad to accept her for what she was, without reference to her antecedents.

Miss Dimpleton, who had been much chagrined by Tita's supercilious treatment of her most eligible adorers, had resolved to maneuver more actively in Tita's behalf than she had ventured to do during the summer. She exerted herself earnestly to gain her friendship and confidence, embraced her (a little awkwardly, perhaps) at bed-time, and showed an affectionate solicitude for her comfort which puzzled Tita the more because she could not more than half reciprocate. To her Miss Dimpleton always remained a formidable phenomenon. She told herself a hundred times a day that Miss Dimpleton was as kind as she could be, and whenever a disloyal thought would knock for admission to her mind, she would make an effort to brush it away as one does a cobweb. But cobwebs have a way of entangling themselves in one's fingers the

more one tries to get rid of them, and she was greatly tempted to unburden her heart to Quintus, who came regularly twice a week to see her, and then usually staid to dine with the family. But some curious, dim apprehension always checked her tongue, and, at all events, the open-hearted and innocent Quint would never suspect any human being of double-dealing, and far less of a complicated intrigue. She wondered what had happened to her, or what transformation she had undergone, since she left Quint. Instead of flinging herself on his neck at their first meeting after her return, as she had anticipated doing and as she still longed to do, she had greeted him with a formal, dutiful caress, and then seated herself to converse with him as if he had been an accidental acquaintance. Quintus, too, somehow seemed ill at ease; he sat gazing at her with an anxious smile, asked her how she had enjoyed herself, whether she would like to go back, etc. But it was evident that he was quite overawed by the splendor of her toilet, the perfection of her manner, and the whole newness of her personality. Tita felt the awkwardness of the situation acutely, and would have given worlds to know what Quintus was thinking about her. Never had he seemed to her dearer than in this moment. That good and noble face, those honest blue eyes, and the kind smile which lighted up his features so wondrously—she could never be tired of gazing at them. She excused herself immediately after dinner that night, and when Miss Jessie came up, an hour later, she found her lying on the tiger-skin rug before the fire-place, and sobbing like a heart-broken child. On inquiring, Miss Dimpleton learned that she, Tita, was not at all nice; that, in fact, she was horrid, and that no one liked her except a ridiculous foreign Count and another man who hadn't two coherent ideas in his head. Against this species of unreason Miss Jessie felt herself utterly helpless. Nevertheless, from a sense of duty, she sat down calmly to refute Tita's assertions, beginning with her imputation against Mr. Dibble's intellect. Tita, however, refused to be comforted.

Scenes like this became more frequent as the months progressed, especially after Miss Jessie and Quintus had decided to resume their Homeric readings; and when they talked at the dinner-table about the Greek ideal, as expressed in Hector rather than in Achilles, and compared these gentlemen with Siegfried, in the "Nibelungen Lay," poor Tita felt as if they had entered into a conspiracy against her happiness, and her tiny brain sometimes seemed about to explode with indignation. That Quintus could be so heartless as to sit and talk for fifteen minutes about topics which he knew were beyond her reach, when he must be well aware that Miss Jessie had introduced them merely for the purpose of making him feel her superiority to Tita—that was the drop which made her cup of woe run over. And to see his face light up with responsive ardor whenever Miss Jessie made a happy remark,—as frequently she did,—it was more than mortal heart could bear. It never occurred to her that it might be Homer and not Miss Dimpleton who was her rival. She was too offended and indignant to make such nice discriminations, and she inflicted much unnecessary suffering upon herself by the rashness with which she jumped at mortifying conclusions. Another source of annoyance was Mr. Dibble's unwearied attentions. Apparently he was conducting a carefully plotted campaign against Tita's heart. One week he assaulted her with bonbons in exquisite boxes of ingenious shapes, and when that had no effect, he caused a floral shower to descend upon her at the most unexpected hours. Another week he beguiled her, with Miss Dimpleton as chaperon, to ride with him in the park, in a turn-out and with a span of roans which would have appealed, in their possessor's behalf, to a heart of stone. Horseback rides, too, were proposed, but Tita could not be induced to make the venture, ostensibly because she had no confidence in her equestrian skill. Mr. Dibble's splendid bays (accompanied by a groom in buckskin trowsers) stood pawing the pavement in vain in front of the Dimpleton mansion, while Tita, hidden behind the curtain in her bedroom, stood battling with temptation, one moment on the point of surrendering to the charms of the horses, and in the next yielding to her fear of Quint's disapproval, if she encouraged a man whom she knew it would be impossible for her to marry.

The Count, too, continued his visits at the house, and had long interviews with Miss

Dimpleton, from which both departed with prodigiously solemn countenances. Tita was beginning to congratulate herself on her freedom from further persecution, when certain ominous events happened which could not but cause apprehension. The Count sent her a superbly bound and illuminated copy of Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ" (a gift from his mother at his confirmation), and added a high-flown inscription of his own which made Tita shiver. To her it seemed a piece of impertinence to send such a valuable gift to a comparatively strange lady, and she would have promptly returned it if Miss Dimpleton had not peremptorily interfered. A very fortunate occurrence, however, soon turned the tide of affairs in an unforeseen direction. On a Sunday in October, the Count had, according to his custom, met Miss Dimpleton and Tita at church, and the former had invited him to accompany them home and stay to dinner. As they were walking down the avenue, conversing of indifferent things, the Count suddenly stopped to gaze at a newly repaired church, and exclaimed:

"Oh, vat a peautiful shpeetle!"

"Yes, it is certainly very handsome," replied Miss Dimpleton, gravely.

But Tita,—the unhappy Tita,—although she knew perfectly how rude she was, began to shake internally, and the more she tried to rid herself of the "peautiful shpeetle" the more irresistibly comical it appeared to her, and after several moments of ineffectual struggle, she burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. She was about to apologize for her rudeness when the Count, who had ignored her amusement as long as possible, now stiffly raised his hat and said:

"Ladies, I have the honor to bid you good-day."

That was the end of Count von Markenstein's courtship, and Miss Dimpleton now concentrated all her hopes on Mr. Dibble, who was of the slow and faithful kind, and had not sufficient confidence in his own irresistibility to risk a premature proposal. It was exceedingly provoking to be obliged to strike a name like that of Count von Markenstein from the list of one's visitors, but as there was now no help for it, it had to be borne with philosophy. Moreover, Miss Jessie was not the ordinary type of snob who runs after great names whose only distinction is their antiquity. She was, perhaps, rather an intellectual snob, who would have felt prouder of a call from

Browning or Herbert Spencer than of one from the Prince of Wales. She would have liked to rebuke Tita severely for her rudeness to the Count, but fearing that it would be impolitic, and might send the sensitive girl flying back into Quintus's arms, she restrained her indignation and merely remarked that she regretted the unfortunate occurrence.

XIV.

TITA's party was fixed for the sixth of December. All day long during the preceding week the phaeton was in requisition, and the stores were ransacked in search of the choicest products which the market could afford. Tita's costume was planned with a seriousness as if the fate of the nation depended upon the disposition of this ribbon, or that bit of lace. Months before, *artistes* of international reputation had been consulted, and had submitted their designs, which were again submitted to others for criticism. Miss Dimpleton descended from her Homeric altitudes of thought, and discussed millinery, not enthusiastically and vehemently, as the majority of women do, but weightily and soberly, and with a minute attention to details which she never had displayed in her own behalf. She wished to make Tita so completely intoxicated with her success that a return to Quint's narrow world and sober concerns would seem an utter impossibility; and, judging by the ardor with which Tita frequently, when she was in the mood for it, entered into social enjoyments, she could not be far wrong in supposing that the relapse into her former obscurity was no longer contemplated with unalloyed pleasure. To be Mrs. Dibble, with a million or more, would certainly, to any properly constructed young lady, appear preferable, especially when Mr. Dibble was inoffensive and pliable—a mere unobtrusive appendage to his wealth. Miss Dimpleton was proudly conscious of being herself superior to this kind of allurements, but then she had the wealth already, and what she needed to give dignity to these sordidly accumulated possessions was exceptional refinement and intellectual culture. She wished above all things to be exceptional, and the possession of moderate wealth was by no means a claim to distinction in New York. Tita, however, could not be expected to appreciate or to cherish such complicated ambitions. She had only blindly desired what

happened, for very different and loftier reasons, to be equally desirable to Miss Dimpleton; and she must be influenced to see that such a desire, on her part, was preposterous.

It was an amusing spectacle to see Tita, on the evening of December 6th, standing in the middle of her room with her elbows uplifted, and surrounded by an admiring circle of dress-makers and servants. A French *modiste*, with pins in her mouth and a determined frown (not of wrath, but of energy) on her brow, was kneeling behind her, bestowing her attention on some obscure fastenings about the skirt of the dress, and a maid was frisking about with flowers, and hand-glasses, and crimping-irons, and what not, in her hands, and bursting every now and then into ecstatic exclamations at Tita's loveliness. Tita, whose vanity had been persistently fed during the last eight months, could almost feel herself grow taller as she contemplated the effect of this rich and marvelous attire in the pier-glass. She walked like a queen, and heard with delight the silken rustle of her train.

A little after nine o'clock, the guests began to arrive. When the bell rang for the first time, Tita's heart shot up into her throat. She ran (or, rather, she would have run, had her dress permitted it) toward the parlor door where Miss Jessie was standing, and took her station at her side in the prescribed attitude. She ran rapidly over all her instructions in her head, and got her mouth into position to say what she had been told was proper to say, raised her eyes slowly, when, lo and behold—Quint! That was too much for Tita's composure. She was about to yield to her mirth in her usual hearty fashion, when Miss Dimpleton, foreseeing accidents, said, grimly: "Remember your dress, please," and Tita immediately sobered. Quintus still stood bowing in front of her, and wondered what there was in his appearance that was so ridiculous.

"I wanted to be the first to see Queen Titania in her glory," he said, with a curious look, which was both diffident and searching. "I wanted to see her before the glare of the light shall have paled her loveliness never so little, and before the jostlings of the crowd shall have rubbed the flower-dust off her butterfly wings."

"I suspect that metaphor is intended as a rebuke to me," said Miss Dimpleton, with a tentative smile. "It was I who

undertook to guard Tita against such calamities."

"It was not my intention to reproach any one," said Quintus, as he pressed Miss Dimpleton's hand and turned to give place to the next arrival. Just then, Tita caught a glimpse of his back, and suddenly observed that his dress-coat was very old-fashioned. The sleeves were too tight and the skirts too long, and the lapels smaller than the fashion of the day required. Should she allow him to go about in that costume, which certainly would make him conspicuous in a very undesirable manner, and render him ridiculous in the eyes of the people? No; she would rather take the risk of displeasing him. He, of course, would never detect what sort of figure he cut, but, during these months, she had grown to be acutely sensitive to the world's opinion of him.

"Quint," she said, touching his arm gently, "pardon me if I venture to be impertinent, but you know it is an old privilege of mine. Would you, as a favor to me, take a cab and drive down to a tailor on Broadway, whose address I will give you? He makes a business of hiring out dress-coats to gentlemen, and yours, dear Quint, is not exactly stylish."

"Why," exclaimed Quint, in astonishment, "it was made for my graduation, and I haven't worn it much since."

This seemed to Quint's unworldly intellect a striking proof that his coat must be strictly *comme il faut*. He had worn it on so important an occasion as his graduation, and in the presence of a select audience; and as he had rarely worn it since, it was evident that its stylishness had remained unimpaired.

"You know you don't understand those things, Quint," said Tita, with an appealing look. "And now I can't explain them to you. But, pray, do what I ask of you."

"Well, anything to please your majesty," he answered, with a puzzled smile, which to Tita was quite pathetic. She followed him with her eyes as he mounted the stairs, and saw him look at the sleeves of his coat with an air as if to say:

"Well, I should like to know what it is that isn't right about you."

When he returned, an hour later, with an irreproachable coat, the large *salon* was crowded, and the red-and-white awning which led from the carriages to the front door was crowded with rustling and perfumed couples. Tita still stood at the door,

bowing and hand-shaking; but her smile was perhaps a little forced, and her flushed cheeks seemed to indicate that something was laboring within her. The fact was that, since Quint's departure, Tita did not feel at all so sure that she had done right in criticising his remarkable dress-coat. The mere suggestion of a criticism on her part must have appeared like black ingratitude to him, and, moreover, there is always a hint of patronage or superiority in even the mildest comment on clothes and personal appearance. When she saw Quint trying to wedge his way unnoticed into the back parlor, she held up her fan, and after a moment's hesitation he came toward her.

"Have you forgiven me, Quint?" she asked, remorsefully, while she pressed his hand warmly. "You know it would make me very unhappy to think that I had displeased you."

"You did right, my dear," he answered, kindly, "to give me a hint which no one could have given me but you."

Mr. Dibble now came to claim Tita's partnership for a waltz which she had been rash enough to promise him, and excusing herself to Bodill, she presently swung out upon the floor, encircled by Mr. Dibble's arm. Quintus, who so often in spirit had anticipated his unselfish delight at witnessing just such a spectacle, felt a horrible pang darting through him, and would have liked to strangle Mr. Dibble for presuming to touch her. Hardly had the young millionaire conducted her to her seat, before a dozen other gentlemen surrounded her, and displayed an extraordinary eagerness to scrawl their names on her card. Quintus observed, with a certain contemptuous admiration, that their hair, their mustaches, and their clothes were in that state of absolute perfection which is unattainable in any one who does not make the study of his toilet an absorbing business. He discovered for the first time his own inferiority in point of sartorial and tonsorial finish, and, strive as he might, he did not quite succeed in feeling proud of it.

During the rest of the evening and half the night, Tita was in incessant demand. Men who imagined that manliness required them to take a cynical view of women stood in groups about the supper-table and raved about her. Even upstairs in the billiard-room, where a dozen disenchanted bachelors in the thirties and forties were lounging and discussing social ethics over fragrant cigars,

it was frankly admitted that the man who should catch her might be considered a lucky dog. A foreign ambassador, whose acquaintance the Dimpletons had made at Newport, and who was the great light of the evening, put the stamp of his approval upon Tita, and thereby made it "good form" to be enthusiastic about her. He declared that she was *ravissante*, and that she would be sure to make a sensation in the great *salons* of the Old World. He thereupon danced a dignified quadrille with her, and came near making her famous by kissing her hand at parting.

Quintus, who had been roaming from room to room like an uneasy ghost, could not help perceiving that Tita's party was a success, and that she herself was exciting universal admiration. This was exactly the situation he had dreamed of in his early aspirations for her—she fêted and worshiped and he standing by blissfully enjoying her triumph—at all events, he endeavored to persuade himself that the latter half of his prophetic hope was as fully realized as the former. He attributed all his present discontent to the trifling episode of the dress-coat, which, he thought, had somehow untuned him for the evening. He would have entertained a perfect contempt for himself if he had been forced to recognize the fact that, so far from being that unselfish and fatherly individual which he had fondly imagined himself to be, he was, on the contrary, at the present moment in a rage of jealousy. Every one who touched Tita or whispered a flattering platitude in her ear became, that very instant, his natural enemy, and he began, in a dim and general fashion, to cherish murderous designs against him. These sleek, well-tailored young gentlemen with well-bred smiles and well-trained mustaches became positively odious to him, and he would have liked, on philanthropic grounds, to exterminate the whole species. What empty and meaningless lives they must lead! and what vapid thoughts must move within their well-trimmed craniums! Surely Tita was worthy of something better than this shallow and frivolous fate. Why did Miss Dimpleton, who had herself so many nobler interests, exert herself to make Tita value the things which she herself professed to despise? To be sure, he had himself given his consent to have her introduced to society, and as this was society, it was evident that he had no cause for complaint.

While making these lugubrious reflections, Bodill had been seated in a corner of the billiard-room, smoking and listening to the intermittent and fragmentary remarks of the players. When he had finished his cigar, his uneasy curiosity about Tita prompted him to descend once more to the first floor, whence a subdued hum of music rose, and burst into sudden distinctness whenever the door was opened. He had just reached the first landing of the stairs when he was suddenly arrested by the sound of two voices talking earnestly together, and, looking down, he saw Tita and Mr. Dibble, engaged in a hushed but excited conversation.

"I tell you, it is impossible, Mr. Dibble," Tita was saying. "We are not at all suited for each other; and then I don't love you at all; so, of course, it is out of the question."

"But I love you enough to make up for it," persisted Mr. Dibble. "If you will only marry me, I am willing to take my chances afterward."

Quintus, who had made his shoes creak loudly at every step he took, now interrupted the interview and passed down the stairs. Tita looked up, a little startled, but, seeing who it was, she jumped up and seized his arm with something of her old vehemence.

"Oh, Quint," she said, gazing affectionately up into his eyes, "how glad I am that I have found you! Dear Quint, there is no one like you."

In her joy at having escaped from Mr. Dibble's embarrassing importunities, she felt an irrational impulse to embrace Quintus, as something dear and familiar amid all the perplexing novelties which surrounded her. In his felicity at having her near him, he quite forgot to answer, and before they reached the ground floor they were joined by Miss Dimpleton, who was making a visible effort to be amiable. Tita, to whom Quintus's silence appeared enigmatical, supposed that he intended to repel her, and ascribed his changed conduct toward her to the increased frequency, of late, of the Homeric lucubrations. Therefore, with the impulsiveness which characterized all her actions, she let go his arm, made him a sweeping bow, and accepted the escort of a downy-bearded young gentleman, who, with a card in his hand, stood expecting her. Quintus opened his eyes wide in astonishment, and then looked questioningly at his hostess, as if he hoped that she would offer him an explanation.

"What is the matter with the child?" he asked, finally.

"Tita has grown very capricious of late," answered Miss Jessie. "The homage and incessant flatteries of her many admirers have turned her head."

"Poor little girl!" said Bodill, compassionately. "She has not learned yet how little those things are worth."

"I have—endeavored to teach her," Miss Dimpleton was about to say, but then she remembered that that was not strictly true, and she dexterously turned the half-uttered phrase and said:

"I have frequently regretted her susceptibility to flattery."

To her surprise, Mr. Bodill, instead of looking shocked, gave a low laugh as he said:

"To think of little Tita being courted and wooed, distributing judicious snubs and listening to tender nonsense. It is very amusing."

Mr. Bodill certainly was a very puzzling character, thought Miss Jessie, and he thought so himself, too, as he remembered how, only a moment ago, he had been devoured with jealousy of Tita's adorers, and had been well-nigh ready to join their ranks himself. But the note of censure in Miss Dimpleton's voice had aroused all his old paternal tenderness, and made Tita again seem the child that needed his protection.

xv.

It was toward three o'clock in the morning when the last indefatigable dancers ceased to whirl in a ring, when the ladies ceased to wind through the fascinating figures of the German, and the musicians ceased to perspire over their violoncello, harp, and violins. The striped awning, constructed for the protection of delicate toilets, proved very useful to the departing guests, who would otherwise have been drenched on their way to their carriages. For a south-west wind, accompanied with rain and sleet, had sprung up during the early part of the night, and was now whirling up the avenue, lashing the window-panes and pulling vigorously at the few exposed shutters.

Tita, quite exhausted with excitement and the incessant motion, had just retired to her room, where her maid was engaged in taking down and combing out her hair, when Miss Dimpleton entered, having first announced her intention with a knock.

"Margaret," she said to the maid, "leave us for a few moments."

She seated herself with her usual deliberateness in a pink satin easy-chair (which seemed created for lotus-eating), pulled off her slippers (which were not created for walking), and, as a preliminary, let her eyes wander about the luxuriously furnished apartment.

"Tita," she said at last, rubbing her feet over the delicious nap of the tiger rug, "tell me now, honestly, whether you have any intention of returning to your former mode of life."

Tita, who was apparently engaged in disentangling the hearts which, in the course of the night, had got caught in the golden meshes of her hair, looked up with a startled glance, and was for a moment at a loss for an answer.

"I have a very particular reason for asking," continued Miss Jessie. "I cannot look on with indifference when I see you coolly, and almost contemptuously, rejecting every chance which presents itself of providing for your future, and gaining an established position in society."

"Mr. Dibble has been making a confidant of you, I perceive," remarked Tita, with a hair-pin in her mouth, and letting a great golden wave roll down upon her bare shoulder.

"It matters little who has been making a confidant of me," retorted the other, sharply. "The question is, what you really mean by such unaccountable behavior."

"My year will soon be up," said Tita, inspecting with much interest the ends of a yellow lock which apparently had some mysterious peculiarity, invisible to the uninitiated, "and, if you desire it, I am quite willing to take my leave at short notice. But I will not submit to dictation" (here the yellow lock was dropped and forgotten) "from any one in regard to my choice of a husband, as that is a question which really concerns no one but myself and the unfortunate man who is rash enough to take me."

"It was not my intention to dictate," answered Miss Dimpleton; "and I think it is very ungenerous in you to suspect me of such a sordid motive as you have just implied. I need hardly assure you that we shall be glad to keep you here as long as you are willing to stay. If I presumed to offer my advice in the question you refer to, it was only because, in such a matter, I distrust your judgment, and that of any one of your

age, and imagine that my own knowledge of the world might be of some use to you."

Poor soft-hearted Tita felt immediately remorseful. She had been ungenerous; but it was only because she was so horribly tired that she could not think one rational, far less a generous, thought. If Miss Jessie would only forgive her, she would listen calmly and collectedly to all the matrimonial suggestions she might have to offer, although she would not promise beforehand that she would act on all of them.

"But husbands are such peculiar creatures, you know," she said, trying to coax her companion out of her severe mood. "I never could imagine what I should do with one. I don't dislike Mr. Dibble now, but if I couldn't escape from his society at pleasure, I know I should not be able to endure him."

"Tita, you are incorrigible," said Miss Jessie, relaxing a little from her rigid gravity. "What is ever to become of you, if you persist in taking a humorous view of every man that approaches you?"

"But, to be honest, now, don't you think yourself that men are ridiculous, always, of course, excepting Quint?"

The question was asked with such evident sincerity that it certainly deserved a sincere answer; but Miss Jessie, for reasons sufficient to herself, could not very well express her cordial agreement with Tita's sentiments, and as she was strictly conscientious when a direct question of right and wrong was at issue, she resorted to her inconvenient habit of silence. Tita felt once more rebuffed, and resumed her occupation with her hair.

"What I came to ask you," began Miss Dimpleton, after having gazed for a while into the fire in the grate, "is whether your refusal of Mr. Dibble is really final. As you know, he is a man of great wealth and of irreproachable character. He would treat you well, supply lavishly all your wants, and undoubtedly make you as happy as women have any right to aspire to be."

Tita looked absently at the reflection of her beautiful self in the glass, then flung herself back in the chair and contemplated the frescoed Cupids in the ceiling.

"I am so tired, so very tired," she sighed. "Why do you insist upon tormenting me at this unearthly hour?"

"Then I am to understand that you have not made up your mind definitely?"

"No, you are not to understand that. I have made up my mind once for all. You

look upon marriage from a different point of view from what I do. Quint says that marriage is intended to bind two people more closely together who love each other dearly. But I do not love Mr. Dibble, and I never shall love him."

"Mr. Bodill is an impractical enthusiast, whose advice in such a matter it would be very unsafe to follow."

Tita sprang up as if something had stung her. The least implication of disrespect to Quintus always roused her as nothing else.

"No," she cried, "Quint is not an impractical enthusiast; and his advice is always good and noble as he is himself."

On Miss Jessie this violent partisanship for Bodill had at this moment a very irritating effect. It proved to her that all her labor had been in vain. And was she, who had been accustomed nearly from her cradle to rule, who felt herself the intellectual equal of the first men in the city, was she to be thwarted in her carefully laid plans by the caprices of this insignificant doll of a girl? Her first line of tactics had failed, but she had another in reserve.

"Have you ever reflected, Tita," she said, after another long pause, "upon your position as an inmate of Mr. Bodill's house? You are no longer a child, but a grown-up woman, and as such you can hardly, for your own sake, continue to live on such familiar terms with a young bachelor of thirty-one or two. He is not your father nor your brother, and the world will naturally ask, What is your relation to him? And, for your own sake, as well as for his, you must heed what the world says."

A sweetly perplexed look had settled upon Tita's features as Miss Dimpleton commenced this speech, but gradually she grew pale, and suddenly grasped at the back of the chair for support.

"I don't understand—what you mean," she gasped, and in the next instant looked as if a scarlet veil had been flung over her face.

"I mean," Miss Jessie went on, pitilessly, "that your remaining with Mr. Bodill or returning to him is an impossibility. You may not have been aware what an amount of trouble you already have caused him. When he was discharged, or, if you choose, was forced to resign his position in my father's firm, it was on your account. We had been told that you were his daughter, and as he had informed me that he was not married and never had been, my father naturally took offense. The situation is

now no better. In fact, it is worse. Who knows who you are? You do not know yourself who was your father, and still you royally reject one of the best matches in New York. You think——"

Miss Jessie had wrought herself into a frenzy of eloquence; she hardly meant to be as cruel as she was, but she was determined to bring out her last reserves and to use her heaviest artillery. But while she was yet in the midst of her tirade, something half a sob and half a stifled groan burst from Tita's bosom, and flinging her arms above her head, she rushed toward the door and was gone. Miss Dimpleton, eager to finish her arraignment, leaned back in her chair, expecting that she would presently return; but a minute or more passed, and a current of cold air swept up through the halls and shook the doors. The windows, too, rattled sympathetically, and the pictures moved on the wall. Just then the wind drove the rain against the large panes with a sound as of a handful of pebbles; Miss Dimpleton shivered. More minutes passed; the bronze clock sounded four distinct, melodious strokes. Miss Dimpleton rose and rang for the maid.

"How cold it is," she said. "Is anything the matter with the furnace?"

"No," answered the maid, "but the front door was open. I just closed it."

Then the truth flashed upon her; she heard for a moment only the blood pulsing in her ears, and that vague oppression which follows the first consciousness of a calamity stole over her.

"Call father quickly," she said, as soon as she could catch her breath, "and order the horses."

XVI.

TITA had acted under an impulse too strong to admit of reflection. She felt outraged and insulted by the suspicion cast upon her birth, and still more by the cruel insinuation which, in her innocence, had never once occurred to her. She had always been with Quintus, and it was proper and natural that she should be with no one but Quintus. Heedless of her attire, she had hastened down the stairs and out through the door, desiring only to hide herself, to escape humiliation, to get as far away as possible from Miss Dimpleton, who could think such base thoughts and inflict deep wounds so pitilessly. She had not even remembered the rain, nor had she

thought where she was going. It was not until she was several blocks away, and the driving sleet had benumbed the tender skin of her neck and face, that she slackened her speed and began to consider whether her feet were carrying her. To go back to Quint—that was out of the question. Had she not been a perpetual burden to him from the hour when he first pressed her to his warm and faithful heart? But where could she go, if she did not go to Quintus? He was her only friend, her only comfort and refuge in all the wide world.

The wind boomed through the long, solitary streets, and the little satin slippers were soon as wet as so much paper. Her costly garments swept over the muddy sidewalks, and having become thoroughly drenched, clogged her limbs in their flurried and precipitate motion. Her hair felt like a cold, wet lump on her neck, and sent repeated shuddering chills through her frame. Her step, too, was becoming feebler, and though she bore up bravely, she knew that her strength would soon be exhausted. It was a dim consciousness of this which arrested her flight. She leaned against a lamp-post for support, and gazed up at the great dark front of a fine residence, where only a single room was lighted. She suddenly recognized the house—it was Mr. Dibble's. It was only two weeks since she was there at a luncheon party with Mr. and Miss Dimpleton. As she stood there, numb and ready to faint with weariness, the demon woke in Tita's heart, and she could not but listen to the thoughts which he whispered to her. Was not comfort like this—soft, warm, and luxurious—worth all the abstractions of love, honor, and duty? Who would blame her if, from mere powerlessness to resist any longer, she yielded to the importunities of her adorer, and satisfied herself with the common sordid lot of common sordid humanity? She was a very small woman, and a colossal heroism could hardly be expected of her. There was evidently nothing for her to do but to return to Miss Dimpleton and meekly beg her pardon for the commotion she had occasioned.

Out of the depths of darkness came the sound of chimes, striking the quarter hour. By some strange association of sound or thought, this clear, mellow tone brought up Quintus's face vividly before her; and a rush of feeling, quite as indefinable, brought back the sweet memories which that face

suggested. She remembered what he had taught her, year after year, through the long winter nights, and she yearned with all her soul to throw herself upon his neck and weep repentant tears upon his bosom. The temptation to go back to her recent life was gone; and turning her face resolutely away from the house, she gathered her strength and trudged on. Farther down the avenue she found an empty cab, and ordered the driver to take her at once to Jersey City.

About this time Miss Dimpleton and her father were also driving through the storm and the darkness, and, after a vain search, went to police head-quarters and gave notice of Tita's disappearance.

On his return home from the Dimpleton party, Quintus had found a fire drowsing in the fire-place in his study, and, thinking that it was a pity to have it waste its genial warmth, he had seated himself in his accustomed chair and taken down a volume of Emerson containing the essay on Fate. This Olympic meditation had never yet failed to inspire him with a sense of serene superiority to all the petty annoyances of life, which not even a transcendental philosopher can escape. From the upper ether of his Emersonian mood, where the large expanses of time and space spread out gloriously around him, he could view even his love for Tita as an affair of small moment, which would not perceptibly affect the destiny of the race, and which in a hundred years would presumably be forgotten. The agitation of the ball was still tingling in his nerves, detached bits of Strauss waltzes were humming in his brain, and the pang of jealousy was yet nestling, like a dull pain, somewhere about his heart-roots. But the mighty thoughts of the sage, like solemn organ-tones, marched through the sounding eternities, on either hand, and lifted him with their strong upward impulse. The small emotions were soothed into a troubled calm, and life seemed once more dignified and noble.

While Bodill was thus holding discourse with the universe, he seemed distinctly to hear some one calling his name; but, as he was frequently subject to this illusion, and sometimes had started up to answer when no one was near, he only turned about in his chair and smiled at the vividness of his imagination.

"—if limitation is power that shall be," he went on reading, "if calamities, oppositions, and weights are means and wings—"

But surely that was the sound of a voice in distress, and the voice was familiar. His blood ran cold with terror, as he rushed to the window and strove to raise it. His strength had almost deserted him. With a second effort, however, he succeeded. The blinding sleet beat against his face, and a gust of wind swept in and whirled the sparks and ashes of the fire about the room. Under the lamp-post he discerned dimly a woman, who was gazing up toward his window.

"Oh, Quint, Quint!" she cried, "open the door quickly! It is I—Tita."

Her voice broke in the last words with a pitiful hoarseness which cut him to the heart. In an instant he was down the stairs, had torn the front door open, and clasped the trembling form in his embrace. Her bare arms felt like ice as they clung about his neck, and the congealed sleet hung unmelted in her hair. She made no attempt to speak, but lay listless in his arms, as he bore her up the creaking stairs and entered the old, well-known study. But, as he placed her upon the lounge and pushed it up before the fire, she drew his head close down to her mouth, and whispered:

"I will never leave you again, Quint—never."

"No, my darling," he answered, fervently, "never."

XVII.

TITA lay ill for a long, long time, and her life was often despaired of. It was not until the spring was well advanced that the color began to return to her cheeks; then the old merry sparkle was again kindled in her eyes, though at first feebly and pathetically flickering, and the old hearty ring sometimes stole into her laughter. At the least such sign of reviving strength, Quint's face would beam as he sat drawing meditative little puffs from the glowing depths of the Eastern Question. It was one evening while they were thus seated together before the fire, she occupied with some feminine handiwork, and he reading aloud from Browning, that an incident of vital importance to both occurred. The poem which was engaging Quintus's attention, and which he stopped every now and then to discuss with Tita, was appropriately entitled "By the Fireside," and in it was a stanza which moved him deeply:

"Oh, I must feel your brain prompt mine,
Your heart anticipate my heart,
You must be just before, in fine,
See and make me see, for your part,
New depths of the Divine."

"Now, that is my idea of what a marriage should be," said Quint, putting the book, face downward, on his knee.

"It is very beautiful," remarked Tita, without looking up.

"But there is only one heart," he went

on, quite naturally, "which could anticipate mine, and one sweet face which is to me a daily revelation of the Divine."

"I can't imagine what face that can be," observed Tita, looking up with roguish, tear-filled eyes.

"But I can," cried Quint, taking the face in question between his palms, and gazing ardently at it. "Tita, dear, why should we hesitate to take the step which will prevent our ever being parted again?"

Tita smiled. She could not see why.

THE END.

MISS ASIA'S MATCH.

"But what would ever become of us if——" began Miss Asia Demonde, with an excitement that ran a majestic thrill through the lavender plume in her hair.

For a rare thing with Miss Asia, the remainder of the sentence dropped, but only to rise again and exhale through the quick mist of solicitude gathering in her eyes. It was just as well understood, however, in one form as another, for to know Miss Asia was to recognize three short words as the power behind the throne. "Prove all things" had stood as first counselor since the memory of her earliest friend, and "what would ever become of us if they shouldn't prove to be safe," was the sentence just finished by her eyes.

A low, sweet laugh answered from the reclining-chair on which the eyes were bent, but the lavender plume only shook with a more serious quiver than before, and its wearer turned for a second reading of the letter in her hand. It read:

"King will never be herself again until she is thoroughly surprised. There is just one medicine for people who are no longer sick but wont get well, and that is, an entirely new set of sensations. If you will let her go with us in June, we'll promise to bring back soul, brain, eyes, and cheeks alive with the old-time glow. The steamers are new, and starting direct from here,—the first trip to be made this week,—they will run the excursion two or three times, and then be transferred. Think of touching at every port we've ever dreamed of on that blue old sea! And oh, ye isles of Crece! Ye figs of Smyrna and ye Syrian shores!

PHIL.
"P. S. We can have a chance at the Nile if we wish."

Miss Asia laid down the letter; the plume was not even nodding now, and her

mind was made up. Very suddenly, it might seem; but there really had been no need of the second reading, except to cover a little gain of time. The tinge of vanished color that had swept back into King's cheeks at the first one had decided it. She must go. New sensations were evidently the thing, and where was even one such remedy to be found at home?

Miss Asia gave a swift glance around the room. She was not fond of new sensations for her own part, and the only one she had ever really welcomed had been King herself. Otherwise everything under the stately roof stood very much as it had on the day when her eldest brother had been christened Europe, to be followed in the same ceremonial the next year by Miss Asia herself, Africa and Americus Vespucci in time completing the list,—a method of family quartering original with the branch. There were the same old mirrors with gilt balls up and down the sides, the same carved balusters with the tall clock chiming half-way up; the same stern, high-backed chairs, and the same low cross-beams running overhead. King had carved German mottoes in the beams, and dropped dashes of color here and there, dainty vases and a work-basket with a thimble no bigger than a bee; but the very front door stood ajar on the old stone porch just as it had twenty years before, when Vespucci stepped in with a tiny bundle in his arms.

"Will you take her?" he said. "Her mother is gone."

Miss Asia devoured him with her eyes, and then opened her arms with a low cry.

"For my own? Oh, Ves! If it should really prove to be true!"

Vespucius gave a little laugh. That was always his way, whatever circumstances might be.

"A very small kingdom for Asia's rule," he said, and King had been her name ever since. There was a christening, with the same ceremonials as long ago, but no one ever asked what title the minister had bestowed.

"Only," said Miss Asia, with a pang of mingled pity and alarm, "if that poor young thing Ves married shouldn't really prove to be —" she shrank from the hard word "dead," but Ves was so peculiar, and he hadn't said just where she had gone. To be sure, people did not always feel quite certain of that, but Miss Asia instantly followed such traces as remained, and the result dismissed her uneasiness, and left only pity in the pang. King was hers, and had been ever since, with never one cloud to mar the sunshine of the reign, until that strange sickness came in a year ago. The sickness had vanished again, a long time now, and yet, as the letter said, King wouldn't get well. Her reclining-chair stood sometimes in the shelter of the vine on the old stone-floored porch, sometimes under the crossbeams she had carved, but the hands that had always been so busy drooped listlessly still, and the flush the letter had called up had given Miss Asia's heart a jump, it was so long since she had seen any color in King's cheeks.

But those steamers! New and untried, and never yet proved to be safe! There was where the necessity for action was coming in.

"I must see about that," said Miss Asia, and drawing a sheet of paper toward her, she ran rapidly across the page:

"DEAR PHILOMELA: If you will come down and stay with King, I will try the new line this week. It will not be necessary to go all the way, and I shall be here again in plenty of time."

"Ten or twelve days will take us across," she said, as she shook an envelope from the pack and wrote the address. "I can find out about everything in that time, and they'll soon make some landing where they can let me off."

The next day the lavender plume was exchanged for one of a golden shade. Miss Asia had always worn an ostrich plume in her hair since a day, indefinite years ago, when she happened to notice that style as ordered for drawing-rooms at St. James.

"But what if they would not prove to hold well in their place?" she said.

There was but one way to answer the question, and Miss Asia took it with her

usual swiftness of dispatch, and from that hour the plume had seemed to mock at the changes of this life. There was the same purple-black tinge in Miss Asia's hair, the same Grecian elegance in its sweep, and the plume drooped over all with no variation beyond a substituted shade or color according to the day. It had been lavender most of the time since King had been out of sorts, for reasons perfectly settled in Miss Asia's own mind, and King opened her brown eyes wide at the sudden blaze of the change.

"Yellow?" she asked, with a little start and a laugh.

Miss Asia nodded. King must know yellow as the symbol of wisdom, as well as she did herself.

"There are some things to think of to-day," she said. "Phil will be coming to-morrow, of course, and the steamer is advertised for the next afternoon."

Miss Asia's thoughts were all successfully taken, and so was her state-room for the trip, before the day was done; nothing was forgotten, and she crossed the stone porch, when the time came, with a sense that the household was left peacefully in train.

"I'll be back very soon," she said, over her shoulder, as she stepped out. "I've asked Europe to look in now and then, and Africa, you know, is close by."

Miss Asia was not especially fond of figs, and neither the isles of Greece nor the Mediterranean shore could tempt her, under the circumstances, to delay. For the first two weeks she made diligent use of her time, and as they drew to a close the yellow plume gave way to a delicate shade of blue; for Miss Asia felt that she had most satisfactorily arrived at the truth.

The steamer touched at its first port the next day, and Miss Asia's baggage was foremost to go ashore. It was only a little run over to the Channel then, and in ten days more she stepped through the quivering vine-tapestry at her own door.

Miss Asia possessed eyes that were starry gray whenever you called them black, and black as night as soon as confessed to be gray; but no one would have ventured to say what color they were when she felt herself squeezing King in her arms once more.

"The first time she ever left her in her life," Phil was saying under her breath, but Miss Asia had put King away again with a little laugh.

"You can go, girls, if you like! It is all right," she said.

And the shade of pink that flashed into King's cheeks this time sent her hurrying out of the room. She must see about King's trunks, at once. She hoped the keys would prove to be safe in their locks.

"Four months!" exclaimed Phil, when the trunks were packed. "They'll be only a wink."

"Such a wink as those dry old creatures in the Pyramids take for their naps," thought Miss Asia, as she saw the party off and came back to the empty rooms, the first time she had sat there alone in twenty years.

But the Pyramids themselves began to look small compared to the piling up of the days while King was gone; the very summer seemed to have turned mummy, and promise never to pass away. But its dust scattered at last, and a cool autumn breeze rustled the last letter King was to write, as Miss Asia sat holding it in her hand.

"To think that the *Syren* and we are to follow in two days!" it said. "I hope the vine-leaves haven't fallen yet; I want to paint their shadows on the floor of the porch." And then followed a postscript from Phil.

"You won't know King's cheeks from the October maples when we get home," it said. "They have put our Nile trip entirely out of sight. Papa says there's not one of us who needs it, and he can't give another day to such stalwart souls. Thursday, you know, we're to come."

But what if that Thursday never should happen to dawn! The elements were to melt with fervent heat, and the heavens to roll together as a scroll, some day; Miss Asia's faith was firm as a rock on that point, and her heart stood still as she asked what assurance she had of their waiting to let her have King once more. But, when Wednesday night came at last, she went resolutely to sleep.

"That is the quickest way to see how it will prove," she said, and not even a dream had disturbed her before the skies were ruby with dawn, and a carriage rolled into the yard, with one long curl fluttering from the window, alive with those sparkling glints the sun always flashed out of King's hair.

"And so you are quite well?" asked Miss Asia, holding King off for a look.

"Oh, so well! The old house can't offer me enough to do! Just four o'clock, you remember, when the shadows make that picture at the south end," and when the hour struck, King was there with her paint-box, fastening them to the gray old floor.

Pictures of all sorts thickened about the house as the autumn went on, but King's

smile was the brightest of all, Miss Asia thought, and as for music, Beethoven and Chopin were well enough, but her low, rich laugh was worth all they ever wrote. Miss Asia did not even know when winter set in; it seemed all spring-time yet. But spring-days are fickle, alas, after all, and by the time the real outdoor season had set in, something seemed wrong inside. An indefinable sense of chill began to creep through the house, that Miss Asia felt but could not understand.

What was the matter with King? Was there anything the matter, at all? There certainly was a very strange look in her eyes, and one by one the gay doings about the house were dropped, and the reclining-chair came out of its corner and into more and more frequent use.

"If King should prove to be losing all she has gained!" said Miss Asia, and at last, as spring opened, she caught up her pen and dispatched a vigorous note:

"DEAR PHILOMELA: Can you come over and stay with us awhile? If you can't persuade King to do better than this, I shall have to send you both off again to stay twice as long as before."

"Why, what can the matter be?" asked Phil, in mysterious consultation with Miss Asia, when she arrived; but as soon as the door of her own room was closed, she laughed.

"The little goose!" she said. "I told her she ought to have let him write. I wish the *Syren* would ever come in again."

There was no immediate prospect of that, however; but at last, one day, there came a sudden cry from Phil, as she sat, newspaper in hand.

"Here's the *Syren* come in, after all this ridiculous time. And gone into dry-dock for repairs. A barnacle growing on her keel, or something of the sort. I ought to go home and ask the Captain to the house. He was so kind to us all, though King, of course, as the invalid, got the lion's share. That was half the secret of getting her well so fast."

"The Captain was kind to King! Why didn't you tell me before? You needn't go home, then. He can be asked to come here."

Phil sent a swift shot from under her eyelashes, and met a look of entreaty on King's face, but Miss Asia had vanished from the room, and before she returned, the letter was written and dispatched. The Captain must have the compliment, at least, and how else could Miss Asia prove whether he would come?

"Didn't I tell you he would?" whispered

Phil, as she slipped in from the porch the next evening, leaving a manly figure just visible in the moonlight, a trifle removed from King's chair.

"I hope he won't find it prove unbearably dull," answered Miss Asia, with a peep through the sash, and drawing Phil's arm into her own, she went out to make sure that the Captain was entertained.

A masculine visitor was a strange and rather curious innovation under Miss Asia's roof, and aside from Europe, Africa, and Vespucci, a booted step was rarely heard in her halls,—never in the upper one since King's memory could record, and when the Captain had said good-night, at last, and his footsteps had died away in his room, Miss Asia sat down in the parlor to gather herself up. The state of things was so entirely new, and perhaps the most bewildering part of it was that the evening had been so extraordinarily pleasant on the old porch.

"Didn't I tell you how it would be?" asked Phil again, after a while. "And didn't I say he was handsome, and a gentleman every inch?"

Miss Asia did not reply. The plume wore the daintiest peach-bloom of pink, to-night, though not even King would have ventured to ask whether it hinted a maiden blush, and it waved just perceptibly as she went on with her thoughts aloud.

"We'll take him a drive in the morning, if the weather proves to be fine. I ordered a carriage at ten o'—"

The "clock" died on Miss Asia's tongue, and the peach-blossom plume shook with a sudden start, for the Captain's door had opened softly on its hinges, and a strange and mysterious double thump was heard in the upper hall.

Miss Asia gazed into King's face without a word. Her knowledge of what men, under given circumstances, were likely to do, was limited to a degree; but still, what could King possibly know about it more than herself?

There was only a moment given to doubt, however, and Miss Asia rose with determination from her chair.

"Some one must see what it will prove," she said, and disappeared over the stairs, past the old clock, and noiselessly into the hall beyond. Then came silence, then returning footsteps, and a swift rustle of trailing silk as she swept along the carved balusters, dismay to its utmost depicted on her face.

"Girls!" she exclaimed, as she reached

the parlor again, "*he has put his boots outside of his door to be blacked!*"

King stood up with an involuntary little gasp, and folded her hands before her in a gesture of mute despair. Simplicity reigned in the ordering of Miss Asia's house, and the one handmaiden who was gathering the dignity of years in its service had been wrapped in repose already for an hour and a half.

"But can't she do them in the morning?" asked Phil, in an innocent tone.

"Boots!" exclaimed Miss Asia, excitedly. "I don't suppose she ever saw a pair off in her life."

There was no question as to whether Miss Asia's eyes were black this time, as they looked the full situation into King's brown ones without a word. They were flashing Egyptian rays.

"There's only one thing to be done, then," answered Phil, quietly. "Come with me," and seizing a polished family candlestick, she led the way.

Not a step of the staircase creaked as they crept to the fated door. The boots had been no delusion; they stood there still. Gazing made them none the less real, and Miss Asia gathered her skirts back a little, in one hand.

"I believe it's the very pair he wore when he tramped half over Corfu to get a sago-palm branch for King," whispered Phil. "Just look at the arch of that instep, though! Now, if there is only such a thing as a blacking-box and a brush in the house."

"Africa left some, the last time he was here," answered Miss Asia, in the same ghostly tones. "I had them wrapped in several papers and locked away in a chest."

"Take this candlestick, then," and thrusting it into King's hand, Phil slipped two shapely fingers of her own through the straps, lifted the boots, and bore them away with a sweep.

"Now, where is that chest?" she asked, after another noiseless gliding over the stairs.

Miss Asia produced a key, and before she had time to know whether she dreamed, the central medallion of her parlor rug was settled as the *point d'appui*.

"But oh," began King, in a horrified whisper, as she watched Phil drop one faultless arm into mysterious leathery depths, while the other hand seized a brush, "wait, do wait till I get you a pair of gloves!"

"Gloves, to take a bull by the horns!" laughed Phil, with disdain. "Elbow-sleeves, I admit, seem conveniently predestined to the hour."

A few light passes and the surface was prepared, and the brush raised with a threatening brandish in the air. There was an instant's eagle survey of "points," and it descended, with a swoop, upon the toe.

"*This*,"—and a flood of emphatic rubs brought polish glittering back,—"*this* is for what he did at the first, when King lay so horribly sick."

Another poise of the brush, another hovering choice in Phil's eyes, and another descent that seized on the instep, this time, as it fell.

"*This* is for what he did for her in Venice, and around Cape Matapan!" And another resistless whirl brought luster gleaming from the point of attack.

"But wait! You *must* wait! Give me the other brush! Do you think I'll let you do such ridiculous work alone?"

"You! His invalid! And oh, those roseate polished finger-tips!"

A quick flush rose to King's temples. She had her little French box of tools *aux angles*, it is true, but so had Phil the very same thing of her own. "As if it were *that*!" and in another instant King stood close to the second boot, and was pushing the frill a little higher on her arm.

"Well, since you're determined, just lay on the color, if you like," said Phil, as, for one stolen respite of delay, King's brown eyes ventured a tremulous investigation down the leg, "but the rubs are mine—preempted, if that is the word. And *this*"—with one more fierce descent upon the heel—"this is for what he did when King wanted to taste a fresh fig."

"You shall carry them upstairs, if you like, when they're done," she added, with a little pause for breath; "but there's time enough. I've got Jaffa and those other places to pay for yet."

When the boots stood by the Captain's door once more, flashing back every ray of the candle Miss Asia held, she glided away to her room, with a sense that life brings strange and peculiar emergencies as it flies.

"And what if he shouldn't prove to have been really asleep through it all!" she said.

The weather left no room for a wish, when the next morning dawned, but Miss Asia forgot even its splendor in wondering how King had come to seem so much more like herself again. If she could only improve as surprisingly for a few days more—but suddenly there was a little cry from King.

"My ring! The stone has certainly gone out of my ring!"

Miss Asia started toward her in alarm. It was a grandmother diamond, too precious for any other hand in the world than King's.

A search in full force began, and the eagle eye of the Captain pierced nooks and corners with a glance that left no escape; but not a gleam, not a prismatic ray, shot back, and King began to entreat:

"Don't! Don't take so much pains for a trifle!" but the Captain only bowed.

"I have always envied diamond-hunters," he said, "but *here*!" and then there were a few words that Miss Asia did not quite catch, as she moved away for another look in the hall. Something about the "Indies," and "a field trodden by King's foot," but Miss Asia could not stop to put sentences together, nor even to consider diamonds alone. The carriage was waiting, and guests must not be pressed upon by family affairs.

"It must be in the house, since you had it last night," she said. "I will have all the rooms swept, while we are away."

There was only one trouble in choosing the drive, and that was the fear of a still more delightful one being left out; and no shore the *Syren* had ever touched could offer a more enchanting spot for a lunch than the grove where Miss Asia at last ordered the carriage to stop.

"But this isn't precisely the point, after all," she said, as she looked about her with a disturbed expression on her face. "King, I've forgotten which way the path runs to the glen. Just follow and see, a few steps, if you please, while I rest."

The few steps seemed to lengthen into many, however, and then stretch to an uncounted number more, and still there was no return, and Miss Asia's "rest" roused into uneasiness at last, though Phil only looked more demure and contented, as the time went on.

"If the Captain hadn't gone with her, I should certainly think she was lost!" began Miss Asia, excitedly, and that was the very confession King had to make, as, just at that instant, she came in sight, with a blush in her eye that even the bewitching sweep of her hat couldn't manage to hide.

"So very careless and dull!" she said. "But we know all about it now, if you'll just let us lead you down."

Miss Asia's eyes happened to fall on the Captain's face as he helped her rise. She certainly never had seen a man look happier in her life, but there was a sharp little pinch, as if something were hurting him, after all.

"I'll overtake you in a moment, if you'll allow me," he said. "I think a small pebble must have worked its way into my boot," and when he rejoined them the pinch was gone, and only the satisfactory expression remained. "I found it," he said, quietly. "A very small, sharp-sided stone."

The remainder of the week slipped delightfully away, in spite of the most minute sweeping having failed in the problem of the grandmother ring.

"And Asia had just been saying I must have it reset," said King; but even the diamond was forgotten in the shock of the Captain's preparing to take his leave.

"But you'll not sail without coming again for a day? Why, we're all invited to visit Africa next week!" Miss Asia said, and, when the time came, the Captain presented himself among the guests.

Somehow, Miss Asia could not really get a look under King's eyelids as the whole evening went on, but, even without it, appearances set her mind altogether at rest. There would be no need of giving her up for another dreadful four months away, and the only regret was that Phil could not be there to see. She had declared that imperative letters called her home, and had left them that very day.

It was a family party of very respectable size, and a few outside guests swelled the murmur beyond a hum, but at last a lull crept in, and every one seemed ready to listen to what some one else might say. The filmy dress in which King had been flitting about had vanished for half an hour, and the Captain had also mysteriously disappeared, but that would hardly account for the change. It was rather the result of life-long family ways, which had always encouraged a dreamy state as soon as the clock struck ten.

"A spinster, or an old maid?" some one was asking, at last, at the other side of the room.

"Is there any distinctive difference, that you know of?" asked Europe, turning around in his chair.

"Certainly," Miss Asia replied, with a laugh that covered a little yawn. "A spinster is a woman who remains single from her own deliberate choice, while an old maid——" but at that instant Miss Asia discovered that King was part of the double shadow promenading the lawn, and rose in dismay. Was the child crazed, to be risking all her improvement in ten-o'clock air! It was quite time to go.

But when the sanctity of her own room was reached, there was a knock, and King stepped noiselessly in, with something glittering on the forefinger of her left-hand.

"See," she said, with her eyelids not fully lifted yet. "He has brought me a new setting for my stone. He found it the day we went walking in the glen."

It was the grandmother brilliant—Miss Asia knew it too well* for any question of that; but a discovery before which the rays of the diamond paled into lead was bewildering her heart and her eyes.

"King!" she cried, with a slow, sharp ring of terrible pain; but the next moment she had gathered herself up. King's happiness had been first in her thoughts for the last twenty years, and no agony of her own should come in the way of it now.

"My darling!" she said, and stooped for one long, passionate kiss; and then, in another instant, she started suddenly back. "But what would ever become of us if he shouldn't prove to be good?"

What, indeed? There lay the question, and there it continued to lie in Miss Asia's mind, and only time and investigations, such as haste would never allow, could bring a reply.

It was useless for King to plead; for the first time in her life, Miss Asia withstood her like a rock.

"But, Asia, dear Asia! Did I not prove him, in all those four long months?"

But Miss Asia only shook her head; and the Captain met with no better success, though coming up bravely, after each new repulse, to the charge, and daring even greater requests, when his first were refused. His ship was to sail, at the end of a month, for a still longer trip. If Miss Asia would let him take King, he would never ask such a grace at her hands again. An ocean life was by no means essential to him; they would live, for the future, wherever Miss Asia pleased.

But entreaties and promises met with the same reply. Her treasure was hers, to be guarded first of all. She could never intrust it to any man whom she had not had time to prove.

"I'm glad to have seen you to-day, however," she said, after fighting the battle once more, "for this evening you would not have found me at home. Europe wants me to meet an old family friend. Only elderly people this time, so King will not go; but my carriage is ordered for half-past eight."

Twilight gathered in early that evening,

as the two sat together on the porch, for the clouds lingering after a shower had not drifted away.

"I really must go inside and dress," said Miss Asia, rousing herself at length.

"Make the most of your resources, then," laughed King, as she stepped to the parlor mantel for a tiny Cyprian cup. "Here is the very last match we have left in the house!"

"The last! Then the two boxes I ordered yesterday cannot have come!" And Miss Asia took the match quickly in her hand, and examined the head with a critical eye. "What would *ever* become of us, if it should not prove to go off?" she exclaimed, with a swift turn upon King.

King laughed again, but the next instant she caught her breath in dismay. There was a scratch, a fizz, and a quaver of yellow light; then a flicker, and a burnt little stump in Miss Asia's hand. She had lighted the match to prove whether it was good, and a puff from the open window had blown it out!

There was a moment's silence, and then King found her voice.

"What will become of us *now*?" she asked, not daring to laugh or to cry.

It was too dark in the house already for any dressing to be done; the boxes Miss Asia had ordered were a mile away, and the road lay through woods romantic enough for a drive, but too shadowy for a feminine foot after dusk. And, besides, how was King to be left alone a whole evening, in the dark?

Miss Asia turned the stump slowly around in her hand, and looked at it on every side. Then she dropped it into an embroidered cup that hung ready for such use. A sound like a half-whispered "Ridiculous!" came from her lips, but she turned, with the quietest movement, toward the door.

"We will sit on the porch again till the moon comes up," she said. "After that, we can move through the house very well."

The clouds drifted lightly away, but the night settled in quite as fast, and Miss Asia and King could hardly distinguish each other's forms by the time the expected carriage rolled into the yard. Miss Asia rose quietly and sent it away, and then came back to her seat, but neither of the

two seemed just then in a talkative mood. King drew more and more closely into the screen of the vines—quite out of sight at last, and the curve of Miss Asia's elegant shoulders was just visible where she sat, shadowy and dim. Strangely alike, in outline of head and shoulders, Miss Asia and King had always been said to be, and King sat dreamily peering out at her, and thinking about it, as the echo of the retreating carriage died away.

Suddenly a firm, quick footstep fell on the gravel-walk; then nearer, then on the shadow-mat King had sketched on the floor of the porch. It hesitated for one instant, as if searching through the dark, then came closer, and, for the first time in her life, Miss Asia felt the touch of strong lips left reverently just above her eyes.

"My darling! You are right!" said a low, manly voice in her ear.

New sensations, as has been remarked, Miss Asia did not often or willingly meet, but this one brought a dozen others flashing in its train. Her tongue held to the roof of her mouth, her speech failed, and a tiny feeling of chill crept up and down her spine.

"My King! My Queen! Do not tremble!" the voice went on. "Surely *you* trust me, even though another may not! And I cannot blame any one who loves you so much, for that. If I could persuade you to be mine without her consent, it would be the first base or dishonorable action of my life. I have never put a stain yet on my name or my heart, and I will not begin now! She has loved you too long for my love to prove traitor to hers. You are right! I will wait—I will go and leave you—but oh, my darling, speak to me while you may!"

Miss Asia commanded her soul from its depths, and unloosened her tongue from its hold.

"King," she said, "you can go if you like! It is all right."

The Captain drew back and sprang the full width of the porch, but Miss Asia only waved him toward the nook where King sat.

"If I were a match-maker," she said, quietly, "we would have a little light."

BEAR-HUNTING IN THE SOUTH.



OLD ASA CUTTING THROUGH THE CANEBRAKE.

FROM my youth, bear-hunting has been to me a fascinating sport, and, after an experience of more than thirty years in all kinds of Southern sports, during which I have seldom failed to spend a portion of the winter camp-hunting in the Mississippi bottom, I think I may venture to relate one of my bear-hunts, and give the inexperienced sportsman some idea of the characteristics of the bear.

We had pitched our tent on the banks of a beautiful sheet of water, one of the chain of lakes that drains the swamps of Tunica County, Mississippi, when the Father of Waters inundates the valleys. Through these lakes and the bayous leading from them the annual overflows are carried off into the Coldwater, Tallahatchie, and Sun-

flower rivers, thence into the Yazoo, and back into the Mississippi.

Besides old Hannibal, a negro servant, there were only four of us in camp. One was a professional hunter, two were cotton-planters and experienced hunters—not simply sportsmen who occasionally spent a day of recreation in quail-shooting over a brace of pointers, but hunters who had studied wood-craft until it seemed like instinct to thread their way through the wilderness by day or night, without other compass than the moss on the north side of the trees.

When a novice in wood-craft joins a party of old hunters, he is often subjected to many a practical joke; while, at the same time, old hunters are very generous in imparting information or in rescuing him from

danger. On this occasion, the target of our jokes was James Rogers, a fair-haired Northerner from "old Long Island's seagirt shore," an enthusiastic sportsman, a crack shot at pigeons, but in our section almost as helpless as a babe,—the opposite, in every respect, of our backwoods hunter, whose pen-portrait I will endeavor to give. Living by hunting and trapping from boyhood, an uneducated frontiersman, he was the *beau ideal* of a hunter—clad in buckskin hunting-shirt and leggings, with an otter-skin cap on his head and a 'coon-skin pouch in which he carried his ammunition swung across his shoulders, and a short rifle in his hand; about five feet ten inches tall, round-bodied, but with no surplus flesh, and with muscles like corded steel. His hair was steel gray and inclined to curl where it fell below the temples. His features were regular, and by long exposure to sun, rain, and miasma were wrinkled and bronzed; but, clear and brilliant through a complexion like a tanned alligator-skin, sparkled a pair of merry blue eyes that indicated a soul as gay and free as the wild woods he loved so well. All through the swamps he was known as "Old Asa, the bear-hunter." The two planters were Major Duncan and myself.

When old Asa sounded his horn, about twenty-five dogs of all descriptions gathered around him; like their master they were trained hunters, and many bore the marks of Bruin's claws. If you should ask the pedigree of old Beargrease or Bravo, the two most noted leaders of the pack, I should be compelled to admit that the vilest mongrel strains coursed through their veins. For there is no certainty in breeding them: often the most "ornary"-looking cur makes the best bear-dog. On my annual expeditions to the swamps, I was accustomed to buy, borrow, and "persuade" to follow, every specimen of the canine race I could pick up; and if out of a dozen I secured one who "took to bear," I was lucky.

A bear-pack requires dogs of various sizes. A few rough-haired terriers, active and plucky, that can fight close to Bruin's nose and dodge under the cane when pursued; some medium-sized dogs to fight on all sides, and a few large, active curs to pinch his hind-quarters when he charges in front or crosses an opening in the woods. Bear-dogs must fight close, but not attempt to hold a bear; you want them to hang on but not to hold fast. A well-trained pack will only seize hold at the same time when one of their

number is caught; then they boldly charge to the rescue of their comrade, and as soon as 'he is freed, loose their holds and run. Then gathering around the bear again, they worry him until he climbs a tree, where he falls an easy prey to the hunter. The hunter never cheers his pack unless he is in trouble and wants their assistance; then good bear-dogs will charge regardless of danger.

The bear usually makes his bed in the most impenetrable canebrake. He cuts and piles up heaps of cane until he has a comfortable spring mattress. He is very fastidious in his taste, and will not remain long in a wet bed; so after every spell of bad weather he changes his quarters. In diet he has a wide, almost omnivorous taste. In the summer he is very destructive to the farmer's corn-fields, showing a decided relish for green corn or roasting ears, or fat pig or mutton as a side dish, not refusing a pumpkin by way of dessert. As the fall season approaches, he climbs after the wild grape, the succulent muscadine, the acorn, and the persimmon; and leaves his sign everywhere he travels, in heaps of hulls of pecan and scaly-bark hickory nuts. This is called the lapping season, as he ensconces himself in a tree-lap and breaks the limbs to pieces, in gathering nuts and fruits. He is also excessively fond of honey, and is utterly regardless of bee-stings while tearing to pieces a nest of wild bees from a hollow tree.

Hunters sometimes entrap him by placing in his path a vessel containing whisky made very sweet with honey. Bruin is easily intoxicated, and very human in his drunken antics. I have seen him killed by negroes while lying helpless upon his back catching at the clouds, but such slaughter is unsportsmanlike, and no true hunter would resort to it.

But old Asa and the dogs are off down the lake-side, and we follow in single file.

Here, indeed, is the hunter's paradise. Flocks of mallard, teal, and wild duck, covering acres of surface, are floating lazily upon the limpid water; on the other side, a dozen swans are gracefully gliding along. A flock of ungainly pelicans, with their huge mandibles scooping after minnows, waddle about the opposite shore. The wild goose is heard overhead, while the sentinel of the flock on the water replies. The white and blue crane, motionless as the sentinels of Pompeii, line the shore. The tall cypresses in the lake, with their fringed foliage, lift their weird knees out of the water, and look lonely and desolate; while the oaks

and gums upon the shore, draped in clinging vines, festooned with moss, and reflected in the lake, add to the somber picture of the wilderness. The sycamores and cottonwoods are of immense size, some being ten feet in diameter.

Old Asa turned from the lake and boldly entered a canebrake, we following. Here the foremost horse has the hardest time, for he must break the way for the rest through cane and bamboo-vines. Old Asa's horse, like his master, was a trained hunter, and would wait the stroke of the hunting-knife which cut the vines, and then push on through the tangled mass. Going through cane, every one is required to take the cartridge from his gun; or, if he has a muzzle-loader, to take the cap from the tube.

After crossing a canebrake ridge of half a mile, we entered a large, open wood, where we found a quantity of overcup acorn mast, upon which bear and deer feed during the winter months. Under the limb of a paw-paw, we saw a fresh buck-scraper. This is made by the male deer, while scratching his antlers amid the branches above; he scrapes the earth with his feet, as a sign for his tawny mate. A little farther on, within easy range, we startled the antlered monarch from his lair; but not a gun was raised to arrest his flight. As the deer lifted his white flag and bounded off, the younger dogs pricked up their ears and looked anxiously forward, ready to burst forth in full cry; but a word in a harsh tone from old Asa caused them to fall to the rear. "This is a bear-hunt, and these are bear-dogs," said Asa, and we understood that no other game must be shot before them. On rainy days, we go out from camp, singly, and "still-hunt" for deer; then they are easily found, as they avoid the wet cane and feed in the open woods.

"Here's b'ar sign!" exclaimed old Asa, as he pointed to the foot of a large overcup acorn tree. Just then, a sound that vibrates through the hunter's heart with a thrill of pleasurable emotions fell on our ears, like the voice of the prophet crying in the wilderness. Only reliable hunters, like Bravo and Beargrease, are allowed full liberty in ranging the woods. There it was again! Bravo had struck a trail! every dog rushed forward at the well-known signal of their leader; but the track was cold, and every nose was busy smelling among the leaves, trying to unravel its mystic windings. We rode slowly along; old Beargrease made a circle, and struck the trail farther

ahead. The old dog seemed to know he had solved the problem this time, for, sitting upon his haunches, he raised his head, and uttered a prolonged cry—a note of exquisite joy,—as old Asa said, "a psalm of melody." Bravo, Granger, and twenty more joined in the chorus, and slowly, but surely and steadily, they moved along on the trail. "More sign," shouted old Asa, presently; "here's his stepping-path," and he pointed to a path made by the bear, as he passed to and fro from the canebrake. Here he explained to Rogers that the path was made by a habit the bear has of always putting his feet in precisely the same tracks; this habit is often taken advantage of, and a trap is set in his path, or a gun is placed so as to kill or mortally wound him. "And this is a big fat old he," added old Asa.

"Now, look here, old fellow," replied Rogers, "don't test my credulity too far. I would like to know how you can tell a fat bear from a lean bear, or a he-bear from a she-bear, when you have never seen it."

"Little boy," replied Asa, while a benevolent expression mocked the gay humor in his clear blue eye, "your education has been sadly neglected; book-l'armin' may be very useful in town, but one grain of common sense is worth a bushel of college diplomas in the swamps. Now listen and I'll arn wisdom; I know this is a fat b'ar, because his hind toe marks do not reach the fore ones; had he been poor, they would well-nigh have overlapped."

"But how do you know it is a he-bear, and a big he besides?"

"The Lord pity your ignorance, child! don't you see whar he writ it up on that hackberry, as plain as *mene mene tekell upharsin*, that Parson Bellows told us about last Sunday?"

"Well," replied Rogers, "you will have to find a Daniel to interpret it; I see nothing but scratches on the tree; what do you make of it?"

"Look close," replied Asa, "and you will see the tallest marks are the freshest; a young b'ar, feeling very large all by himself, wrote his name thar first; the way he does it, he places his back ag'in' the tree and, turning his head, bites the bark as high as he can reach, which means, in b'ar lingo, 'I'm boss of the woods—beware how you trespass on my domains.' The next b'ar that comes along takes the same position and tries to outreach the first; now this old fellow has written in b'ar hiero-



AT BAY.

glyphics a foot higher, 'Mind your eye, young un, you're a very small potato; I'm the hoss that claims preëmption rights to these pastures.' Another reason for thinking it a he-b'ar is that the shes have young about the third week in January, and it's about that time. We hunt them in February by examining the cypress-trees, where they have left their marks climbing to their dens. The young ones, when first born, are not larger than a rat."

"I have read that the bear was a hibernating animal; how about that?" asked Rogers.

"The b'ar becomes very fat in winter," said Asa, "and his insides are so covered with fat that he has no room for food; in a cold climate he would lie up, but here he is tempted by the mild winters to keep traveling around."

While old Asa was giving our city friend

this bit of natural history, the dogs were busy at work on the trail; the track was growing warmer; suddenly they all dashed into the cane; when, *whew!*—with a snort and crash through the cane, as if all the fiends had broken loose from Tartarus, the bear was started from his lair. With a wild yell, we all followed, pell-mell, in pursuit. For a mile or more, the bear seemed to gain upon his pursuers, but like a relentless fate the fierce pack stuck to his heels, while the hunters were slowly cutting their way through the cane. Old Asa led the way, with that intuition which belongs to the practiced woodsman and aids him in avoiding the heaviest canebrakes.

Reaching a boggy bayou, we paused to listen for the pack; the baying of dogs underneath the heavy cane cannot be heard at a great distance; and as we halted on our horses we could hear no sound

but the melancholy sighing of the winds through the lonely cypress. Old Asa leaped from his horse, and, commanding silence, knelt and placed his ear close to the ground. For a few moments the silence was painful. Then, springing to his feet, he exclaimed:

"All right, boys! The b'ar has turned toward camp; I heard them distinctly; they are fighting very close."

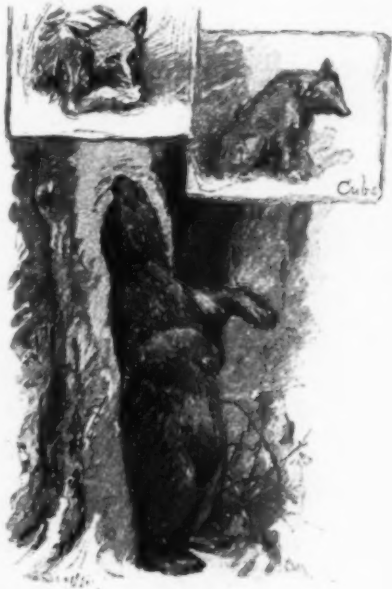
"How will we cross the bayou?" asked Rogers. "It would bog a saddle-blanket here."

"Follow me, young un," said old Asa, "and I'll l'arn you what your school-master never did—how to cross a boggy bayou."

Then proceeding up the bayou, he selected a spot where the cypress-knees were thickest, and led the way safely across; then pushing rapidly forward, flanking the canebrake and keeping to the open woods, after a detour of a mile we were again in hearing of the pack.

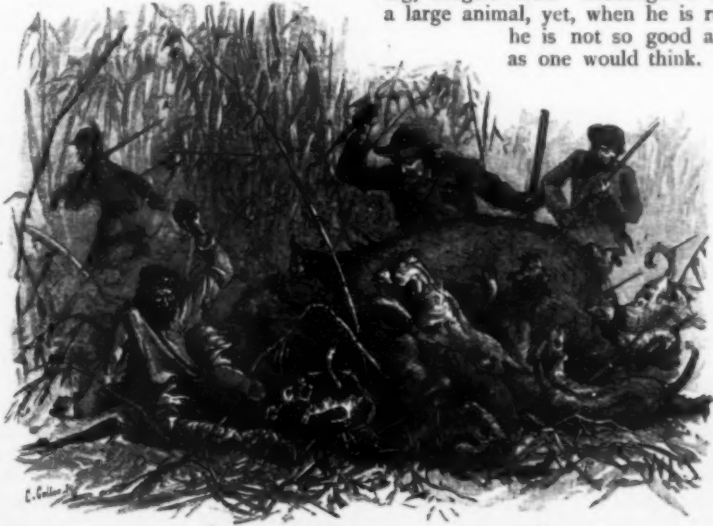
"He has turned back," shouted old Asa. "Scatter out across the opening, and some of us will get a shot."

We promptly obeyed the order, and soon heard them coming, crashing through the canebrake like a cyclone. Presently, out jumped the bear, near Major Duncan's stand, with the dogs pressing him like a legion of furies. As the major attempted to shoot, his horse wheeled, and before he could turn, the bear had seen him and



BEAR HIEROGLYPHICS.

turned back into the cane, facing a score of dogs rather than one hunter; going farther down the cane he again burst into the opening, and crossed close to Rogers, who had dismounted and was standing by a fallen tree. As the bear leaped the log, Rogers fired. Although a bear is a large animal, yet, when he is running, he is not so good a target as one would think. If the



THE DEATH.

reader will attempt to put a ball through the center of a barrel-head while it is in rapid motion, he will have some idea of shooting at a running bear. Rogers missed, but the dogs, encouraged by the report of his gun, attacked with renewed vigor. Across the open woods in plain view we beheld a grand sight. As the dogs charged at the report of Rogers's gun, Rocket, a large, active fellow (a cross between a mastiff and a greyhound), seeing the way clear, made a dash, and catching one of the bear's hind feet, tripped him so adroitly that he rolled over on his back, and before he could recover was covered with dogs. But a sweep of his huge paws scattered his foes in every direction. It was like Samson among the Philistines. A few leaps and he again reached the canebrake, and soon we heard the dogs at bay. We dismounted, hitched our horses, and quietly proceeded on foot to the scene of action. But it was slow work, for the bear always seeks the heaviest canebrake for his battle-ground. We had to creep and crawl, sometimes prostrate upon the ground, under the tangled mass of cane and vines, often having to use our hunting-knives in disentangling ourselves.

Except old Asa, who carried a rifle, we were all armed with short, double-barrel shot-guns, loaded with buck and ball. This, in my judgment, is the most effective weapon for bears, as they are generally shot in a tree or on the ground at close quarters; and after the labors of a bear-chase the nerves are apt to be a little shaky for drawing a fine bead with a rifle.

Cutting our way through the mass of cane, we reached the outer circle of dogs and beheld the bear sitting with his back against the trunk of a tree, his fore paws just touching the toes of his hind ones as they projected up in front of him. With his rear thus protected, he stood at bay, occasionally making a rush for a dog who had ventured too near, and when he had scattered his foes, returning to his position, pressed again in turn by the dogs he had pursued. It was a splendid picture—the huge beast, shaggy and grim, with the white froth dripping from his red lips and lolling tongue, beset on every side, fighting a host, relying alone upon the strength of his mighty arm to keep his foes at bay. At length, greatly worried, he resolved to do what a large fat bear greatly dislikes, viz., take a tree. Making a rush, as a feint to scatter his enemies, he sprang up into

an oak, and seated himself in a fork about twenty feet from the ground.

By this time my companions had arrived, and it was agreed that Rogers, who had never killed a bear, should have the shot. He took his position in front of the tree and attempted to get a sight at the bear's head, but a bear's head is a bad target, as it is in constant motion, and the frontal bones are so sharp and hard that, unless the hunter makes a center shot, the ball will glance and do but little harm; moreover, when wounded, however slightly, the bear is almost sure to abandon the tree. At the report of Rogers's gun, though slightly stunned by the glancing ball, Bruin threw his arms around the tree on the opposite side, and came down, as old Asa said, "like a streak of greased lightning." The pack covered him as he touched the earth, Major Duncan rushed to the rescue of the dogs, who are almost sure to get hurt if a bear is wounded; but the dogs were so thick the major could not shoot. I saw Bravo caught in Bruin's arms, and saw the major push a couple of dogs aside and fire, but he only succeeded in knocking the brute down and releasing the old dog. At the same moment a stroke of Bruin's paw sent the major's gun spinning through the air. The bear then rushed away into the canebrake. Around and around within the space of a few hundred yards, the battle raged fiercely. The hunters were all scattered through the canebrake, when the bear chanced to head directly for Rogers, who fired, and as the bear charged, took to his heels, and but for the courage of the dogs, would have been caught.

At the report of the gun, the maddened pack covered the game again, and he had to stop to shake them off. Rearing on his hind feet, he would strike down with his fore paws, his long, sharp claws making the "fur fly" wherever they struck. The bear generally strikes downward, as he is pigeon-toed, and from the conformation of his fore-arm cannot well strike laterally, when rampant. If, perchance, he catches a dog in his giant arms, he does not squeeze him to death, but simply holds him while he bites; but I am digressing.

Rogers had gained on the bear by the dogs' renewed attack, but as soon as Bruin had shaken them off he again pursued his human foe, when old Asa, pushing Rogers aside, heroically stepped in front, and dropping on one knee, threw his rifle to his shoulder and fired. The bear, though

mortally wounded, sprang upon him. I was close at hand, but could not shoot without the risk of hurting my friend. I shouted to the pack. Regardless of danger, the brave dogs rushed to the rescue, and again covered the bear, just as he had seized old Asa by the leg. I sprang forward, and reaching the opposite side, struck a well-directed blow, and fell back, leaving my knife in the monster's heart. The experienced hunter always strikes a bear from the opposite side to which he stands, as the bear is sure to turn to the side from whence he receives the blow; and woe to the unlucky hunter caught in his death-grasp. As the bear rolled over and expired, old Asa sprang to his feet and exclaimed, as he grasped my hand: "Bully for you, old pard! A leetle more an' I would have been mince-pie for that tarnal critter, tryin' to save Greeny, thar. That's what one gets by taking an onedicated green-horn into the woods. My brave dogs are literally chewed into sassage-meat, and the calf of my leg feels as if it had a red-hot spindle through it. Hoopec, good dogs!" And, at the voice of affection from their master, they gathered around him, while the old hunter sat on the carcass of the bear and caressed his battle-scarred pets, examining all of their wounds before he looked at his own. After sympathizing with his pack, which they gratefully recognized by piteous whines, he allowed his own wound to be examined. It proved to be an ugly, though not dangerous, bite on the calf of the leg.

"Boys," he said, "we are only a mile from camp, and if I can get to the bayou just outside of this cane, I can walk with less pain than I can ride through the brake."

Refusing all assistance, the old hunter started for camp alone, and, getting into the bayou, waded into the cold water, as he said, to numb the pain. We skinned and cut up the bear, which was no easy task, as a bear's hide does not peel off like a deer's, but is tight on his body, like a hog's, the removal of every inch requiring the assistance of the knife. We reached camp by dark, and found old Asa with his leg poulticed with medicinal herbs, in the virtues of which he was well acquainted. Wounded as he was, the old man was the life of the camp. He smoked his pipe and cracked jokes at everybody. Calling Hannibal, he instructed him in the mysteries of making a "filibuster." He first took the caul-fat, or bear's handkerchief, and spread it out on the inside of the fresh hide; then he cut slices of liver and choice bits of bear-meat, in the selection of which he was a connoisseur. Between the layers he placed a very thin slice of bacon, all the time rolling it in the caul-fat, occasionally inserting sprigs of fragrant spice-wood, as he said to give it a flavor, until a large meat sandwich was made. Then, sticking a wooden skewer through it, he roasted it before the fire. And a more savory dish never regaled the palate or olfactories of a hungry hunter.

In summing up the casualties of the fight, we found two dogs killed and seven wounded—three severely. Quiet at length settled upon our camp, the hoot of the barred owl alone breaking the stillness of the night. But it did not disturb the peaceful dreams of dogs or hunters, or of Hannibal, snoring to the accompaniment of the kettle, which hummed a lullaby as it prepared the head of Bruin for to-morrow's repast.



OLD ASA IN TRIUMPH.

A NEW MOTH.



SMERINTHUS CABLEI. (DRAWN BY E. RIORDAN AND ENGRAVED BY HENRY MARSH FROM THE ORIGINAL SPECIMEN REARED BY THE DISCOVERER, L. VON REIZENSTEIN.)

THE reader of these pages who is not learned in natural history may need to be told that the finding of a large new moth, in a field believed to be so well explored as the United States, is an event of great rarity. The recent discovery near New Orleans, by Baron L. von Reizenstein, of the above unusually large and beautiful *Smerinthus*, has already awakened the surprise and admiration of the entomologists who have known of it,—including Professor J. H. Comstock, late Government entomologist, and Augustus R. Grote, Esq., editor of "Papilio,"—who unite in regarding the species as not only clearly distinct from any other heretofore classified, but also intrinsically remarkable for size and beauty. Readers of "Madame Delphine" and "The Grandissimes" will be glad to note the compliment which has been paid to the author of those books in the choice of the specific name by the discoverer, from whose letter to us we make the following extracts.—ED. S. M.

"The discovery of the larva from which I reared this conspicuous moth was made

on the 18th of August, 1880, about six miles from New Orleans. I left the city on the ten o'clock night train, to hasten to Spanish Fort* for the purpose of entomological researches along the outlet of the Bayou St. John and the rear portion of the park. Annoyed by the continual shop-talk of three passengers opposite, I left my seat, went out on the platform, and inhaled the pure air of an exquisitely beautiful night, after a day almost as perfect. When the train had arrived at the Lake depot, I noticed Orion shining brilliantly in the cloudless sky, as if to rival the pouring floods of electricity with which the park was lighted. Thousands of people were here gathered, strolling gayly along the luxurious gardens of this summer retreat, unaware of the great treasures which nature offered in remoter places, whither I directed my steps. This fire-ocean was in reality an

* A place of public resort, projected in miniature after the features of Coney Island, and situated at the mouth of the historic Bayou St. John, where it opens into Lake Pontchartrain.

imposing spectacle. The electric light illuminated for many miles the whole region beyond the limits of the salt-marshes, touched the remotest bungalows of the fishermen, and seemed sometimes to kiss the spires of New Orleans. In such a night you see before you, allured by the intensity of light, the whole insect world, and all the quivering nations of flies, which sport

'Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upwards and downwards, thwarting and convolved.'

Skirting a reedy region, covered with water ankle-deep, I forced my way through creeping and trailing vines, intermixed with the trumpet-shaped red flowers of the *Bigonia radicans*; then through a pass fringed here and there with dense bushes of hawthorn, sweet-brier, and mimosa. Right here was the spot to look for entomological treasures, and in the next moment occurred an event that left a deep impression on my mind. My heart gave a leap—here was a wholly unexpected discovery! Here, in the full splendor of the electric light, I observed a large unknown larva, preëminent of all I ever saw, feeding on the leaves of the pickerel weed (*Pontederia*). My hand trembled as I seized the rare creature and hurried it quickly into the depths of my collection *etui*—an empty cigar-box, provided with numerous air-holes. Satisfied if I might get this home in safety, I did not stop to look for others, but extricated myself from the tangle as best I could.

"The new species seems to me to supply the 'missing link' between the true *Sphinxidae* and *Bombycidae*. Within the limits of the United States there are known to be seven different species of the sub-genus *Smerinthus*, which are separated from the *Sphinges* proper: *Smerinthus geminatus*, *myops*, and *juglandis*, of the Southern States; *S. Astylus* and *modestus*, of the Lake Michigan region; *excaecatus*, of the Eastern States, and *S. ophthalmicus*, of California—none of which exceeds three and a half inches in breadth, and all of which have in general a dusky coloration. My new species measures over five inches in breadth, and has a quite different style of coloration from the other *Smerinths*, and many other important characteristics that warrant its separation from that genus. In the larval state it differs entirely from the larvæ of our known *Smerinths*, and, in fact, of all other known *Sphinges*. The larva resembles more those of the *Bombycid* genus *Attacus*, and I believe that it is the

long-sought-for connecting link between *Smerinthus* and *Selea Polyphemus* and *Samia licropia*, those well-known gigantic moths of our States. The primaries or fore-wings of the new moth, when quite fresh from the chrysalis, are of a pale slate-color, interrupted with dark, cloudy bands, which show a somewhat greenish luster. The secondaries or hind-wings present a beautiful contrast. About in the middle is seen a large white crescent, surrounded by a deep black band. The remaining surface of the hind-wings is shaded off with brilliant crimson. The under side of the wings is comparatively less vivid, if I exclude a large crimson patch on the fore-wings. The outer margins of the primaries are deeply notched and have by degrees lighter and darker tints. The antennæ are very prominent, strongly serrated, and of extraordinary length.

"But I must not forget the description of the wonderful larva. Its body is of a very clear bluish-green color, with a broad coral-red dorsal line. There are golden lateral stripes on each side of the body, which is dotted with innumerable golden atoms of the greatest brilliancy. The head is of a triangular shape, similar to *Smerinthus*, but considerably more extended and pointed. The presence of the coral-red colored warts on the fourth segment is an astonishing ornamentation, which occurs only in the genus *Dryocampa*, and in some of the *Saturniadae*.

"Being the first describer of the above insect, I have, according to the custom recognized among scientific men, the right to name it. In honor of Mr. George W. Cable, who is so much identified with Louisiana as citizen and *littérateur*, I propose to name the insect *Smerinthus Cablei*.

"L. VON REIZENSTEIN."

Some to whom the present discovery has become known have offered the conjecture that the larva found at Spanish Fort may have been carried from some portion of the Greater or Lesser Antilles, on drift moving across the Gulf of Mexico by the force of currents or of winds. But neither by currents nor winds could such an event be brought within the bounds of probability. The currents of the Gulf on its northern side set powerfully eastward through the straits of Florida. The nearest coast in the West Indies, that of Cuba, is several hundred miles from that of Louisiana, and the

borders of Lake Pontchartrain are open to the Gulf only by certain passes, or *rigolets*, of a few hundred feet width. There are, moreover, no *Smerinthus* known to exist in Cuba; so that, at any rate, the debate, could there be one, would be not at all on the authenticity of the discovery, but only on the native place of the newly discovered species. This, beyond any reasonable doubt, is the swamps of Louisiana, near New Orleans.

The entomology of the Mississippi delta seems to have been, thus far, only superficially treated. The depths of the Louisiana swamps have rarely been visited by those naturalists from abroad who have momentarily sojourned in their neighborhood, and among natives or residents of the region none have yet made known the results of any minute research in the insect life which teems about them on every hand. Thus it occurs that this large and beautiful

new species of moth has remained unknown to science during the nearly two hundred years in which white men have occupied the country to which it is native, and have built a great city within its immediate habitat. There is no telling, but by the actual exploration of naturalists, what, or what numbers of, unknown beauties are yet to be found—we need not say in the remote recesses of these delta swamps, but even in the immediate environs of New Orleans. The Baron Reizenstein alone has made numerous entomological discoveries—among others of a large unknown honey-bee and two or three wasps. It is to be hoped that his success may stimulate further research in the various departments of minute vegetable and animal life in this so nearly virgin field. It is probable that even in ornithology, notwithstanding the researches of Audubon in this, his native country, there is much awaiting the attention of new discoverers.

THE NEW PHASE OF NAPOLEONIC HISTORY.

ABOUT thirteen years ago, an historical work was published in France that almost at once attracted general attention, as well by its isolated position as by the audacity and ability with which it sustained it. For years there had scarcely been a dissenting voice raised in France, of all countries, about Napoleon, and even everywhere else history had been overawed and blinded by his genius. Suddenly the work of Pierre Lanfrey made its appearance, bringing dismay to the camp of servile critics and politicians who surrounded the throne of the third Napoleon, and who realized only too well how injurious must be the effect upon the nephew of so ruthless an exposure of the uncle. It was in vain for them to sneer at it or to pass it over in silence. The name of Lanfrey was too well known and too highly esteemed to admit of such a thing, while a single glance at the book itself was sufficient to convince even the most unwilling reader that it was not written for eccentricity's sake, but had a basis of profound study. The issues were squarely stated, and had to be squarely met. The brilliant rhetoric and bitter partisanship of Michelet could be opposed by rhetoric almost as brilliant, and by partisanship even more bitter; but against the

armor of fact and of logic in which Lanfrey had incased himself, such light weapons shivered and broke, like rapiers against a coat of mail. The battle was an unequal one from the first. One after another his adversaries retired, defeated and discomfited, leaving it to time and to the specious charge of exaggeration to find some loophole through which their steels could enter. But in this hope they were disappointed. Time, instead of weakening the judgment pronounced by Lanfrey, has only confirmed it, and his countrymen, instead of forgetting his work, persist in reading it more and more. To the outer world, however, the personality of this good patriot and great writer is still too little known.

Pierre Lanfrey was born in Chambéry, in Savoy, in 1828.* His father was a retired captain who had served under Napoleon, and who retained for his old commander the most unbounded admiration and affection. He died when his son was but six years old, leaving his widow in very straitened financial circumstances. Madame Lanfrey, though illiterate and of humble origin, appears to have been a woman of

* "Revue des Deux Mondes" for September, October, and November, 1886.

very superior mind, and her devotion to her only child, and his love and admiration for her, are wonderfully touching. Partly from motives of economy, and partly from religious conviction, she sent her son to the Chambéry college of Jesuits to be educated. He had not been there many years, however, before he had trouble with his superiors. Having surreptitiously obtained and read a book reflecting on the Jesuits, he refused to deny the fact when informed against by one of his comrades, and was sent home to his mother in disgrace. He was dispatched to another ecclesiastical college, at St. Jean-de-Maurienne. The time that he spent there was probably the most unpleasant period of his life. Thoughtful and grave beyond his years, he was already in rebellion against the dogmas and the intellectual tyranny of the church. His mind craved a more liberal supply of intellectual food than the college could or would supply. At last he obtained his mother's consent to his going to Paris to study. To enable him to do so, she was obliged to make the greatest sacrifices. Though he felt this keenly, and tried, by every means in his power, to express his gratitude and devotion, he never, for one moment, repented of the step he had taken. With a patience that was almost incredible in one of his years, and with an energy that bordered on ferocity, he carried out the course of study which he confidently believed would eventually enable him to produce a work both "solid and durable." His faith in his literary genius never deserted him. During all the long years of privation and hope deferred through which he had to pass, he never expressed a doubt of the final result. At last his time came. In 1857 appeared his work on "The Church and the Philosophers of the Eighteenth Century." It was greeted with admiration by the most noted literary men of the day, and Lanfrey's fame as a writer and a thinker was established. This work was followed in the next year by an essay on the French Revolution, which added greatly to his reputation, but which gave much dissatisfaction both to republicans and royalists, because he criticised the acts of both with the same impartial candor and severity. It placed him at once in a position of political isolation—a position which his independence of thought and unerring sense of justice compelled him ever after to occupy. The "Lettres d'Everard," a brilliant philippic against the vices and weaknesses of the men and the society of

the day, gave him an even wider celebrity than his two previous works, while, at the same time, it increased the alarm with which he was regarded by the extremists of every political and social school.

About this time the "Revue Nationale" was founded, with the intention of making it the organ of the moderate Republicans. Lanfrey was selected by its editors to write the "Chronique de la Quinzaine," a commentary upon the chief political and literary events of the fortnight. The position proved to be very distasteful to him. An ardent Republican, a cordial despiser of the Napoleonic régime, he writhed under the strict censorship imposed by a government he believed to be a usurpation. On the other hand, his independence often brought him into conflict with his co-editors, and, after some years, he abandoned the office and devoted himself almost exclusively to the completion of his great work, the history of Napoleon, of which the two first volumes appeared in 1867, and the third and fourth in 1868-70. While engaged in this work, however, he did not lose his interest in political affairs. His letters written at this period—1867-70—are filled with gloomy forebodings and singularly accurate prophesies of the catastrophe that was about to come. He recognizes the prodigious power of Bismarck, expresses the deepest abhorrence for the Mexican expedition of Napoleon, and is overflowing with enthusiasm for the unity of Italy. No one in France deplored the declaration of war against Prussia more earnestly than he. "One cannot bring oneself," he writes, "to wish for the defeat of one's country, and yet one hesitates to hope for victory, for, at home, victory would only bring an aggravation of despotism, and, abroad, conquests impossible to preserve, and the germs of a hundred wars to come." He was in the *Corps Législatif* when M. Schneider announced the Government's decision, and one can imagine his feelings when he heard the president, with unconscious plagiarism, quote word for word a sentence from one of his last volumes: "The author of a war is not he who declares it, but he who has made it necessary." As if to add to the irony of this incident, Napoleon III. soon afterward repeated the phrase officially, attributing it to Montesquieu. Yet in her hour of trial his country found him at the post of danger. In spite of his delicate health, he enlisted in the Mobs of Savoy, and served with them till the close of the war. His active inter-

est in politics, however, did not flag. He protested with vehemence, through the press and in public, against the dictatorship of Gambetta, whom he declared to be a usurper, and an incapable one at that, and demanded a general election, in order that the country might be represented by a government that was at least lawful. These attacks attracted such general attention that Gambetta, who recognized his ability and magnanimously overlooked his accusations against himself, offered him the prefecture du Nord. This position he sternly refused to accept, declaring that he would take no office but an elective one until a government had been established by the consent of the whole people. The followers of Gambetta were less generous than their leader. They overwhelmed him with savage epithets; he was "a supporter of the Bonapartists, a clerical—he was sold to the Orleanists, to the Prussians." At the elections for the *Assemblée Constituante*, held at his native place, Chambéry, in the early part of 1871, they united with the clericals, who shrank from voting for the author of "The Church and the Philosophers of the Eighteenth Century," and defeated his candidacy. Lanfrey was greatly chagrined at this defeat, but he was recompensed in part by being chosen, at the same elections, a deputy from the electoral district of the Bouche du Rhone—a district in which he had never set foot, and where he had not a single personal friend. In his address of thanks, he says: "If I rightly interpret your thoughts, you have chosen in me the persistent enemy of all sorts of despotism—the man who has never wished to separate the cause of democracy from that of liberty." His earnest support of the policy of M. Thiers, whom, as historian, he had once so bitterly criticised, soon led to his appointment as ambassador to Switzerland. He fulfilled the duties of this delicate position with such dignity and tact that, upon the resignation of Thiers in 1873, the Federal Council unanimously requested of the new government that he should be retained in his place. The Duc de Broglie gladly consented, but Lanfrey would only agree to stay upon condition that his resignation should be at once accepted if, in his judgment, the new government did not conform to the wishes of the more moderate wing of the Republican party. This event soon happened. The vote in the Assembly concerning the prorogation of the powers of MacMahon decided him. His resignation was accepted, and he returned to Ver-

sailles to take his seat once more as a simple deputy. He now had leisure to take up the history of Napoleon again. The fifth volume appeared in 1875, and was received with enthusiasm by political friends and foes. Gambetta, meeting him at the depot at Versailles, rushed up, shook him by the hand, and warmly congratulated him.

The last political act of Lanfrey was the composition of an election address stating the views of the Left Center, the parliamentary group with which he was then acting in unison. This address, dignified in tone, clear, filled with words of wisdom and moderation, well deserved to be his crowning effort. "You have but one way to preserve the republic," he writes, "and that is to show yourselves worthy of it. Turn from those seekers after popularity who overwhelm you with promises they will never be able to keep, and with an adulation that is injurious by its very excess. If you would know who deceive you, observe who flatter you. Give your votes neither to those suspicious agitators who foment social animosity because they live by it, nor to those incorrigible sectaries who only advocate clemency in order to reestablish crime." Not long after the publication of this address, Lanfrey was elected by the Assembly a senator for life, "without," as he truly says, "having raised a finger to obtain the position."

But he was not to enjoy the honor long. A sickness that he had contracted during a trip to Italy, in the fall of 1876, broke out once more. It was greatly augmented by his anxiety in regard to public affairs, of which at this time he took the gloomiest view. Discouraged and broken down, he retired to the house of a friend, near Billière, to pass in peace the few weeks of life that were left to him. His last hours were soothed by the tenderest care, and by the many messages of respect and affection that were sent to him by political friends and foes. Far from his native place, in the little cemetery of Billière, lies the body of Pierre Lanfrey, of whom the Duc d'Audiffert Pasquier, speaking in the name of the French Senate, truly said: "All parties respected him and all his colleagues loved him, because but one sentiment dictated his writings and dominated his political career: love of his country and of her liberties."

Regarded merely as an historian, Lanfrey deserves the greatest possible admiration. His work shows that he possessed in a rare degree all those numerous qualities demanded from

a man who undertakes to give us a true and clear account of a particularly confused and exciting period in the life of a great nation. The patience with which he has collected his material is scarcely less wonderful than the judgment and skill he displays in threshing out this vast mass, and separating the wheat from the chaff. As for the language in which he embodies his results, it is almost above praise. In clearness, vigor, and beauty it rivals that of Macaulay; in a certain unconscious brilliancy—which, if we are to believe M. Taine, no Saxon writer ever entirely possesses—it even surpasses that of the great English master. Lanfrey collects his facts like a German, judges them like an Englishman, and presents them like a Frenchman. In other words, he brings to his work three great qualities, the possession of any two of which would be sufficient to place him in the first rank of historians.

But it is not merely as an historian that we are to consider him. He is, in every sense of the word, a reformer—the apostle among his own countrymen of a new school of historical ethics. It is not that he takes a new view of Napoleon's character, but that he applies to his actions a code of morals which other French historians have refused to acknowledge when writing of the man. It has been the constant habit of Napoleon's biographers to regard him from a strictly national stand-point. Criticism upon his conduct was never ventured on unless it could be applied to some flagrant violation on his part of the rights of the French people. That other people also had rights which Napoleon should have respected was a fact ignored. No matter how unjust, tyrannical, and brutal his attacks were upon the rest of the world, they were considered perfectly correct so long as they redounded to the "glory" of France. Lanfrey has completely emancipated himself from such narrow views. He criticises Napoleon's foreign policy even more severely than he does his domestic, does not scruple to denounce the injustice of his wars because they were fought by Frenchmen, and fails to find consolation in the fact that the oppressor of France was, in a still greater degree, the oppressor of almost all Europe. He manfully refuses to bow down before and worship that seductive but evil goddess, "Glory," who has heretofore found her chief priests among French historians, and to whom so many millions of precious lives have been fanatically sacrificed.

Napoleon has generally been regarded in France as "glory" personified, and the consequence is, most Frenchmen that have written about him have done so kneeling. They have not written biographies, but eulogies. Lanfrey, on the other hand, goes calmly up to the "joss" and examines him with the eyes of a critic, not those of a devotee; tells us of what material he is made, pries into his interior mechanism, applies tests to the gilding, to see whether it is real or sham; in short, gives us the figure as it really is, looked at rationally through the medium of common sense, and not through those thick clouds of incense, in the shape of sophistry, with which his predecessors have religiously surrounded their idol before they dared to look upon his face.

And what are his conclusions? They may be summed up in a few words. Intellectually, he believes Napoleon to have been an extraordinarily great commander, a poor statesman, a worse diplomatist, a striking, but bizarre, speaker, and no legislator at all. Morally, he believes him to have been an exquisite combination of Satan and Mephistopheles; and we do not see how any one who carefully reads his work can fail to come to a similar conclusion.

The political crimes of Napoleon are confessedly so colossal that heretofore mankind has been loath to believe that they were committed in the sole interest of their author, and has ingeniously attempted to make "circumstances"—that much-abused word—responsible for them.

Lanfrey's hard-headed logic, however, effectually disposes of all these charitable theories. He proves by relentless facts that the history of France under Napoleon is nothing more or less than a record of the development of one man's selfish ambition. As for Napoleon's personal crimes, if, under these circumstances, it is admissible to make the distinction, they fully entitle him to take high rank among the Borgias and other monsters of history. It is hardly doing justice to his evil nature to say that he was an assassin, a robber, an apostate, a forger, a hypocrite, a rascal, and a liar—and such a liar! These are not mere epithets, but words which express proven facts.

It is really no exaggeration to assert that he was absolutely without moral sense. Carlyle tells a story of a German emperor who, when corrected for a mistake he made in Latin, replied: "I am king of the Romans, and above grammar." Napo-

leon's arrogance was infinitely greater. He thought himself above morality, and really seems to have believed that he had a perfect right to commit any crime, political or personal, that would advance his interests by an iota; and, in truth, he did commit so many that it is almost impossible to keep track of them.

How widely Lanfrey's explanations of the nature and causes of Napoleon's progress differ from those generally entertained, will be seen at almost every page.

In the first place, for instance, he dissipates the nimbus that has heretofore enveloped Napoleon's sudden rise from obscurity to military prominence. He shows us that there was, after all, nothing so very preternatural about it. At the time of his first coming on the scene of action, the chances were never greater for men who had, like himself, received a complete military education. There was a dearth of properly trained officers. Most of the graduates of the military establishments were enemies, from the first, of the popular cause, and were to be found fighting in the ranks of the emigrants. Those who had originally sided with the revolution had been, almost to a man, killed or proscribed. The demand for efficient officers was, therefore, so very much greater than the supply that it would have been a great matter of surprise had Napoleon not risen with unusual rapidity, even had he been possessed of no more than ordinary talents.

A very characteristic passage is that in which he discusses the brutal massacre of twenty-five hundred Turkish soldiers, at Jaffa, during the invasion of Syria. The circumstances of this cold-blooded execution are too well known to need more than a brief comment.

In his advance into Syria, Napoleon, after capturing the towns El Arish and Gaza, stormed Jaffa. The French troops, exasperated at the unexpectedly obstinate resistance they encountered, inflicted a most bloody punishment upon the people and the garrison. After the massacre had been checked, by the efforts of a few French officers, twenty-five hundred soldiers of the garrison still remained alive, as prisoners. These Napoleon ordered to be put to the sword. The original copy of the order for this execution, in which he instructs the executioners to take care that not one of the wretches should escape, still exists. Other historians have labored, with more ingenuity than humanity, to cover up the enormity of this crime by asserting that Napoleon had

not food enough for their support, and that he had, moreover, a technical right to do what he did, because the prisoners were found to be men whom he had already captured at El Arish and released on parole. Lanfrey disposes of the first excuse by quoting from Bonaparte's own report of the affair to the Directory, in which he says: "At Jaffa we took more than four hundred thousand (400,000) rations of biscuits and two hundred thousand (200,000) hundred-weight of rice." The other excuse is shown to be even more unworthy. By the application of the simplest arithmetic, he overturns all the finely spun arguments of the apologists. Let us give his own words:

"We found at El Arish," he [Napoleon] wrote to the Directory, 'five hundred Albanians, five hundred Mogrebins, and two hundred Anatolians. The Mogrebins have entered our service. I have made them an auxiliary corps.' Supposing that all the Albanians and all the Anatolians had fled to Jaffa, which is not admissible, and which it was impossible to verify, that would have made only seven hundred men, dispersed among a garrison of four thousand, the half of which had been already massacred. But, admitting the truth of all the conditions of this hypothesis, the number of El Arish soldiers among the prisoners of Jaffa could not have been more than two or three hundred men. * * * The pretended identity of the prisoners of Jaffa with those of El Arish is one of the numerous fables invented by Bonaparte at Saint Helena to influence the judgment of history. There is not a trace of this assertion in the numberless letters and pieces of various kinds in which Bonaparte gives an account of the event; there is not a word of it in the narrative of Miot, the historiographer of the Egyptian expedition. It is evident that if these prisoners had formed part of the garrison of El Arish, the general would have taken advantage of such a pretext to lighten the odious effect of his order. In writing to the Directory, he merely said, 'I have treated with severity the garrison, who allowed themselves to be taken with arms in their hands.' This was the single crime which, according to his construction of the 'rules of war,' authorized the dreadful massacre." *

This is only one of the innumerable instances where Lanfrey positively annihilates the specious sophisms that grave and respected historians have successfully attempted to palm upon the world as truth.

His review of Napoleon in the character of statesman and diplomatist is marked by the same sound sense and absence of hero-worship that distinguish his remarks on the moral character of the man. He shows, most conclusively, we think, that Napoleon's civil abilities were of no high order. His military talents and resources were so colossal that he had but to threaten

* History of Napoleon I. By Pierre Lanfrey. Macmillan & Co. London and New York.

and he gained his point, no matter how ridiculous that point might be. In considering Napoleon, it is amazing to find how often people fall into the error of estimating the profundity and grandeur of his conceptions by the great effects their execution had upon the world. The decree of Berlin, for instance, was anything but a great conception, yet it directly brought about some of the greatest movements in history.

Looking at the matter from an unprejudiced point of view, we really cannot understand why Napoleon should be called a great diplomatist any more than we can see why a robber, who holds a pistol to your head and demands your money or your life, should be called a persuasive man, because you give him what he asks for. There is scarcely an instance where this "great diplomatist" brought a diplomatic negotiation to a successful close without the employment of threats or force. To put it paradoxically, he won his peaceful victories at the point of his sword. Nor will his most important political measures bear scrutiny if examined on their own merits. The decree of Berlin, the formation of the Confederation of the Rhine, the establishment of Joseph on the Spanish throne, the marriage with Austria, are now admitted, even by his most ardent admirers, to have been stupendous blunders which would have ruined any other ruler, and which even his extraordinary military genius could only partially repair. His domestic administration during the two years of nominal peace that followed upon the conclusion of the Treaty of Amiens is often pointed at with admiration, though with what reason we fail to see, unless a systematic endeavor to centralize despotism in the person of a ruler be regarded as an evidence of good government.

Napoleon certainly was, what Lanfrey calls him, a wonderful organizer of despotism, and he devoted all his tremendous powers, during those short years, to reducing the personal and political liberties of his countrymen to a minimum. He was so successful that, had his insane ambition allowed him a few more years of peace, he would undoubtedly have reduced the French people to a deeper state of degradation than that in which they had lived before the great revolution. In return for their liberties he built them some excellent roads and dug a few canals—facts which his admirers are continually bringing forward in proof of his greatness as a ruler, just as defenders of the Second Empire replied to all criticism upon

the state of the country by triumphantly saying, "See what a magnificent city Napoleon III. has made of Paris."

Napoleon's fame as a legislator is shown to be built on a still weaker foundation of fact than his fame as a diplomatist and statesman. Many people probably imagine that the great code that bears his name was, in the main, the product of his single mind, whereas it was, in reality, the collective work of a body composed of the best jurists in France. He cannot even lay claim to the merit of having first recognized the necessity for the framing of such a code. The governments of the Convention and the Directory both passed laws to the effect that this great work should be entered on as speedily as possible; but the stormy state of the times and the presence of more pressing affairs caused these laws to remain a dead letter. Napoleon is entitled to great gratitude for having revived and carried them out—but for little else. Lanfrey gives us a most amusing account of the share Napoleon took in the composition of the code. It consisted in occasionally attending the meetings of the board, delivering, in a loud and pompous voice, ridiculous opinions upon subjects of which he knew nothing, and throwing, generally, as much obstruction as he possibly could in the way of the jurists. He even went so far as sometimes to make corrections—corrections which in almost every instance were exceedingly puerile, and without which the code would have been much nearer perfect than it now is. He was perpetually striving to introduce, into laws framed for all time, clauses having a special bearing upon present incidents. Indeed, few men were ever so eminently unfitted for the post of legislator. "As soon as he wished to touch upon matters of pure legislation, his legal knowledge somewhat resembled the Greek and Latin of the *médecin malgré lui*." His genius, as Lanfrey admits, was prodigious, but it moved in a very narrow channel.

The third volume of the English edition gives us the history of the Emperor's career from 1806 to 1810. It is, in many respects, the most interesting, because it presents a new phase of the great struggle—Napoleon *versus* the liberties of mankind. Before the invasion of Spain, he had to do only with princes and governments. The uprising of the Spanish people was the signal for a general popular awakening all over Europe. For the first time Napoleon was forced to deal with moral forces, which he despised,

and which he never learned to fight with success. As Lanfrey says:

"The charm was broken; the weak point of the colossus was discovered; the conqueror of kings was not as yet the conqueror of the people; the side which had so often lost when playing against him might now recommence the game with hope of success."

In no instance is his fairness of mind and elevation above all national prejudices more strikingly shown than in his account of the growth of that great anti-Napoleonic movement that ended in the birth of the German nation. Let us give his own words:

"In Germany, the rebound of the events in Spain caused throughout the land a kind of electric shock which gave birth to what had never before existed, namely, the German nation. The great intellectual *renaissance* of Germany during the eighteenth century had, it is true, prepared the way by forming the moral individuality of the people, but it was amidst the throes of defeat and foreign occupation that this glorious birth took place, and the word German country was pronounced for the first time in the world. All the old antagonism, all the superannuated feuds between Northern and Southern Germany, between the larger and smaller states, between the princes and the higher ranks of the ancient aristocracy, between the noble and the citizen, between the House of Austria and the House of Brandenburg, disappeared instantaneously, to make way for one single sentiment—hatred of the French yoke. The initiative belonged to no class in particular—it was universal and simultaneous."

And this from a Frenchman!

In the noble tribute the historian pays to the memory of Toussaint L'Ouverture, of San Domingo, he says:

"He [L'Ouverture] could die, for he had accomplished a great thing. He had proved to the world that the blacks were men, and men capable of governing themselves."

One can say with equal truth of Pierre Lanfrey that he, too, has proved a great fact which the world has heretofore declined to admit, namely: that there is at least one French historian whose love of truth and justice is far above the reach of national prejudice.

"Why was not this book written before?" is a question we constantly find ourselves asking. Had it appeared thirty years sooner, we sincerely believe the French people would never have patiently submitted to twenty years' degradation under the Second Empire. In no nation have historians more power to shape the destinies of their country than in France. Thiers, for instance, by glorifying the first Napoleon, probably did more than any one man in France to help the third Napoleon to his throne.

It may not be out of place to give a specimen of the different way in which these two historians, Lanfrey and Thiers, regard the same subject. In speaking of the English press at the time of the projected invasion of England, Lanfrey says:

"There was one corner of the earth, and but one, where his [Napoleon's] acts and person could be freely criticised—where one could (a thing a thousand times worse than injuries) speak the truth to him—to him, the man before whom the universe was silent."

Thiers says:

"The British press, insulting and arrogant as the whole press is in a free country, ridiculed Napoleon and his preparations; but it was the ridicule of a mocker who trembles while he laughs."

It certainly is one of the most hopeful signs of the new era in France that Thiers's work is gradually being superseded by that of Lanfrey. This is a significant fact, for no man handles the weaknesses of his countrymen more unsparingly. He has far too high an idea of the dignity of an historian to attempt to gain popularity by flattery. Severe as he is upon Napoleon, he never attempts to make him a scapegoat for those faults that belong to the people at large. Indeed, he frankly declares that a large share of Napoleon's success was due to the skill with which he flattered the "incurable vanity" of the national character. He says:

"History has another mission than that of pleasing. She is no more made to be the courtesan of a people than to be the courtesan of a king."

In conclusion, we would say that this is a book to be read *through*, rather than to be read *in*. Its style is far more argumentative than narrative. The reader who misses a single link in the chain of evidence will be sure to consider the writer exceedingly unjust and one-sided—a conclusion he will never reach, in our opinion, if he read the book from the very beginning to the very end.

One thing is certain: However much opinions may differ as to the literary merits of the work, no earnest person can put it down without saying of its author, "This was a man!"

Could Lanfrey have lived but a few years longer, he would, without doubt, have experienced a keen sense of satisfaction after having read the two posthumous works of Metternich and Rémusat that have recently been given to the public. The certainty

afforded by these new sources that he had divined truly in cases where it was impossible for him to speak absolutely, the confirmation of a judgment that many critics had pronounced positively wrong, and many more had considered bitterly one-sided and prejudiced, and, above all, the triumph of truth and justice for truth and justice's sake, would all have combined to cheer the last moments of a sick and wearied man. When we add to this the fact that the appearance of one of these works, at least, would have put an end to the isolation of his position as a man who had dared to lift up his voice against an idol blindly worshiped by the majority of his countrymen, we can hardly refrain from accusing fate of cruelty, or from calling his death untimely. The least we can do is to recall his memory at this time, when the sensation created by Metternich and Rémusat is at its height, and when his own services to history and humanity are in too great danger of being overlooked. Let us not forget that the accusing voices of the former come to us from the tombs, while that of the latter rang out clear and strong from the lips of a living man, at a moment when the name and the system of the tyrant whom he so ruthlessly exposed were once again enslaving the liberties of his countrymen. The debt that France owes to him is great, and will appear ever greater as the years roll on. When the bitterness of party spirit has passed away, when time has dimmed, as it must and will, the blinding splendor of the Napoleonic star, the name of Lanfrey will be pronounced with gratitude by every patriotic Frenchman, and by every friend of humanity throughout the world.

It would be hard to find three works dealing with the same subject, and pronouncing a verdict so singularly in accord, that differ more from one another than do those of Metternich, Rémusat, and Lanfrey. The intense moral motive, and the breadth of view and freedom from national and personal prejudice that inspire every page of Lanfrey, are wanting to the two former; while, on the other hand, the lack of these qualities is partly made up by the fact that their judgment was formed from actual personal experience, and gives us a view of Napoleon that has all the warmth of a picture copied from life; yet, although each writer regards Napoleon from an entirely different stand-point, he is painted in black by them all.

It is in the nature of things that the memoirs of Madame de Rémusat will be read a hundred times where those of Metternich will be read once; the former will have the most interest for the special biographer, the latter for the general historian. Madame de Rémusat tells us many circumstances about Napoleon that are interesting, striking, and valuable, but few, if any, that have not been related before, though never in such detail or upon such good authority. Metternich, on the other hand, though much more concise, much more dry, and much less pleasing, gives us some facts that he alone could know, and that change the whole current of historical opinion. His exact account of the Dresden interview—the famous “hat” interview, to use a Carlylism—is in itself enough to make his work of incalculable value. It gives us in a few words the key to Napoleon's whole character and policy. Here, when disguise was of no further use, when no witness but Metternich was present to hear his words, he throws aside his mask and stands boldly forth—the brutal egotist that he really was. “You are no soldier,” he shrieked out to the Austrian statesman, who had vainly endeavored to make him listen to reason, “and you do not know what goes on in the mind of a soldier. I was brought up in the field, and a man such as I am does not concern himself much about the lives of a million of men,” only he used here a brutal expression that the courtly Austrian does not venture to repeat.* Even Metternich—the cold and calculating Metternich—was deeply shocked and moved. “‘You are lost, sire!’ I said, quickly. ‘I had a presentiment of it when I came; now, in going, I have the certainty.’” Notwithstanding the fact that Napoleon has said of Metternich, “He approaches to being a statesman—he lies very well,” there is not the slightest reason to doubt that this interview was reported precisely as it happened. That Napoleon's judgment of Metternich—though meant to be complimentary—was as grossly unjust as most of the judgments he passed upon his contemporaries, is beyond question. His own mendacity was so great that he could afford to be generous, and almost the only trace we can discover of that magnanimity for which his admirers are fond of giving him credit is the willing-

* Memoirs of Prince Metternich. Edited by Prince Richard Metternich. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

ness with which he concedes to others a share of that attribute which he justly considered to be a prominent feature of his own character. One of his uncles, he used to say with pride, had predicted that he would one day govern the world, because he was an habitual liar. As an instance of the superlative degree of proficiency he had attained in this art, let us give another extract from Metternich's memoirs. The last words of Lannes, as given by Napoleon's official bulletins, have gone the rounds of history. "Farewell, sire!" he is reported to have said. "Live for the world, but think at times of your best friend, who in a few hours will be no more. * * * Would that I might live to serve you and my country!" "You have read," complacently remarked Napoleon to Metternich, "the sentence I put into Lannes's mouth—he never thought of it. When the marshal pronounced my name, they came to tell me, and immediately I declared he must be dead. Lannes hated me cordially. He spoke my name as atheists do the name of God when they come to die. Lannes having called for me, I looked upon his case as hopeless."

Surely, it is not strange that such a man should himself predict that the world would relieve itself of an "Ouf!" upon hearing of his death.

It is with no intention of belittling the importance of these memoirs of Metternich and Madame de Rémusat that we say that their greatest value, in our eyes, consists in the fact that they so strikingly confirm and supplement the judgment pronounced by Lanfrey. His study of Napoleon's character and methods was so profound that he has, without the aid of these new sources, and by the simple process of deduction, anticipated the result of the disclosures that they make. Yet, if their appearance should effect no other good than to enlarge the circle of Lanfrey's readers, and to silence those critics who have sought to weaken the effect of his verdict by pronouncing it exaggerated and unjust, the world would still owe a hearty vote of thanks to their authors. It is Lanfrey who has given us the real picture of Napoleon. Others may add touches here and there, but the great central figure, with its bold outlines and gigantic proportions, will always remain his work.

PETER THE GREAT AS RULER AND REFORMER.* XII.

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE END OF THE WAR, 1718-1721.

WHEN the Tsar returned to Holland from Paris, in August, 1717, he had an interview with Görtz in the château of Loo, and a proposal was made and agreed to, which Charles XII. subsequently accepted, for a peace congress to be held in the Aland Isles. This congress began its sessions in May, 1718, with Bruce and Ostermann as the plenipotentiaries on the Russian, and Görtz and Gyllenborg on the Swedish, side. Negotiating was difficult. The Russians offered to give up Finland, with the exception of Viborg, but nothing more. It was even hard to conciliate the interests of Russia with those of the allies, who were suspicious, although

the Tsar had promised to deal openly and uprightly with them. All wanted more than the Swedes were willing to grant. Görtz went to the King, and after a month's absence came back with his consent to cede Livonia, provided he got an equivalent in Denmark. Neither the Swedes nor the Russians wished to abandon Kexholm. Twice more Görtz went back to Sweden, twice Ostermann traveled to St. Petersburg for instructions from the Tsar. It was seen that Görtz, as a foreigner, favored though he was by the King, did not enjoy the confidence of the Swedish Government. At the same time the Swedes hesitated to give concessions, because they were expecting almost daily the outbreak of a vast insurrection in Russia. Ostermann finally came to the conclusion that an invasion was necessary to bring Sweden

* By request of Mr. Schuyler, we desire to state to readers of "Peter the Great" that it was found necessary, on account of the late arrival of the MS., to publish the August installment in a condensed form. The September and October installments were condensed by Mr. Schuyler himself. All three parts will be considerably amplified in the preparation of the book, which Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons will publish as soon as possible after the issue of this number of the magazine.—ED. S. M.

to terms, and expressed the hope that the fool-hardy King would either be shot or soon break his own neck. After the Russian plenipotentiaries had decisively repelled the Swedish proposition that the Tsar should join King Charles in a war against Denmark, Görtz went again to Sweden. This was in November, 1718. He was expected back in four weeks, but instead of him came the news of the death of his master, Charles XII., and of his own arrest and execution. The King was then occupied with a war in Norway, then belonging to the Danish crown, and on the 11th of December was struck in the head by a bullet from the fortress of Fredriksten.*

The accession of Charles's sister, Ulrica Eleonora, made a great difference in the state of affairs. The Brigadier Lefort was sent by the Tsar to congratulate her, and both sides expressed a wish for peace. But still the negotiations made no progress. Finally, in July, 1719, a Russian fleet attacked the Swedish coasts in the neighborhood of Stockholm, and burnt two cities, one hundred and thirty villages, forty mills, and many iron-works. Apráxin came to within a few miles of Stockholm, and laid waste the neighborhood. The Swedish loss was estimated at twelve millions of thalers. Ostermann was then sent to Stockholm, but his reception was cool, and he was asked how the Russians could, at the same time, negotiate for peace and permit the devastation of the country. The Russian plenipotentiaries were instructed to present an ultimatum that, within two weeks, the Russian propositions must be accepted or the negotiations broken off. The Swedes thereupon retired. Sweden had thrown herself into the hands of England, who, by her intrigues, gradually succeeded in alienating all of the allies of Russia. In November, 1719, Sweden concluded a treaty with George I. as King of England and Elector of Brunswick-Lüneburg, by which the duchies of Bremen and Verden were ceded to him on condition of the payment of a million of rix dollars. In January, 1720, preliminaries were signed at Stockholm between Sweden and Poland,

confirming the peace of Oliva and the independence of Poland, and recognizing Augustus II., though Stanislas was to preserve the title of king during his life-time, and to receive, once for all, a million of rix dollars. On the 1st of February, at Stockholm, peace was also signed between Sweden and Prussia, through the mediation of France and Great Britain. By this, Stettin and the district between the Oder and the Peene, including the islands of Usedom and Wollin, were ceded to Prussia. Even Denmark was at last induced to make peace, on the 14th of June, 1720. She gave up Stralsund, Wismar, and the island of Rügen, and contented herself with the cession of the small district of Bahus, together with the guarantee of her rights to Sleswig by England and France. Russia was thus left entirely alone, and, in view of these intrigues and changes, was preparing an alliance with Spain—then a by no means despicable ally—a project, however, which came to an end with the fall of Alberoni. England feared that the Tsar would support the party of the Pretender, and kept her fleet, under Admiral Norris, in the Baltic. It appeared there again in 1720, and the Tsar received information from London that Admiral Norris had come to protect the Swedish coasts and to assist in the conclusion of peace. Without allowing himself to be intimidated, he ordered all his officers to refuse to receive any communication whatever from the English admiral, and when a letter came to the commandant at Reval, it was sent back to Norris, and Apráxin asked him peremptorily the cause of the appearance of the English fleet. Norris spoke about mediation, and received the reply that in such case it would be better for the English to send a minister to St. Petersburg. At the same time, Russian troops again landed in Sweden and burnt several towns and villages, without the slightest opposition being offered by the English fleet, which gave an excellent subject of laughter to the opposition in Parliament. Again, in 1721, the English squadron appeared. Again the Russian fleet sailed to Sweden, and, in the presence of the English, engaged the Swedish fleet and beat it. Kurákin reported from The Hague about a letter from the King of England to Queen Ulrica, advising her to make peace, as these naval demonstrations were expensive, and were only carried through in the King's council by a small majority.

* In August, 1859, in the presence of King Charles XV. and of his brother Oscar (the present King of Sweden, who has published a description of the circumstances), the coffin of King Charles XII. was opened. An examination of the head proved beyond a doubt that the wound which caused the King's death came from the bullet of an enemy, and that he was not murdered by one of his own men, as had often been maintained.

Finally, through the aid of the French envoy, Campredon, who offered the mediation of France, Bruce and Ostermann were sent, in April, 1721, to Nystadt, where they met Count Lilienstedt and Baron Stroenfeld, on the part of Sweden. In spite of the operations in the Baltic, discussion went on, and on the 10th of September, 1721, a peace was signed on the conditions on which Peter had insisted. He kept Liyonia, Esthonia, and Ingria, part of Kurland with the district of Viborg, surrendered the rest of Finland, and paid two millions of thalers.

In a letter to Prince Basil Dolgorúky, at Paris, Peter said: "All students of science end their course in seven years, but our school has lasted three times as long—twenty-one years. However, thanks to God, it has finished so well that it could not have been better." He was on his way to Viborg to examine the boundary in dispute, when he received the news. He immediately returned to St. Petersburg, and the salutes and music from his boats announced to the inhabitants the end of the war. Immediately upon landing he went to church to give thanks, and his friends surrounded him and begged him, in commemoration of the event, to take the rank of admiral. Casks of brandy were brought out on the place in front of the church, the Tsar mounted a platform, and in a few words told the crowd of the happy event, seized a glass, and drank it off to the prosperity of the people. Cannons were fired from the fortress, and muskets by the regiments drawn up on the place. Twelve dragoons, with white heralds' wands, with banners and laurel crowns in their hands, rode through the city, and with blasts of trumpets announced the peace everywhere. On the 21st of October a great masquerade began, which lasted several days. Peter was like a child, and danced on the table and sang songs. On the last day of October, the Tsar announced to the Senate a general amnesty, and on the same day the Senate begged him to accept the appellation of Father of his country, the title of Emperor,* and the surname of The Great.

* Prussia and Holland immediately recognized the imperial title. Other countries, though some of them had previously translated Tsar by Emperor, made delays and difficulties, chiefly to please the German Emperor. The new title was formally recognized by Sweden in 1723, by Turkey in 1739, by England and the German Emperor in 1742, by France and Spain in 1745, and by Poland not until 1764.

CHAPTER XL.

CHANGE BREEDS DISCONTENT.

THE earlier changes made by Peter in the Government were rather of form than of substance. The names of some departments and of some officials were changed, but their duties and the method of fulfilling them remained nearly the same. The old official hierarchy gradually died out. Its members were not renewed. Instead of boyárs, voievodes, and diaks, Peter appointed ministers, governors, and secretaries. But when the brunt of the war was over, and the Tsar could turn his attention more to internal affairs, he planned changes which affected every branch of the administration, and entered into almost every detail of daily life. Without reviewing the particulars of all these changes, it is sufficient to say that they were made in imitation of foreign models—some German, some Polish, and many Swedish,—for after the war Peter was seized with admiration for the Swedish form of government,—that they were made without the slightest regard to the habits and usages of the Russian people, and that they were enforced by the most severe and tyrannical measures. Although in certain cases the elective principle was recognized, the tendency of all the changes introduced by Peter was to strengthen the central and autocratic government at the expense of local institutions. What little had still remained of self-government was entirely swept away. The result of Peter's reign was to strengthen despotism, and to give it a force which has enabled it to last even to the present day. Peter and his assistants had so little belief in the necessity of progressive development, and so little knowledge of the needs of the country, that his innovations were in many cases only tentative, and in the course of a few years his measures received many changes of form and principle. However useful his institutions were to carrying out his plans for a powerful empire, in many cases they were injudicious, and have been detrimental to the interests and progress of the country. To take but one or two instances, such were the passport system, the poll-tax on the peasantry, and the scale of official ranks. The aim of the great reforms made in Russia since Peter's day has been to get rid of institutions introduced by Peter or strengthened by his measures.

The old council of boyárs gradually gave place to the council of ministers,

and this, in turn, was absorbed by the Senate, an institution established in 1711, on the very day of the proclamation of the war against Turkey—to supply the place of the Tsar and act in his stead when he was absent from the seat of government. It was composed at first of nine members, and it had in every respect full power of government and administration, though one of its chief attributes was to collect as much money as possible, for, as Peter said, "Money is the artery of war." In 1717, all of the ministries or departments were re-organized and turned, on the Swedish plan, into boards or commissions called colleges. The old system of sending voievodes with great powers to govern the provinces was given up, and the whole country was divided into nine governments, and these into provinces, the governors of which reported directly to the Senate. This institution did much for centralization and to break down local self-government. In order to reduce the influence of the old nobility, which had been always more or less hostile to the new institutions, Peter made service to the state obligatory, and invented that "table of ranks" which made honors and titles dependent on good and efficient service. In the church, there were changes of great importance. When the Patriarch Adrian died, no man could be found whose views exactly suited those of the Tsar, and the place was therefore left unfilled for a time, and the management of ecclesiastical affairs was placed in the hands of Stephen Yavórsky, Bishop of Riazán. Subsequently Peter found that, with the opposition which existed everywhere to the changes which he had made, to appoint a new Patriarch, who by custom and law had a power in some respects almost equal to that of the Tsar, would be to give a rallying point to all his enemies, especially to the clergy. He therefore abolished the patriarchal office, and substituted therefor the Holy Synod. The numerous monasteries with which Russia was endowed were placed under the strictest regulations. Their immense property was practically confiscated and applied to charitable uses, small sums being granted for the support of the monks and nuns, who were greatly hindered in accepting novices, and who were confined more strictly to their monasteries.

The greatest need which Peter had was money. For his fleet, for his army, for the war, for the carrying out of his system of

re-organization, large sums were necessary, and to increase the revenue he desired to increase the wealth of the country. He interested himself in manufactures and trade, though little in agriculture, but such was the want of knowledge of that time that scarcely anything was touched that was not harmed. The constant interference with the regular channels of trade, the diversion of men from their regular work to building towns and digging canals, the attempts to create new industries, all had an injurious effect. The newly invented "revenue-providers" indeed discovered many new subjects of taxation, but the result was the oppression and impoverishment of the people. With the heavy taxes, with the forced labor, with the recruiting, the peasant and merchant scarcely knew how to gain their daily bread. Yet Peter succeeded in bringing the revenue of Russia at one time to ten millions of rubles. This was by no means all that was collected from the people. There was great exaction and extortion of all kinds, and much of the money paid in stuck to the pockets of the officials on its way to the central treasury. One of the great wants of Peter was men who would carry out faithfully what he ordered. The prevailing dishonesty distressed him, and he devised a system of fiscal agents who in reality were nothing more than spies, and even to this day, in the parlance of the common people, a spy is called a "fiscal." These were insufficient, and other spies had to be sent to watch them. The practice of denunciations of all kinds was encouraged to such a degree that it seemed that the aim of the Government was to make every individual a spy upon his neighbor. Yet, in spite of this, men who were favorites of the Tsar, most intimate in his councils, and most active in carrying out his plans, were sometimes the worst in this respect. Menshikóf fell several times into disgrace, but such was his power over his friend that by the sacrifice of a large amount of money he obtained pardon. Not so with others. Prince Gagárin, the governor of Siberia, in spite of the great service which he had rendered to the Government, was hanged at St. Petersburg for peculation. Kurbátóf, one of the most zealous revenue agents of the Tsar, fell into disgrace for the same cause, and died before his case was decided. The vice-chancellor Shaffróf—partly, indeed, through the hatred of Menshikóf—was brought to trial for illegal acts, and was condemned to death, but received a commutation of sentence

when he had already placed his head upon the block. Even Nesterof, the Ober-fiscal, the man who for so many years had punished others for corruption, was himself found guilty of the same crime and executed in 1724. Peter, who loved such spectacles, stood at the window of one of the ministries. The old Nesterof, seeing him, bowed, confessed his guilt, and begged for mercy. But the Tsar was inexorable. Nesterof had first his legs and arms broken on the wheel, his head was then struck off and exposed on a stake, and his body placed on a wheel for days.

One new institution came into being, one which has left an impress on Russian life not yet effaced—the Secret Chancery of Preobrazhénsky. In the old time, the Streltsi at Moscow had been charged with the preservation of the public order. They were the police of the city. After the dissolution of the Streltsi, the police duties devolved chiefly on the Preobrazhénsky regiment, and drunkards and other disturbers of the peace were arrested and taken to the post in the square of the Kremlin, or to the headquarters at Preobrazhénsky. The procedure was usually simple. After hearing the prisoner's statement and what little evidence the soldiers who arrested him could produce, Prince Ramodanófsky either imprisoned him for further investigation, had him stripped and beaten, or dismissed him at once if innocent—on payment, however, of a sum of money as expenses for his arrest. The business of the tribunal at Preobrazhénsky constantly increased, and included not only police matters, but crimes, and even treasonable acts. By a decree of October, 1702, this tribunal was legalized, and it was ordered that any person who cried out "word and deed" * should be sent before it. These terrible words brought about the arrest of all persons present or concerned, and the application of the most fearful torture. The Secret Chancery of Preobrazhénsky was subsequently transferred to St. Petersburg, and continued to have exclusive charge of the secret police of the state. In that way, it was the lineal ancestor of what was subsequently known as the Third Section of His Imperial Majesty's Chancery. It is pleasant to know that the numerous pages of its blood-stained records

during Peter's reign show but few cases of real crime against the Tsar, and sad to see what numbers of men and women were tortured for chance and sometimes ill-understood words and expressions, or on the denunciation of some personal enemy.

We remember what dissatisfaction greeted the first innovations of Peter. Nevertheless, the distasteful changes continued. The war began; taxation and recruiting bore heavily on all classes, but especially on the peasants. After the Streltsi had been crushed, there was nothing about which an organized opposition could be grouped; there were no natural leaders or parties who could take up the cause of the people. The protests against the despotism of Peter took the form either of dissent or of rioting and brigandage. The Cossacks and half-wild people on the southern and eastern frontiers received accessions of strength in many men animated by fanaticism and embittered by persecution. In the more central districts of Russia, the discontent showed itself in violent and "unseemly" speech, in rumors and predictions, which, though comparatively harmless, were pursued and punished. What sort of "unseemly" talk was current, we can learn from the abundant records of the tribunal of Preobrazhénsky. Every denunciation was followed by a rigid investigation, and every investigation, whether it showed guilt or innocence, was attended by inhuman tortures. A peasant, for example, groaned out: "Since God has sent him to be the Tsar, we have no happy days. The village is weighed down with furnishing rubles and half-rubles, and horses and carts, and there is no rest for us peasants." A boyár's son complained: "What sort of a Tsar is he? He has forced us all into the service, he has seized upon our people and peasants for recruits. Nowhere can you get away from him. Every one is lost. He even goes into the service himself, and yet no one kills him. If they only killed him, the service would stop, and it would be easier for the people." Some peasant women and soldiers' wives cried out: "What sort of a Tsar is he? He has completely ruined the peasants, carried off our husbands to be soldiers, and left us and our children orphans, to pass all our lives in weeping." A serf said: "If he lives long he will ruin all of us. I am astonished that people have not put him out of the way before now. He rides about early and late at night, with few

* "Word and deed of the Tsar" was the accepted term for denouncing high treason, even before the compilation of the code of the Tsar Alexis, but its origin is unknown.

people and alone. It is not a good time for the Germans now, because his father-in-law Lefort is dead. What sort of a Tsar is he? He is the deadly enemy of the peasants, and if he rides long enough about Moscow he will lose his head one of these days." A beggar said: "The Germans have got the better of him. One hour strikes, all is well. Another strikes, there is groaning and weeping. Now he has even attacked God—he has taken the bells out of the churches."

The change in the popular feeling toward the sovereign was very perceptible. In the time of the Tsar Alexis the people had many causes for discontent, but they threw the blame on Plestchéief, Morózof, and other boyárs and ministers of the Tsar, whom they considered to be the real causes of their troubles. Peter was no longer the demi-god who remained quietly in his palace or appeared only in state, ready to interfere to protect his people against the rapacity and the injustice of the boyárs. He had too often been seen in the streets and neighborhood of Moscow consorting with foreigners. He had shown his personal will too often during the executions of the Streltsi, at Vorónezh and elsewhere, for the people not to understand that the government was different, that the Tsar was the life and soul of it. Their blame, then, was directed against him alone. The popular mind needed some explanation of this strange phenomenon, and the first was ready to hand: "The Germans had got around him—had bewitched him." Following German fashions, he had ordered them to cut off their beards. He would probably go still farther. "The Tsar had traveled beyond the sea, and had fallen in love with the German faith. He was going to compel the monks to drink milk on Wednesdays and Fridays." But the explanation of German influence did not seem sufficient. The popular imagination embroidered on this, and began to inquire whether, after all, Peter was the real Tsar, the son of Alexis. In 1701, Prince Basil Sontsef was executed for two murders and two robberies. Surely his crimes were enough, but he had committed even a greater one. He had said that the Princess Sophia had called Peter "son of a Strelets." But this accusation explained nothing. At last the popular fancy hit on what seemed sufficient. Peter was the son of a German, and a changeling. The real child of the Tsaritsa Natalia was a girl, and as she greatly wished an heir to

the throne, the midwives had changed the infant for a boy from the German suburb—even for the son of Lefort. But the legend did not stop here. The Tsar had gone abroad, rumors had come of the unpleasantness at Riga. It was said that the foreigners had killed him, and sent one of their own men back to Russia to take his place, and to turn all the orthodox away from Christianity. This fancy took the form of a fairy tale:

"When the Tsar and his companions were beyond the sea, he went into the German lands, and was in Stekólme, the realm of glass [Stockholm]. Now the realm of glass in the German land is ruled by a woman, and that woman made mock at the Tsar, and put him on a hot frying-pan, and then, taking him out of the frying-pan, had him thrown into prison. When it was the name's-day of that woman, her princes and boyárs asked her for the sake of this feast to let out the Tsar. She answered:

"Go and look; if he is still turning around, I will let him out at your request."

"The princes and boyárs went and looked at the Tsar, and said:

"He is weak, O mistress!"

"Then she said:

"Since he is weak, bring him out."

"So they brought him out and set him free. Then he came to our boyárs, and our boyárs crossed themselves, made a cask and nailed it full of nails, and wished to put him into that cask; but one of the Streltsi found it out, and, running up to the Tsar's bed, said:

"O lord Tsar, get up and go away! You know nothing of what is to be done with you."

"And the Tsar got up and went away, and that Strelets lay on the bed in his place, and the boyárs came, and, dragging that Strelets from the bed, put him into that cask, and rolled him into the sea."

This story leaves it uncertain what became of Peter, but evil tongues set afloat a rumor that he had been killed abroad. "This is not our lord—he is a German. Our Tsar was nailed up in a cask by the Germans and thrown into the sea."

The opponents of the innovations went still farther. The Dissenters, and, in general, the religiously disposed Russian peasantry, were greatly given to apocalyptic teachings and to explanations of the Biblical mysteries. They had seen the fulfillment of prophecies in Nikon and Alexis, and were ready to be convinced that Peter, with the changes which he had made in the sacred and established order of things, was the true Antichrist.

The fate of one expounder of the doctrine of Antichrist created much sympathy. In the year 1700, information had been given to the tribunal of Preobrazhensky that a scribe named Gregory Talitsky had used all sorts of injurious and unseemly epithets

about the Tsar, and was engraving some boards in order to print a pamphlet and distribute it among the people. He fled, but was soon caught. On the application of torture, he confessed to having written a letter to the effect that the last times had now arrived, that Antichrist was come, and to having advised the people to refuse to obey the Tsar, who was Antichrist, or pay the taxes, and to having recommended them to search for Prince Tcherkásky, who wished good to the people. Among his accomplices were Ignatius, Bishop of Tambóf, who had encouraged him to write and print pamphlets, and Prince Iván Havánsky, who blamed himself for having taken part in one of the revels of the court where sport had been made of religion, and where he himself had acted the part of a metropolitan. Talítsky and his most faithful supporter were slowly burned, or rather smoked to death, as Vockerodt tells us. Others were knouted and sent to Siberia, and the Bishop of Tambóf was degraded and imprisoned for life in the Solovétsky monastery. Prince Havánsky died from his tortures before the end of the trial. Stephen Yavórsky tried to refute the teachings of Talítsky in a pamphlet called "The Signs of the Coming of Antichrist"; but, as usually happens, his arguments—which Vockerodt calls very weak—were read only by those who had no need of being convinced. The Government circulated the story that Talítsky had recanted at the stake, but the belief of many ignorant men was not shaken. The fame of Talítsky as a martyr, added to the reputation which he was said to have gained, during the torture, in a dispute with the Bishop of Riazán, spread among the people. Persons of higher rank, even Peter's son Alexis, were interested in him, and in after years Peter's daughter Elisabeth collected documents with regard to this affair.

Menshikóf, as Peter's special favorite, was said to have abandoned Christianity and to be surrounded by swarms of devils. The little cross pricked into the left-hand of the recruits to mark them was everywhere called the seal of Antichrist. The inhabitants of whole villages fled to the wastes of the north, east, and south-east, and lived in the woods and on the steppes to avoid contact with unholiness.

A curious specimen of the apocalyptic teachings of the Dissenters of this time is to be found in an old manuscript from the Solovétsky monastery, preserved at Kazán:

"The Apostle says, first comes a falling away, then is revealed the man of sin, the son of perdition, the Antichrist. First came the falling away from the holy faith by the Tsar Alexis in the year 666,* the number of the beast, thus fulfilling the prophecy. And after him there reigned on the throne his first-born son Peter, from his second and unlawful marriage. He was consecrated to the throne of all the Russias by the Jewish laws from head to foot, showing that he is the false Messiah and the false Christ, as the Sibyl prophesied about him that a Jewish Tsar will reign. And that false Christ began to set himself up and be called God by all, persecuting and torturing all orthodox Christians, destroying their memory from the face of the earth, spreading his new Jewish faith throughout all Russia. In the year 1700; to the accomplishment of his wickedness, and on the festival of the circumcision of Christ, he called together a heathenish court and erected a temple to the heathen god Janus, and before all the people practiced all sorts of magic rites, and all called out, 'Vivat! vivat! the new year!' and he sent to all parts of the realm the command to feast for the new year, thus breaking the laws of the Fathers, who in the first Œcumenical Council commanded the feast of the new year to be on the 1st of September. In the year 1721 he took upon himself the patriarchal title, calling himself Father of the country, Head of the Russian Church, and Autocrat, having no one on an equality with himself, taking craftily to himself not only the power of the Tsar, but also the authority of God, and claiming to be an autocratic pastor, a headless head over all opponents of Christ—Antichrist. Therefore must we conceal ourselves in the deserts, just as the Prophet Jeremiah ordered the children of God to flee from Babylon. The years of the Lord have passed; the years of Satan have come."

CHAPTER XLI.

THE LAST YEARS, 1722-1725.

It would seem as if the internal affairs of the Empire, and the great changes which he was trying to effect in the organization of the Government, were insufficient for Peter's active nature. The ink on the peace of Nystadt was hardly dry when the Tsar turned his attention to Asiatic affairs, and intervened in the Persian difficulties. Hussein IV. was one of those weak, negligent Asiatic despots, addicted to the pleasures of the harem, who by some fatality of the East seem destined to succeed the fierce, vigorous conquerors who established empires. Already Candahar had fallen away from his sway, and the ruler of Afghanistan had founded an independent monarchy. The

* It is very common in old Russian books to find the first figure of dates omitted. The year 666 meant the year 1666, the date of the Council of Moscow, and of the armed attack on the Solovétsky monastery.



Print par G. de Cederström

BEARING THE BODY OF CHARLES XII. (AFTER A PAINTING BY CEDERSTRÖM.)

country was a prey to internal dissension. Profiting by this, the new ruler of Afghanistan, the Emir Mahmud, compelled Hussein to accept him as grand vizier and actual ruler of Persia. Humiliated in this way, Hussein abdicated in favor of his youthful son, Tohmas Mirza. Daud Bek, the ruler of the Lesghians, a tribe in the Caucasus, who paid a yearly tribute to Persia, followed the example of the Afghans. He took Shemakha, robbed the Russians who traded there, and utterly ruined Yeoréinof, a very wealthy and at that time well-known Russian merchant. At the same time Vakhtan, the Prince of Georgia, who not long before had become a Mussulman to please the Shah, tried now to free himself from the Persian yoke, and for that sought support from Russia. He applied to Volynsky, the governor of Astrakhan, expressed his willingness to return to the Christian faith, and offered forty thousand troops to act against Persia. Moved by the representations of Volynsky, who shortly before had made a journey of observation through Persia, and fearing that the Turks might use this opportunity to establish their supremacy in the Caucasus, and perhaps on the Caspian, the

Tsar resolved on an expedition to the Caspian, and on giving unasked-for support to the young Shah of Persia. In the beginning of 1722 he went to Moscow, ordered ships to be prepared on the Volga, and in May, together with Catherine, set out by water to Astrakhan, stopping from time to time along the Volga, and entertained by the wealthy Russian manufacturing family of Strógonof at Nijni-Novgorod. In spite of strong representations from the Porte, Peter sailed from Astrakhan to Derbent on the 29th of July, with twenty-two thousand infantry and five thousand sailors. His cavalry, to the number of nine thousand, besides forty thousand Cossacks and Kalmuks and thirty thousand Tartars, marched by land. Tarku surrendered, but it was necessary to attack and destroy Utamys, whose ruler offered opposition, and on the 3d of September the Tsar arrived at Derbent, and received its keys from the commandant. Peter remained here a month.

Autumn drew on, it became difficult to supply his army, and therefore, leaving a garrison in Derbent, he returned to Astrakhan and thence to Moscow, where, on the 24th of December, he made a triumphal entry

into the old capital. The usual praise for his victories was heightened by the fact that he had captured a town founded, as the legend went, by Alexander of Macedonia. He remained in Moscow until spring, and, on the eve of his departure to St. Petersburg, set fire with his own hands to his old wooden palace at Preobrazhensky, saying to the young Duke of Holstein: "Here I first thought of war against Sweden. May every thought of enmity disappear with this house! May Sweden be the truest ally of my empire!"

The troops which Peter left behind him did their work well. Shipof established himself at Resht, in spite of the ill-will of the inhabitants and of the Persian authorities, who objected to this unasked-for assistance; and Matiushkin, being refused admittance to Baku in the summer of 1723, was obliged to take that town. These actions, however, were of little importance, for at the end of September, 1723, a treaty was made with an envoy sent by Tobmas Shah to St. Petersburg, by which Russia agreed to protect the Shah against rebels, and the Shah in return promised to provide for the auxiliary troops sent, ceded to Russia the towns of Derbent and Baku, together with the whole of the coast of the Caspian, including the provinces of Ghilan, Mazanderan, and Astrabad. In this way, almost without a war, Russia succeeded in obtaining a strip of territory in Asia which was to be of great consequence to its future, for although portions of this were subsequently returned to Persia, its occupation led to the annexation of the whole of the Caucasus. The efforts to settle the country with Armenians from the Turkish possessions brought about disputes with the Porte, and in January, 1724, matters had come to such a point that there was imminent danger of war. The mediation of the French ambassador was accepted, and resulted entirely in the favor of Russia. The Armenian emigration was allowed, but Vakhtan, the Georgian prince who had returned to Christianity, was oppressed both by Turks and Persians, and was finally obliged to give up his throne to a rival prince, and to seek refuge in Russia.

The most important event in the relations of Russia with the Western powers was the conclusion of a defensive alliance with Sweden, in February, 1724; the two states after their long war had entered into a firm friendship. Both powers agreed to prevent internal disorders in Poland and to uphold its ancient liberties and elective

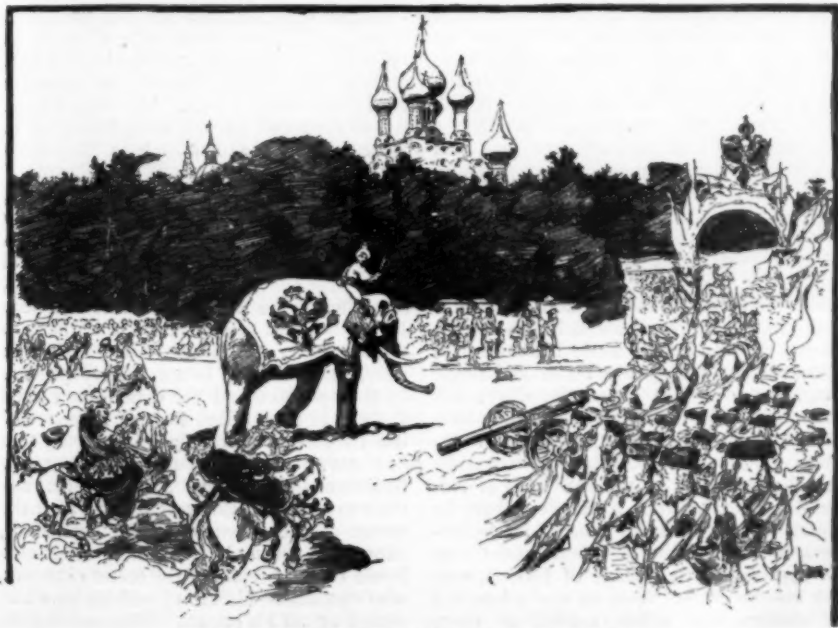
government. These stipulations confirmed the policy of the neighboring states toward Poland, for it was well seen that the maintenance of the old Polish liberties would sooner or later bring about the ruin of the Republic and give possibilities of profiting by its dismemberment. Ever since his visit to Paris, Peter had been in the best of relations with the French court, and he had at one time the design even of marrying one of his daughters, Elisabeth, to the young Louis XV. Fate brought about that, instead of the daughter of Peter, the French King married the daughter of his old enemy Stanislas. The good understanding with France assisted in keeping up friendly relations with the Stuarts. Peter supported the Pretender because he had for a long time been on bad terms with King George I. But this support did not lead Russia to any active undertakings on his behalf. When the French became reconciled to England, Peter was ready to follow their example, but that did not come about in his life-time.

The health of Peter had become much more broken. He was subject to frequent attacks of fever and weakness, and now every summer went for a while to the iron springs which had been discovered in the government of Olonetz. He evidently felt that his end might come soon; and in 1722 published a decree about the succession, by which all rights of inheritance were abolished. The permission was given to every sovereign of Russia to name his successor as he thought best, without regard to relationship or rank. His sons were all dead, and he did not seem favorably disposed toward the claims of his grandson, the child of Alexis. Yet he had not named a successor. It appears that he had the idea in his mind of leaving the throne to his wife Catherine. It is nowhere plainly expressed, and can be deduced only from circumstances. In the spring of 1724, he resolved on the coronation of Catherine. She was already called Empress, but only as his wife. He now desired to give her this title independently of him, and in a proclamation addressed to his people he recounted all her services to him and to the state, laying especial stress on what she had done during the campaign on the Pruth. The coronation took place on the 18th of May, 1724, in the Cathedral of the Assumption at Moscow, for Moscow still remained the center of the national unity. The ceremony was conducted by the Met-

ropolitan of Novgorod, and Theophán Protopovitch, Bishop of Pskof, preached the sermon, but Peter himself placed the crown on the head of his wife. Such an event had never been known in Russian history, except when Maria Muishek, the wife of Demetrius, had been publicly crowned. Feasts, masquerades, and balls, together with popular festivities, lasted for days, and as if to show that he had prepared for Catherine a power equal to his own, he allowed her to create Peter Tolstói a count.

While feasts and merriment prevailed at court, the condition of Russia was by no means happy. Everywhere there were complaints of misery. The recent bad harvests had made provisions dear. The grain store-houses which the Emperor long ago commanded to be built everywhere throughout Russia, existed only on paper. Crowds of poverty-stricken wretches wandered through the streets and along the high-roads, though Peter had often ordered that there should be no beggars in his empire, and under pain of penalties had forbidden his subjects to give alms. The hungry peasants turned to robbery and murder, and even in the neighborhood of St. Petersburg there were bands of marauders. The deficiencies in the taxes became greater and

greater; the Boards of War and Marine had not enough money to keep up the army and the fleet. Still the burdens of the people did not diminish. The colonization of Russian peasants to the detested St. Petersburg was continued, and many debtors to the treasury were sent to hard labor at Cronstadt and Rogerwik (now Baltic Port) — a new port laid out by Peter near Reval. While the courtiers were amusing themselves at masquerades, loud curses were heard among the people, for which many unfortunate persons were dragged to the privy chancery and given over to barbarous tortures. After the return of the court to St. Petersburg, preparations were made for new festivities to celebrate the marriage of the young Duke of Holstein, nephew of Charles XII., with the Princess Anna, the daughter of Peter and Catherine. The character of Peter had in some respects changed. Sometimes he was indefatigable in work; at others he desired solitude, and was so morose that no one dared speak to him, even about business. At times he would indulge in long conversations with his chaplain; at others he would send for his doctor, and perhaps immediately afterward give himself up to drinking and feasting. At the end of August, he took part in the



THE PROCESSION IN HONOR OF THE PERSIAN EMBASSADOR.



LIFE OF A PEASANT—HOLIDAY. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY VELTEN OF PAINTING BY P. SOKOLOFF.)

consecration of a church at his new country palace of Tsarskoe-Selo. The festivities continued for several days, and as many as three thousand bottles of wine were drunk. The consequence was an illness which kept Peter in bed for a week, but he had no sooner got up again than he went off to Schlüsselburg, and there had a new debauch on the anniversary of the capture of the fort. From Schlüsselburg Peter went to the iron-works of Olónetz, hammered out with his own hands a sheet of iron weighing more than a hundred pounds; then went to Novgorod, and from Novgorod to Staraya-Rus, to examine the salt-works. After this came a visit to the Ladóga canal, which, under the directions of Münnich, was making great progress. During the previous five years, hardly twelve versts had been dug by twenty thousand men, while Münnich had succeeded in cutting five versts in a single year, hoped before winter to dig seven more, and employed only twenty-nine hundred soldiers and five thousand free workmen. The cost of working, too, was much less than before. In the early part of November Peter returned to St. Petersburg by water, and immediately started for Systerbeck to examine the iron-works there. As he approached the village of Lakhta, near the mouth of the Neva, he saw a boat full of soldiers and sailors carried in every

direction by the wind and storm, which finally grounded before his eyes. Peter impatiently ordered his men to sail up to it, jumped into the water up to his waist, and aided in dragging the boat off the shoal. Several of his own crew were drowned in assisting him, but Peter worked the whole night in the water, and succeeded in saving the lives of twenty men. The next day he felt an attack of fever, put off his cruise to Systerbeck, and sailed back to St. Petersburg.

While Peter was still suffering with fever, a series of events occurred which greatly affected him morally. Catherine had a secretary who stood high in her favor and had charge of her property—William Mons, a brother of the Anna Mons who had been Peter's mistress before he made Catherine's acquaintance. Another sister, Metrena Balk, was a lady of honor. They profited by their position and the confidence placed in them to take bribes for the influence of the Empress. More than this, Peter, who had grown strangely suspicious, began to be jealous of Mons, and suspected his relations toward the Empress. Soon after the return of the Emperor to St. Petersburg, Mons was arrested one evening at his own house by the director of the secret chancery, who demanded his sword and his keys and sealed up all his papers. The next day he



PETER SAVING THE SAILORS AT THE MOUTH OF THE NEVA.

was subjected to an interrogatory in the presence of the Emperor, which so unnerved him that he fainted, and it was necessary to bleed him. The next day, he was again questioned and was threatened with torture. To save himself from this, Mons confessed that he had turned to his own use the revenues of several estates of the Empress, and that he had taken a bribe from a peasant with the promise of making him a groom of the Empress. He was sent to the fortress, and subsequently, on the 25th of Novem-

ber, was condemned to death. Catherine had the courage to ask Peter for the pardon both of Mons and his accomplices, at which the Emperor flew into such a passion that he smashed with his fist a handsome Venetian mirror. "Thus," he said, "I can annihilate the most beautiful adornment of my palace." Catherine could not but understand that in these words there was a hint at her own position, but calmly replied: "And have you made the palace any the more beautiful by doing so?" Peter then

calmed, but refused to listen to his wife's prayers. On the 27th of November, at ten o'clock in the morning, Mons and his sister were taken in sledges to the place of execution. Mons calmly bowed whenever he noticed his acquaintances in the crowd of people standing about; with a show of courage he ascended the scaffold, took off his fur coat, listened to the sentence of death for receiving bribes, bowed once more, and placed his head on the block. His sister, Metrena Balk, was punished with eleven blows of the knout, and sent to Tobolsk. Two others were whipped and sent to hard labor at Rogerwik. After the execution, Peter drove out with Catherine and passed close by the stake on which the head of Mons was exposed. He forced his wife to look at this bloody trophy, and it is reported that, looking the Emperor straight in the eyes, she said: "How sad it is that there should be such corruption even at court!"

Next came disclosures about Makórof, the secretary of the cabinet, who was accused of taking bribes for the reports which he made to his master, and about Menshikóf, who had before on two occasions been pardoned for his corruption and extortion, and who, on this new accusation, was removed from his position as president of the War Board. Meanwhile, on the 5th of December, the name's-day of the Empress, Peter celebrated the betrothal of his daughter Anna with the Duke of Holstein. In accordance with the decree by which Peter reserved to the sovereign the right of appointing his own successor, the Princess was obliged to renounce for herself and her posterity all claims to the Russian throne. A strange destiny made this renunciation of no effect, for the son of Anna, as Peter III., was the founder of the house of Holstein-Gottorp, now reigning in Russia.

Peter's health, instead of improving, grew every day worse, and he developed aggravated symptoms of a disease of the bladder. Nevertheless he controlled himself, attended to public affairs, and even indulged in some of his favorite occupations. At the end of December he took part in one of those coarse farces which seemed to satisfy a certain side of his nature, but which, as he grew older, seemed so incongruous with his character and his position. He proceeded to elect a new "prince-pope," the head of his college of fools, in place of Buturlín, who had died some months before in consequence of his drunkenness and gluttony.

In a hall in Buturlín's house a throne was erected, covered with striped material, on which Bacchus presided, seated on a cask. In the next room, where the "conclave" assembled, fourteen boxes were constructed, while in the midst was a table with representations of a bear and a monkey, a cask of wine, and dishes of food. After a solemn procession, the Emperor shut up the "cardinals" in the room of the conclave, and put his seal on the door. No one was allowed to come out until a new "pope" had been chosen, and every quarter of an hour the members of the conclave were obliged to swallow a large spoonful of whisky. The next morning, at six o'clock, Peter let them out. They had disputed among themselves for a long time, and as they could not decide on a pope, had been obliged to ballot for him. The lot fell on an officer of the commissariat, who was then placed upon the throne, and all were obliged to kiss his slipper. In the evening which followed, the guests were served with meat of wolves, foxes, bears, cats, and rats.

On the 27th of January, Peter, who had again caught cold at the blessing of the Neva, was forced to take to his bed, under the care of Doctor Blumentrost. On the 2d of February he confessed and received the sacrament. On the 6th, he signed a proclamation freeing all persons who had been exiled to hard labor, and pardoned all criminals except those who were condemned for murder and for heinous offenses. Catherine, by her entreaties, obtained the pardon of Menshikóf. The next day he expressed a wish to write out his intentions with regard to the succession to the throne. The paper was given to him, but he succeeded in writing only two words—"Give all," when the pen dropped from his hand. He called for his daughter Anna, in order to dictate to her, but when she appeared he was no longer able to pronounce a single word. The next day, the 8th of February, at six o'clock in the morning, he expired.

When it became known that the state of the Emperor was hopeless, the senators and other magnates assembled in one of the halls of the palace, to take measures for the succession. Many of them still clung to the old feeling in favor of hereditary succession, and declared themselves on the side of the little son of Alexis. Others, and the more influential, felt that this would be a dangerous risk for them. Tolstói knew that the nation hated him and accused him

of being the murderer of the Tsarévitch; Yaduzhinsky owed everything to Peter and Catherine; Menshikóf was sure that if Catherine ascended the throne he could manage affairs at his pleasure, and he had taken the precaution to surround the palace with two regiments of guards, after having previously assured himself of their fidelity. The dispute was long and bitter, and Prince Repnin, the field-marshal in command of the army, stood out long for the young prince. At last he yielded to the view of Tolstói that, in the absence of any written or oral declaration of his will by the Emperor, the oath given by them to Catherine on her coronation should be considered binding. The Senate therefore decided that, when Peter died, they would recognize Catherine as Empress. When this was done, they all went into the next room, where the dying Emperor lay, and remained there until all was over. They then withdrew, and a little after, Catherine, leaning on the arm of the Duke of Holstein, came in and besought them to protect and defend her. When she had finished speaking, Apráxin threw himself on his knees before her and announced the decision of the Senate. The hall resounded with cries of acclamation, which were repeated in the streets by the guards, and the announcement of the accession of Catherine was spread through the city as soon as that of the death of Peter. The oath of allegiance to the Empress was not administered everywhere with-

out protest, but the terror and awe inspired by Peter's name were still too great for any decided opposition. On the 10th of February the embalmed body was placed in one of the smaller halls in the palace, on a bed of state, covered with robes given by Louis XV. on Peter's visit to Paris, and the people were admitted to view it. On the 24th of February, the coffin of Peter was transferred to another *salon*, which had been decorated as a hall of mourning, and not long afterward there was placed beside it another coffin, containing the body of his little daughter Natalia. On the 19th of March, with imposing ceremonies, the coffin was transferred to the Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul in the fortress, and after the liturgy a sermon was preached by Theophán Prozópovitch. The body was sprinkled with earth according to the Russian rite, the coffin was closed, the imperial mantle was thrown over it, and it remained on the *catafalko*, under a canopy in the center of the church, until the 1st of June, 1731, in the reign of the Empress Anna, when it was consigned to the vault where it now reposes.

People breathed more freely in the West when the news came that Peter was dead. Rudakofsky wrote from Poland in February, addressed to Peter himself, that his enemies had spread the news of his death. "The dead flies," he says, "have begun to raise their noses again, and think that now the Russian Empire is going to destruction.



LIFE OF A PEASANT—WORK. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY VELTEN OF PAINTING BY P. SOKOLOFF.)



LIFE OF A PEASANT—THE END. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY VELTEN OF PAINTING BY P. SOKOLOFF.)

There is everywhere the greatest joy, everywhere firing of musketry and banqueting." The Russian minister at Stockholm wrote that he had seen that the King and his partisans were greatly delighted, and that there was everywhere the conviction that there would be the greatest disturbances in Russia. Bestuzhev wrote from Copenhagen that, at the news of Peter's death, "all, even the first at court as well as the common people, got drunk from delight." The Queen sent a thousand ducats to the poor, ostensibly on account of the convalescence of the King, but really, it was said, to express her joy at Peter's death. The King, he added, was, however, very angry at such manifestations, but that people in general expected there would be anarchy in Russia. King Frederick William I. of Prussia was an exception. He shed tears when Golófskin gave him the news, wore mourning, even in Potsdam, and ordered the official signs of grief to be continued for three months, as if he himself had died.

We have seen the feeling of the Russian people toward Peter. Since that time he has passed into legend. His severity has not been forgotten, but the awe is tem-

pered with admiration, and in the popular imagination he is a hero like Iván the Terrible.

Among the higher classes it is the fashion to speak of him as a demi-god, and writers scarcely mention his name without adding "that man of genius." Even those who blame the way in which he forcibly warped the current of Russian history render homage to his great qualities. As Kostomárof says: "He loved Russia, loved the Russian people—loved it not in the sense of the mass of Russians contemporary with and subject to him, but in the sense of that ideal to which he wished to bring the people. For that reason, this love constitutes that great quality in him which causes us, even against our will, to love him personally, leaving out of view his bloody tribunals and all his demoralizing despotism, which has exercised a baneful influence even on posterity. For the love of Peter to the ideal of the Russian people, a Russian will love Peter as long as he does not lose himself this national ideal, and for this love will pardon in him all that lies with such heavy weight on his memory."

THE FIRST EDITOR.

It was at the beginning of the revival of classical literature, and appropriately enough, about 1450,—the year generally accepted as that of the invention of typography,—that Aldus Manutius, the greatest of early printers, was born. His birthplace is not certainly known: it is supposed to be Sermo-
netta, a little town of the Roman States. Although educated in the best schools of

this peaceful life, and, with little money in his purse, but with liberal promises of patronage from the princes, went to Venice, and there, some time near 1490, began to edit and prepare for printing the works of almost forgotten Greek authors. To a prudent man printing Greek texts must have seemed most quixotic of enterprises. Printing had already been overdone. When Aldus

reached Venice, there were, or had been, one hundred and sixty printers and publishers in that city; most of them were diligently engaged in glutting the market with books of uncertain sale. The state of the trade at Rome was no better. Sweinheym and Pannartz, the oldest printers of that city, had petitioned the pope for help to save them from the bankruptcy about to follow their over production of Latin texts. What need was there of books in Greek—in a language then untaught at Oxford, neglected at the University of Paris, and read in Italy only by her ripest scholars and the few Greek refugees who had fled before the Turks?

Nor were the times propitious for business enterprise. All Italy was disturbed by rumors of impending war, of which Aldus must have had repeated forewarning, but its fears did not change his purpose. He went to printing, because he believed it was his appointed work; it was in the line of his duty as an educator of the people. His way to the teaching of a larger school, and

to more appreciative scholars, was through the door of a printing-office. Diligent study of the classics had made him emulous of antique sages, whose lives were models of zeal and disinterestedness. His motives are fairly enough stated in this extract from the preface of one of his early books:

"I have made a vow to devote my life to the public good. God is my witness that this is my most earnest desire. * * * I leave a peaceable life, preferring this which is laborious and exacting.



Rome and Ferrara, Aldus did not give any early promise of marked ability. Even when he reached full age, he was so shy, taciturn, and awkward, that he refused to qualify himself for any of the learned professions. He had leanings to the priesthood, but accepted without murmur the quiet duties of student and teacher, and for nearly twenty years was a tutor in the houses of the princes of Carpi. He was about forty years old when he abandoned

* * * Man was not born for pleasures unworthy of an elevated spirit, but for duties which dignify him. Let us leave to the vile the lower life of animals."

The duties of a printer and publisher of the fifteenth century were more arduous than they are now. The modern printer waits for orders to print; the modern publisher invites or receives the works he publishes; neither of them pretends to edit the books he produces. The early printer had to hunt them up and have them edited; his merit as a printer was gauged by his ability as an editor. The manuscripts he needed were scarce; most of them were full of errors made by ignorant copyists; all of them called for a critical reading before they could be given to the compositor. To buy or borrow different copies, to compare them, and prepare a new text for printing, could not be done without much time, money, and learning.

A great difficulty in Aldus's path was his ignorance of printing and publishing, for he did not enter the trade through the regular door of apprenticeship. There is no evidence, no probability, that he ever composed a page of type or printed a quire of paper with his own hands, either before or after his entrance. From the technical point of view, he was not a printer; yet he was better qualified for his work than any of his rivals. Printing, as then practiced, did not suffer for lack of mechanical skill. There was no need of steam-presses, type-setting or paper-making machines. In every branch, from type-founding to press-work, the machinery was amply good enough for the work to be done, and was worthily used. But there was need of greater scholarship—need of a printer who could do something more than servilely multiply the texts he handled. Aldus was the man for the time—the first of the craft who dignified it with marked editorial ability. The field in which he labored never could be worthily occupied by a mere trader or mechanic.

Aldus had to create the Greek types he needed. Clumsy Greek types had been made at Rome, Milan, and Florence; one was fitted to capitals more Gothic than Greek; one was entirely in Greek capitals; all of them were meanly provided with accents and full of badly formed and almost

unreadable characters. It was difficult to get a good model. Some copyists wrote in uncials, some in cursive, some in the old mural capitals; some combined different styles, and added mannerisms of their own.



The old saying, "It's Greek; skip it," must have arisen not so much from the strangeness of the language as from the changeable forms of the written letters. Aldus thought it necessary to design, cut, and cast an entirely new character, in which he tried to combine the legibility and grace of the small cursive letters of Demetrius of Crete, as shown in the Greek grammar printed in 1476, by Paravasius, of Milan, with the severe dignity of the old capitals as they were soon after shown in the "Anthology," printed at Florence in 1494. This was a graver task than making types for a text to be printed in Roman or Gothic character. A text in Latin or Italian could be acceptably printed from twenty-four capital and twenty-four small letters (J and U were not then in use), and a few signs for punctuation and abbreviation—in all about sixty characters;

but a text in Greek, with its complex accents and ligatures, according to Aldus's ideas of propriety, required about six hundred characters. At the outset, he fairly reproduced all the accents, and, as soon as he could, all of the ligatures. To reduce the straggling Greek characters of the manuscripts to symmetrical proportions, to adjust them on these bodies so that each letter would be in harmony when combined with any other letter, was a great undertaking. He did the work fairly, but not to his own entire satisfaction.

He seems to have been painfully conscious of the defects of his early Greek types, for his first books were thin little quartos that gave the notion of preliminary practice work. To him, the greatest defect was the sparsity of ligatures, which his poverty and his novice-like eagerness to do something did not allow him to present in the profusion he desired. In one of these early books (the "Poems of Musæus," undated, probably 1493), he tells the reader that he needs money:

"Accept my book, but not gratis. To furnish you with excellent Greek books, it is necessary that I have money. I cannot print without money, and plenty of money."

In his first book with date—the Greek Grammar of Lascaris, 1494—a work which he had corrected and enlarged—he calls attention to its superiority and usefulness, and calls again for money to enable him to produce more important work.

This important work was an edition, in five volumes folio, of the works of Aristotle, the first volume of which—the "Organon," published in November, 1495—was in the largest and most legible Greek text that had then been printed. Its superiority was acknowledged by Greek scholars everywhere, and Aldus was encouraged to go on with other large work. Before the year 1500, he had printed editions, in folio, of Theocritus, Bion, Moschus, and Aristophanes, four more volumes of Aristotle, and other books in quarto. To produce these books, he had to direct the making of three fonts of Greek and two of Roman types, to organize a great printing-house, and superintend the work of many men, from the composition of the types to the binding and selling of the books. This was work enough for a man of extraordinary ability; but Aldus did more. He prepared the copy for all these books, rewrote two Greek grammars and a new Greek lexicon, read all the proofs, and

kept up an extended correspondence. The difficulties he met in preparing the copy were most discouraging. In his preface to the "Theocritus," he says the texts he consulted were so mutilated and transposed that the author himself, if living, might not have been able to unravel the tangle. It does not surprise one, in view of the great work he did, to read this pathetic confession in the preface to his "Thesaurus" of 1496: "In this seventh year of my self-imposed task, I can truly say—yes, under oath—that I have not, during these long years, had one hour of peaceful rest."

All of Aldus's early books were printed from large, round, open types, and had broad margins—in all points fair imitations of the best manuscripts of his day, and in the style now most commended by bibliographers. But he was not fortunate in getting the approval of all critics. One of his literary friends, Urceus Codrus, in a letter written by him in 1498, said that he was pleased with the workmanship and the accuracy of the "Aristotle," but was indignant at the price. He thought Aldus was too prodigal of paper, and plainly said that he would deal more fairly were he to give more type and less margin. To prove that he was aggrieved, he adds that with the money paid for Aldus's five volumes of "Aristotle," he could have bought ten of the largest and best manuscripts in Latin. Alas for the mutabilities of fashion in book-making! A fair manuscript of the fifteenth century is now of more value than the ordinary printed book of the same period—not that the manuscript is more legible or more accurate, but because it is rarer. The broad margin which Codrus disparaged is now the evidence of superiority in the edition.

Codrus's complaint tempts to a consideration of the prices of Aldus's books. In his first catalogue, this edition of "Aristotle" bears the price of eleven ducats. If sold for silver, Aldus received about twenty dollars in American currency; if in gold, about twenty-six dollars. The purchasing capacity of the ducat in bread and meat—which is needed to make a just comparison of values—cannot be given. That Aldus thought the price too low is plain, for, in his catalogue of 1503, he asked four ducats for one of the volumes. His son, Paul Manutius, who succeeded him, in a financial statement made to an academy for which he printed, gives prices for similar work, which were about one-fourth more than those of

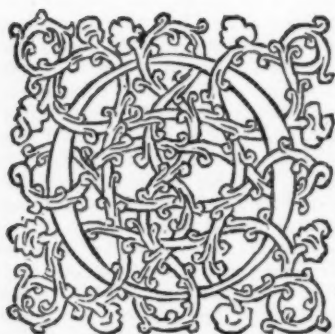
his father. That they were necessarily higher is proved by the financial perplexities of the family, and by the slow and steady advance in the price of folios and large-paper copies. The average price of the folio or large quarto, published in London at the beginning of the eighteenth century, was ten or twelve shillings; the price of a similar book published there now is rarely less than thirty shillings, and often fifty. The prices asked by Bodoni, the famous Italian printer, in the first quarter of this century, were twice and

not be cheapened by steam presses or typesetting machines. The man who can plan and print a well-made book will ask and get for his labor at least as much as the man who makes a pair of good boots.

In 1498, Aldus paid the penalty of overwork with a severe sickness. In view of death, he vowed that he would become a priest should he get well. He did recover, and, regretting his vow, asked and obtained of the spiritual authorities a release from this obligation. The motive may be inferred when we read of his marriage in 1499



ΠΟΡΦΥΡΙΟΥ ΕΙΣΑΓΩΓΗ.



ΝΤΟΣ Ἀναγκαίως Χρυσόδοσις εἰς τὴν ᾧ παρὰ Ἀριστοτέλους κατη-
γοριῶν διδασκαλίαν. τὸ ἴδιον αὖτε
γνώσκειν καὶ τὴν διαφορὰν. τί τε εἶδεν καὶ
τί ἴδον. καὶ τὴν συμβιβητικὴν εἰς τε τὴν
ᾧ ὁρισμὸν ἀποδοσέν, καὶ ὅπως εἰς
τὴν περὶ διαιρέσεως καὶ ἀπὸ διέξεως.
Χρυσόδοσις ὅστις τῆς τοῦ τῶν θεωρίας, σὺν τοῦ μόνου παρὰ-

LARGE GREEK TYPES OF ALDUS. FAC-SIMILE OF UPPER HALF OF FIRST PAGE OF "ARISTOTLE."

thrice as much as those of the elder Aldus. Improvements in machinery enable modern publishers to produce newspapers, magazines, and popular books, which can be sold in large quantities, at very low prices; but they have not at all cheapened the large-paper copies or those books that are certain to have small sale. A few copies of a book finely printed cost more now than ever; nor is it probable that this higher cost will ever be much reduced, for the great expense of the small edition of a choice book is, and always will be, that of hand labor. It can-

not be cheapened by steam presses or typesetting machines. The man who can plan and print a well-made book will ask and get for his labor at least as much as the man who makes a pair of good boots.

It may have been the advice of his thrifty father-in-law, who was a successful publisher, —it may have been the complaints of Codrus and his friends that his books were of too high price,—that induced Aldus to change his methods of book-making. Like all the early printers, he had believed that the broad-margined and large-typed folio was

the true model; but he and they soon discovered that it was not entirely acceptable. There is a flavor of querulousness in his prefaces before the year 1500, which indicates that his books did not find cheerful purchasers. To get the buyers he desired, he must make cheaper books. To do this, he must make smaller types, and put a large page on a small leaf. He did not shrink from the innovation.

He was thoroughly saturated with the spirit of the Renaissance and was ready to give up any method which even seemed to hinder a wider spread of knowledge. When fairly awakened to the necessity for changing the size of popular books, he was also prepared to change the form of the letters. Some printers at Rome and at Venice had made their earlier books popular by rejecting Gothic and printing them in light, clear Roman letters. Why might not he be as successful with an entirely new character? The model for this new character he found in the thin, sharp, inclined handwriting of the poet Petrarch; smaller, clearer, simpler than the Gothic; more condensed and paper-saving than the round-faced Roman; the very letter, as he thought, to fairly show the most matter in the least space.

He took this writing to Francesco Raibolini of Bologna, an expert goldsmith at Venice, and hired him to redraw the characters in typographical proportion, and to cut the punches or models of the types he wanted. The cutting of the new character was not so tedious as the cutting of punches for Greek, but it had its own difficulties—especially in

the adjustment of inclined letters on square bodies. The labor would have been lighter if Aldus had been content with one form only of each letter. He was not. The vitiated taste which induced him to make ligatures for Greek, compelled him to order "tied" letters, or double letters, for the new font. His ideal of a popular character was a close imitation of stiff or set penmanship, the beauty of variety, not of uniformity.

The first work printed in the new character was an edition of Virgil, an unpaged book of two hundred and twenty-eight leaves in octavo, which was published in April, 1501. It is properly called an octavo, for the leaf is one-eighth of the sheet on which it was printed, but the unschooled reader, who is more familiar with the larger size (six by nine inches) of the modern octavo, would rate it as a small eighteen-mo, for the leaf of this Virgil, lightly trimmed, does not measure four by six inches.

The new character was successful. By Italians it was called Aldino or Aldine, in honor of the inventor. In France, where it was counterfeited, and where there was a motive to suppress the name of the inventor, it was called Italic, the name by which it is now

known to French and English readers. In a decree dated November 13, 1502, the senate of Venice gave Aldus exclusive right to the use of this character, and threatened counterfeiters with fines and the confiscation of printing materials. This patent, which was confirmed by Pope Alexander VI. on December 17, 1502, was subsequently renewed for fifteen years by Pope Julius II. (January, 1513), and by Pope Leo X. in the

LIB. III.

(si uisus per membra feras) hoc pectore pressus
 Vastator Nemesis: hæc ex iniale ferebant
 Robur: Et argos frangebant brachia remos.
 Hoc spatio tam magna breui mendacia formæ.
 Quis modus in dextra: quanta experientia docti
 A rificis curis, pariter gestamina mensæ
 Fingere: Et ingentes animo uersare Colossos?
 Tale nec idæus quicquam Telchines in antris
 Nec solidus Brontes: nec qui polit arma deorum
 Lemnius, exigua parauisset ludere massa.
 Nectorna effigies: epulisq; aliena remissis,
 Sed qualem parci domus admirata Molochi.
 Aut Aleæ lucis uidet Tegeæa sacerdos.
 Qualis Etææus emissus in astra fœuillis
 Nectar adhuc totus læus in unone bibebat.
 Sianitus uulnus uelut de pectore gaudens
 Hortetur mensus tenet hæc marcentia fratris
 Pocula: adhuc sæuæ meminit manus altera cædis.
 Sustinet oculum Nemeæo tegmine saxum
 Digna operi fortuna sacro. Pellæus habebat
 Regnator læus numen uenerabile mensis.
 Et comitem ocellus secum portabat Et ortus
 Penfabatq; libens, modo quadriademata dextra
 Abstulerat: dederatq; Et magnas uerterat urbes.
 Emper ab hoc animos in crastina bella petebat.
 Hinc acies uictor semper narrabat opimas.
 Sine cui benatos Bromio deiraxerat Indos.
 Sine clausam magna Babilônia resregerat hasta.
 Sine Pelopis terras libertatemq; pelagum
 Obruerat bello: magnoq; ex agmine laudum

FAC-SIMILE OF A PAGE OF ALDUS'S EDITION OF STATIUS.

same year. These patents gave no protection. With shameless impudence the punch-cutter, Raibolini, made duplicates for the rival printer, Girolamo Soncino, of Fano, which he at once put to use in an imitated edition of Aldus's Virgil, stealing in one venture not only the letter but the editorial work of Aldus. The Giunta, a printing association at Florence, also made a clumsy imitation of Italic, with which they printed many books. An unknown printer, at Lyons, reproduced this Virgil, with other Aldine books, in close imitation of this Italic, and with the trade-mark of Aldus, and sold the books wherever he could, as the product of Aldus's presses.

Aldus could not prevent this piracy, nor could the state help him. He could do no more than publish this warning against counterfeiters, which first appeared under date of March 16, 1503:

"When I undertook to furnish good books to lovers of letters, I thought that I need only see that the books issued by our Academy should be as correct as care could make them. But four times within the past seven years I have had to protect myself against the treachery of my workmen. I have defeated their plots and punished their perfidy. Yet, in the city of Lyons, books are fraudulently printed under my name. These books do not contain the name and place of the real printer, but are made in imitation of mine, so that the unwary reader will believe them printed in Venice. Their paper is inferior and has a bad odor. The types displease the eye, and have French peculiarities. The capitals are deformed. The letters are not connected, as mine are, in imitation of writing."

It is impracticable to show a fac-simile from this Virgil, but the accompanying fac-simile of a page of Statius, a book of the same size, and printed from the same types by Aldus in 1502, when the types were but slightly worn, will just as fairly show the peculiarities of his early Italic. The printed page has the appearance of leaded types (or of types separated by increasing space between the lines) but it is not leaded. The characters were cast on a body nearly as large as that known to English and American printers as pica, but the short letters, which constitute the greater part of the font, like the *m* and *a*, are at least two sizes smaller than is usual for types on this body. The new character was cut with plain intent to get many letters in a line. All the short letters are angular and pinched. Two letters are often put together in one type, making

the tied, condensed character which Aldus admired. This tying and pinching was overdone, for, although the Aldine Italics are of firmer face, and have an open, leaded appearance, they are not as easily read as modern Italics of the same size. An over-nice criticism could note defects of proportion and fitting, but every type-founder will admit that for a first experiment this Italic was well done.

The composition is good in its comparative freedom from the abbreviations then in common use,—not so good, perhaps, in its bewildering use of a few punctuation points. Its great peculiarity is the queer shape of the capital letters at the beginning of each line. The capitals are not higher than the short letters of the text; they do

not incline, but stand up straight; they are separated from the words to which they belong by a wide space. The spacing-off of capitals in poetry was a mannerism then in fashion with Italian copyists, which Aldus reproduced. No reason has been given for his use of upright capitals. It is probable that this peculiarity was caused by his reverence for classic models. He had no scruples about altering the shapes of Petrarch's letters to suit the needs of type-founding, but he did shrink from meddling with the shape of classic letters. To incline the capitals as we do, and make them harmonize with the text, he regarded as literary vandalism. He would as soon have altered the words of Cicero as the shape of Cicero's letters.

Aldus's substitution of small capitals for capitals, and his method of joining straight and inclined characters, have not been approved by printers. Yet his small capitals have everywhere been recognized as a great improvement. All type-founders provide them as a necessary part of each font of Roman type.

The paper of this edition of Statius is thin, of smooth face, and of fair color, but it is unsized and not fit for writing on. It came, as did most of his paper, from the mills of Fabriano, a place that long maintained a good reputation for paper-making, for the Fabriano papers were honorably mentioned by a jury of the World's Fair, of which Firmin-Didot was chief, at London in 1851. For special copies, Aldus selected finer papers. His friend Lorenzo, writing to Aldus's

*Explicit feliciter Anno dñi. M.CCCC.XI
Die vero. 9. Mensis Septembris. Expensis honesti
virii Bartholomei trot.*

IMPRINT OF ONE OF THE COUNTERFEITERS AT LYONS,
"THE HONEST MAN, BARTHOLOMEW TROT."

patroness, Isabella d'Este, tells her that the promised copies of Petrarch and Ovid are delayed by Aldus's inability to get fine, pure white linen paper; that only fifteen choice copies each of these books will be printed; that the printed sheets of her copies will be carefully selected by Aldus himself, and that the price of the Ovid will be five ducats. These special copies, on finer paper, elegantly bound, and ever since carefully preserved, may have led to the error that Aldus always printed on full-sized paper. As full-sized paper was expensive, and not easily printed, the printers of that time selected it for choice copies only.

The price of the new octavos was a little less than fifty cents in American silver. Compared with the earlier editions in folio, they were marvels of cheapness,* but the sequel proved that they were too cheap for the time.

Immediately after his recovery from his dangerous sickness, Aldus had to confess that the task he had undertaken was too great. To select, procure, and prepare for press the manuscripts he proposed to print, it was necessary that he should have the assistance of the ripest scholars. For this purpose he founded, in 1501, the New Academy, a voluntary association of eminent scholars, among them Greek exiles, Venetian senators, Roman cardinals, professors in universities, and men of letters.† This Academy did a great service to classic literature by its discussions concerning the relative value of different authors, the true reading of different versions, and the genuineness or spuriousness of disputed passages. The need of the work done by this Academy is clearly stated by Erasmus, in his article on Aldus's motto, *Festina lente*:

"We now give as much care to the exact rendering of a manuscript as to the wording of a legal paper. This care was a once sacred duty, but it was in-

*Cheap as this may seem, the book has been made at a lower price. In 1806, Pierre Didot, of Paris, published a Virgil of the same size, the first of a stereotyped edition of classic texts, ornamented with vignettes on copper by Andrieux, and beautifully printed, for the paltry price of one franc. This, also, was an unprofitable venture.

† The rules of the Academy are curious. All conversation must be in Greek. Whoever spoke in any other language was fined. If the fine was not paid after the offense, it was doubled at the next meeting. These fines were put in the hands of Aldus, to defray the expense of an occasional feast. No jokes were tolerated; the jester who poked fun at the Academy must be expelled. The jocular man, so the rules say, was unfit to realize the sweet dream of a new Academy after the ideal of Plato.

trusted too long to ignorant monks, and afterward to women. What trouble this neglect has made for the printer! Yet our law-makers do not concern themselves about the matter. He who sells English cloth for Venetian cloth is punished, but he who sells corrupt texts in place of good ones goes free. Innumerable are the books that are corrupted, especially in Germany. There are restraints on bad bakers, but none on bad printers, and there is no corner of the earth where bad books do not go."

With these helpers, Aldus gave himself up to his printing-office work with renewed earnestness. In one book he says: "You do not know how busy I am; the care I have to give to my publications does not allow me proper time to eat or sleep." So busy a publisher and editor may be pardoned the irritability he showed to bores, and printing-house correspondents. How feelingly he describes them! The pedagogue who sent him sixteen-page letters of advice; the incompetent author who wanted his unsalable book printed at Aldus's expense; the would-be author who asked him, as if it were a favor conferred, to read and correct his manuscript; the literary idler who wanted to talk about books; the inquisitive man about town who wanted to know, you know, what he would publish next—are they not as much of the nineteenth as of the fifteenth century? In self-defense, Aldus put this warning on his door:

"Whoever you are, Aldus entreats you to be brief. When you have spoken, leave him, unless you come like Hercules to help Atlas, weary of his burden. Know that there is work here for every one who enters the door."

Strangers were often refused admission, and required to wait until Aldus should be ready. Erasmus, wittiest and wisest of the authors of his time, met this rebuff when he visited Aldus to arrange for the printing of a new book. Although Aldus greeted him cordially, with regrets for the delay, and afterward printed and praised his book, and made him an inmate of his house, and a member of the New Academy, and gave him employment as editor and corrector, the waspish little Dutchman never forgot the incivility. For Erasmus was nothing if not critical. To live and work with Aldus was to see points of attack. He did not spare him. Years after, when attached to the printing-house of Froben, of Basle, he made occasion to remark that Aldus's early editions had many errors. Accused of assisting in the production of these erroneous books, Erasmus indignantly denied that he had ever served as a proof-reader for Aldus on any books but his own. It was a vile

slander that he had ever been a proof-reader for wages. In one of his Colloquies, Erasmus sneers at the mean table of an Italian who nearly starved his boarders. It was understood at the time that this mean Italian was Aldus. Scaliger, a model scold, intimates that Erasmus was a glutton—"drinking like three, but doing only half the work of one man." Like most Italians, Aldus was frugal and abstemious. Erasmus, with his northern likings for beef and beer, was dissatisfied with the bread and thin wine which Aldus provided for the thirty-three persons, most of them his employés, who sat at his table.

Aldus's fortunes were not improved by the publication of books in the more salable size of octavo, nor by cheap editions in the more popular languages of Italian and Latin. The book-market was overstocked, for the world was thinking then more about arms than books. The interruptions to trade made by jealousies and wars between Italian states drove printers and buyers to more peaceful cities. Venice, which in 1503 had made a dishonorable peace with the Turks, was unable or unwilling to unite with sister states in trying to repel the invasion of France and Spain, yet was reckless enough to seize a part

of the territory of the pope, and provoke an enmity which led to an invasion of Venetian territory by the Germans and Swiss. In 1506, Aldus was compelled to stop business, to close his printing-office, and leave the city. He was arrested as a spy, and for a short time was imprisoned at Mantua. When he reopened his printing-office, in 1507, he was greatly impoverished, and had to receive assistance from Torresano, his father-in-law, and was able to publish but one volume in that year. In 1508 and 1509 his office was fully engaged, and he published seven volumes, but he was again obliged to close his office on account of the war which followed the league of Cambray. The city of Venice escaped invasion during this war, but it was ravaged by an accidental fire, which destroyed much of its wealth, and drove away nearly half of its population. No book was printed by him in the years 1510 and 1511. Next year he began again, but poorer than ever. His imprints after 1513 show that he was then in partnership with Torresano, who furnished most of the money capital.

His ardor in publishing books increased

with age and with the accession of means; in two years he printed twenty-one books, eight of them folios. This activity was the flash of a dying lamp. In January, 1515, he was seized with a sickness which he knew was his last. He made a will, intrusting the sale of his interest in the printing-office (which was but one-fifth) to the care of his wife, and the education of his four minor children to his father-in-law and business partner, Andrew Torresano. One of his executors in Ferrara was "the very illustrious Duchess of Ferrara," the sister of the infamous Cæsar Borgia, the Lucretia Borgia of Donizetti's opera, and by that and by other writings known to the world as the archetype of female depravity. For many years she had been friend and patron to Aldus. It is possible that she may have been, as a recent Italian historian declares, the best abused woman in history. His wife, mentioned in the will with affection, was to have the use of his estate until the sons were twenty-five years of age, when it was to

be equally divided among them. "And, lastly, as the Italian letter needs improvement, I beg my father-in-law to intrust to Giulio Campagnola the making of new capital letters which shall accord with the small letters."

Aldus died February 6, 1515. His body was buried, as he requested, at Carpi, where he had passed his youth and early manhood. Andrew Torresano religiously obeyed all requests of the will. His sons were fairly educated. One of them, Paul, afterward became the head of the printing-house, and almost as famous as his father.

Aldus began to print at an age when most men think their life-work at least half done, and he was interrupted by sickness, war, and loss of property; yet he printed one hundred and twenty-six editions known to bibliographers, seventy-eight of them quartos and folios, and many of two or more volumes. It is probable that he also printed, for account of others, books which do not appear in his catalogue. In time of peace his printing-house was in full employment; he had a right to say, as he did, metaphorically, that he kept his types warm and made his presses sweat. Very proud he was, in 1502, when he told his readers that his expenses for labor were two hundred ducats a month, and that his increasing business was the envy of all his rivals.

VENETIIS IN AEDIVS
ALDI. MENSE AV
GVSTO-M.DII.

Cautum est et in hoc, ut in cæteris.

IMPRINT OF ALDUS.

poraries, were of lead and tin, with possibly a little antimony. In speaking of his printed books, which were in imitation of handwriting, Aldus says that they were made "with a hand of tin"—meaning that the types were largely composed of tin.

Aldus did not excel in everything. His press-work is always good, but not superior to that of Jenson and Torresano. His skill in printing wood-cuts, and even in showing to advantage the beauty and delicacy of well-

cut type, was decidedly inferior to that shown by Kerver, Vostre, and Pigouchet, of Paris, the printers of illustrated missals and books of devotion. Aldus had no enthusiasm for this department of printing. His first experiment in this difficult field was his last. This experimental book, the "Reveries of Polyphilus," a stout folio of two hundred and thirty-four leaves, fully illustrated with designs from an unknown but able master, possibly Benedetto Mantegna, was published at the expense of Leonardo Crasso, in December, 1499. The author, the ecclesiastic Francesco Colonna, judiciously withheld his name, for it is a queer book to have been written by a priest, and he was wise in securing the protection of the cardinal to whom it was dedicated. The subject matter is the love of Polyphilus for Polia, a weak and wordy imitation of the amorous poetry of Dante and Petrarch. The amatory sentiment is extravagant, yet even that is kept subordinate to the author's desire to display his profound knowledge of art and mythology. The designs are of high merit, the engraving, fairly done, is in the old outline style of the early block printers; the press-work does not show marked skill.

Among the illustrations of this book is one of a dolphin twining about an anchor. It pleased Aldus, who at once adopted it as his trade-mark, showing it for the first time in his edition of Dante of 1502, and ever after in all his books. Erasmus, explaining the device, with the motto (added afterward) *Festina lente*, says the dolphin signified speed, the anchor deliberation, and was an exemplification of the proverb, "Make haste slowly." This illustration is taken literally,

faults and all, from the Statius of 1502. Four variations of this design were afterward made by Aldus or his sons; two of them are more ornate, but none is better than this.

Aldus died poor. He may have had the money-getting, but he did not have the money-keeping, faculty. Whether he sold folios at high price, or octavos at low price, the result was the same. Directly or indirectly, he gave to the book-buyer quite as much as he received.

In 1529, Andrew Torresano died. His sons and the sons of Aldus continued the work of their fathers, but they did not agree. They published but few books. In 1540, the sons of Torresano withdrew, and the books of the house after this date bear the imprint of Aldus's sons. Paul Manutius, the elder, then twenty-eight years old, was the manager. Like his father, he drew about him many learned men, and kept the favor of eminent Italian ecclesiastics and princes. He re-opened the Academy, and with its aid

published many valuable books. But the wars and the waning commercial prosperity of Venice compelled him to remove his printing-office to Rome, where he was cordially received and provided for by Pope Pius IV.

Although Aldus did a great deal for the revival of learning, neither he nor his sons lived to see the benefits which he hoped would follow a wider study of classic texts. The golden age of literature that he hoped for did not return. His books and exhortations did not bring to Venice the ideal republic of Plato. They did not fully accomplish the purpose for which printing was sent. Of help to the wise, but of no benefit to the ignorant, they really widened the gulf between the two classes at a time when they should have bridged it. It was not in the shadow of St. Mark, where Aldus labored, nor in the palaces of the Medici and of the Vatican, where his sons were welcomed, that printing received the nurture that made it a reorganizing force in the world. The seed from which the greatest harvest of good came was sown by early printers, like those of England, who seldom printed a Greek or Latin text, but who made books in languages that common people could read.



DEVICE OF ALDUS, FROM STATIUS.

A PLEA FOR RAILROADS.

THE war against railroads, which commenced several years since at the West and was waged by the Grangers with more or less success, has recently been transferred to the East, and during the past year New York has been the immediate field of hostilities, the chief operations being conducted before a legislative committee of investigation, by commercial "committees on transportation," aided by able and astute counsel. The voluminous testimony—if much of it can be called testimony—taken in this investigation is full of conflicting opinions and a spirit of opposition. Its effect has been to create a feeling adverse to railroads, outside of the authors of the investigation, which is unintelligent and extreme. It has given rise to a very general outcry in the commercial world, and charges of "extortion," "discrimination," and "watering stock" against all railroad corporations. Without discussing this contradictory testimony or the arguments of counsel, and steering clear of the extreme opinions on either side, it may be well to consider if railroad management in general is as black as it is painted, and if something cannot be justly and reasonably said on behalf of the railroads, admitting their responsibility to the public and their subjection to State control in some respects, but asserting their rights and privileges under a fair construction of law.

There is a quite common opinion in the business world, supported by a recent letter of Hon. Jeremiah Black, in reply to certain interrogatories proposed by the New York Chamber of Commerce, that railroads are simply *public highways*. There are, it is true, some judicial opinions looking in the same direction; but the recent common opinion goes a step farther than the judicial opinions, and, according to that, *quasi* public highways have become actual public highways. The argument is that private property can be taken by right of eminent domain only for public use, and, private property being taken for the construction of railroads, they are roads dedicated to the public, and the property taken from individuals becomes the property of the public—"the people," or the representative of the people, the State. Now that is not true in fact, and it is not founded in reason, however plausible it is in theory, and easily

evolved from some old principles of law. The necessities of modern progress render a modification of old theories, and even of old principles, inevitable; and, since the introduction of railroads, the idea that private property taken for the purpose of travel in a peculiar manner, and under new conditions, becomes a public highway as a county road is a highway, is no longer tenable, and, in practice, is not recognized. When the earliest railroad corporations were chartered, it was supposed that they would be open to the use of everybody, each with his own vehicles and motive power (horses), upon the payment of tolls for such use, as canals had previously been used. The introduction of steam locomotives at once changed all that. Without taking into view the cost of locomotives, such a mode of using railroads was palpably impracticable, and the old theory of the rights of the public in such a road was necessarily modified in practice, though it still lingered in its earlier form in the minds of some jurists.

A railroad, whether constructed over land taken by the right of eminent domain granted to the corporation by the legislature, or over land the fee of which has been purchased, is the property of the corporation. Even if it be only an easement it is held exclusively by the corporation or its assigns, and the body of railroad law which has grown up in the last fifty years, in spite of adverse theories, recognizes it as the property of the corporation. A person walking on it is a trespasser and liable to a penalty; its structures, fixtures, and appliances are protected by stringent laws. The State cannot take it without paying for it, and all laws which authorize such purchase recognize it as the property of the corporation. Only in case of forfeiture of its franchise can the State take from the corporation its road. So long as it performs its functions as a railroad corporation and violates no fundamental law of its existence as a corporation, its property cannot be taken from it. It has the exclusive right to move cars over its rails and to carry passengers and goods. So far as the road-bed, rails, and fixtures are concerned, the public has no right in or to them. It simply has a right to be carried over them by the proprietors. The relation of the railroad corporation to the public is simply that

of a common carrier. It is authorized to construct a railroad and to exercise exclusively on that railroad the functions of a common carrier. Deriving its right by grant from the State, it is subject to the control of the State to a certain extent, so far as such control does not violate the contract between the State and the corporation, or trespass upon the legal rights of the corporators. That is the relation of the railroad to the State, and that relation is conceded by most railroad managers.

As common carriers, railroads are subject to the common law concerning common carriers, reinforced, modified, and supplemented by statute law. By such laws they are bound to carry all persons (not excluded by police regulations), and, if they are freight roads, all goods (under the same restrictions) at certain established rates. They must transport at reasonable rates, and they have no right, in most of the States, to make unequal rates to different persons for the same service; or, in other words, to make unjust discrimination in favor of or against any parties.

It is undoubtedly true that many railroad corporations have not observed this last-mentioned law, and the existence of any such law is in some quarters denied. In Massachusetts, however, most intelligent railroad managers recognize their obligation not to make any unjust discrimination. But, honestly admitting the force of the law, they as honestly differ with many who are bitterly denouncing all railroad managers in their view of what are reasonable rates and what is discrimination.

And, first, as to reasonable rates. It may be said, at the outset, that there can be no common standard for "reasonable rates." What is reasonable for a road of easy grades, and a large volume of business, would be unreasonably low for a road of heavy grades and a small volume of business. And there is no classification yet attempted that will not work injustice to some roads. The question, "What is reasonable?" therefore, will naturally be answered according to the point from which the matter is viewed,—whether by railroad managers, from the stand-point of their own roads, or by the traveling and commercial public, from the stand-point of their own interests. Which of these parties is best qualified to determine the question? Railroad managers are men who are familiar with the operation of railroads; who know the cost of maintenance of way, stations,

and rolling-stock; the amount of wages of numerous employés; the expense of running trains under various conditions; the necessity for providing for contingencies and increased facilities for a growing business; and they know, too, how large is the investment in the plant and other property of the corporation, which is entitled to a fair profit, if it can be legitimately obtained. With such knowledge and qualifications, are they not better judges of the rates at which transportation can be afforded on their respective roads than the commercial or traveling public, who have little or no knowledge of the cost of operating a railroad, and who judge of rates by the margin of profit which the market affords, or the amount they are willing to take from their purses for railroad fares?

These trained railroad managers are chosen or appointed by the stockholders as their agents to carry on the business of common carriers. As agents and trustees of valuable properties, they are in duty bound to look after the interests of their principals, and so to manage the business as to avoid loss, and if possible to secure a fair return. It is the fashion with many of those who are "fighting" the railroads to denounce railroad managers as extortioners, and to act and speak as if the stockholders had no rights which the general public is bound to respect. Human nature is not very different in the various pursuits of our busy age, and it may well be doubted if the greed of gain is any greater among railroad managers and stockholders than among grain merchants and other large or small patrons of railroads. Each of these conflicting interests desires to avoid a loss and insure a profit. The one seeks to make as wide a margin as possible between the market price of his merchandise and the cost, by making the rates of transportation as low as possible; and the other, knowing the actual cost of transportation, seeks a margin of profit in the rates. If there are some managers who are disposed to make rates "as high as the merchandise will bear," it would not be difficult to find merchants who would like to have their goods transported at rates below the actual cost. Who then are best qualified to determine what is reasonable? Certainly those men who by an analysis of expenses have ascertained the cost of transportation, rather than those who, ignorant of that cost, seek only to obtain the lowest possible rates.

But it is said that railroad managers, knowing the cost of carriage, seek to make as large a profit as possible and then establish unreasonable rates. It may be admitted that this is sometimes the case, if it is fair to compare the rates of one locality with those of another; but in many cases it is done not so much to secure an excessive profit as to obtain a fair return in some other direction, or to protect their business on some other part of the road. At most centers of trade, however, on the great lines of railroad, rival routes meet, and competition prevents unreasonable rates. It is only on the branch lines, at non-competitive points, that there is much if any reason for complaint. To adjust the adverse interests of carriers and shippers in such cases, there may well be some tribunal; and if such tribunal is wisely constituted, and acts in each case on a full knowledge of the questions at issue, according to the facts and a fair application of the law, intelligent railroad managers will prudently, if not altogether willingly, abide by its decisions. But it is said that competition affords no protection to the shipper, because it invariably results in combination which imposes high rates. It is true that sharp competition, by which rates have been reduced to a ruinously low figure, has resulted in a combination of the competing lines as a measure of self-protection, and the shippers who had been rejoicing in the low rates have cried out against the higher rates as extortion. But experience has shown that if the combination agrees upon exorbitant rates they are soon "cut" by some of its members, and competition again follows. This fluctuation of rates has proved injurious alike to railroads and their patrons. Hence the great trunk lines have sought to prevent such fluctuations by a federation of competing and connecting roads, with stringent rules to prevent the cutting of rates, which are established on a fairly paying basis, and with a commissioner to administer the affairs of the federation, and a tribunal of their own choice to settle all questions between its members. This plan has worked better than any previous combination, both for the railroads and the public; the rates have been more steady and not open to any just complaint that they are exorbitant or unreasonable. It is said, perhaps, that this federation is merely a voluntary association which can be dissolved at any time, and that the commissioners or arbitrators have no power to

enforce their decisions or compel a conformity to the rules of the compact; and, therefore, as the roads are in different States, legislation by Congress is necessary. But if railroads enter into such a federation for certain legitimate purposes of business, they contract, each with the other, to be bound by the rules they establish, and that contract can be enforced by the courts of the several States, or, in some cases, by the federal courts, without any legislation of doubtful policy or questionable constitutionality.

In the matter of discrimination there are unquestionably grounds for complaint; and it is not the purpose of the writer to defend or apologize for those railroad managers who deliberately discriminate in favor of certain parties to the serious injury of others. Generalizing from such cases, many people make a common complaint against any discrimination whatever. But there is a discrimination recognized and made necessary by the natural laws of trade, and is common to all branches of business. A man who buys goods at wholesale expects and will receive more favorable terms than the one who buys at retail. The man who buys a thousand barrels of flour will get them at a cheaper rate than the man who buys but ten or a hundred. And the seller can afford to dispose of them at a lower rate, for by one such transaction he is saved the trouble and incidental expenses of many smaller ones, as well as the cost of storage, while he also has the advantage of turning his capital more speedily. This discrimination is so natural and so founded in reason that no one thinks of calling it discrimination. It is practiced in every branch of trade, from large commercial transactions to the buying of family supplies. Why should not the same rule apply to the business of railroads—to transportation? Yet it is proposed by some reformers that railroads shall carry all merchandise, whether in large or small quantities, at a fixed rate per ton per mile, whether an unbroken train is hauled to the terminus of the line, or the cars of which it is composed are distributed at numerous points along the route, with the delays and expenses of "switching," and of taking on other cars (if they are to be had), that the engine may not continue its journey with but the fraction of a load.

Discrimination, to be illegal at common law, and to furnish reasonable cause of complaint, must be unjust. But discrimi-

nation is not unjust so long as equal rates are given all parties for like service, under like circumstances, and for like quantities of merchandise.* As already admitted, there are railroad managers who pay little regard to their obligations to afford equal rates to all shippers of like amounts under like circumstances; and there are some who do not hesitate to favor their own private interests to the damage of others. The number is probably not so large as is often imagined, but it ought to be smaller. It is true, also, that in the complex system of railroad transportation, unintentional discrimination favors certain places or parties as against others. But neither of these offenses or mistakes affords just ground for the sweeping charge that is often made that all railroads willfully and wantonly practice discrimination. And some of the measures proposed to remedy the evil complained of would in many cases be not only unjust to the railroads, but injurious to the general public. In a case which was investigated by the Railroad Commission of Massachusetts within a year, the complainants desired that the railroad might be prohibited from permitting corn to be ground in transit, at a point where it could be ground cheaply by water-power and then forwarded with only a small additional charge for switching, for the reason that the millers at the terminus of the road, with more costly buildings and more expensive steam-power, could not compete with their country rivals. But the commissioners wisely decided that it was not for the interest of the public to prohibit that which cheapened meal to the consumers, in order to protect a few city millers who could not compete with their rivals enjoying superior natural advantages.

Local discrimination is perhaps more general with railroads than discrimination in favor of individuals. Higher rates fre-

quently—it might be said almost invariably, unless controlled by law—are charged for the carriage of freight to non-competitive points than for a longer haul to competitive points. In many cases this is not unreasonable. The rates to the non-competitive point may, in themselves, be just and fair, while those to the competitive point may rule so low as to afford no profit, even if they pay expenses. The company must compete with rival lines or abandon the business; but it is oftentimes wiser to continue the business, even at a temporary loss, in order to command it at some more favorable time. It is better, too, for the public, for if one road abandon the business to a rival so that it cannot be readily resumed, rates would speedily go up. But a reduction to profitless rates at a competitive point affords no good reason for a like reduction at a non-competitive point. The only question then in such cases should be, Is the rate reasonable? A place that enjoys the advantages of competing lines to the sources of its supplies or to the market for its products, is like one which by its situation enjoys superior natural advantages. Places less accessible, whether by natural avenues like navigable waters or by railroads, may be less fortunate, but it is scarcely just or profitable—it must be unprofitable to some interest—to undertake by arbitrary laws to supply the advantages denied by their situation.

This is a question, however, which has deeply agitated business communities at different points on the same line; and the demand for regulation has been answered by a rule which in the main is not unreasonable. Massachusetts and some other States have enacted laws which prohibit a railroad charging more for the transportation of freight a shorter distance than they do for a longer distance on the same line, and from the same original point of departure,—that is, it may not charge more for transportation from the same point to a way station than to its terminus. Against this law there is no reasonable cause of complaint on the part of the railroads; for, if the rates for carriage the whole length of the roads are profitable, they will afford no less profit for carriage a part of the distance. In fact, railroad managers do not complain unless competition reduces the through rates to too low a figure. Doubtless the law is sometimes evaded in local shipments, but in the great bulk of business—the transportation of produce and live-stock from the West—it is generally faithfully observed.

* The courts have sometimes construed this rule very liberally. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has said: "If, for special reasons, in isolated cases, the carrier sees fit to stipulate for the carriage of goods or merchandise of any class for a certain time or in certain quantities for less compensation than is the usual, necessary, and reasonable rate, he may undoubtedly do so without thereby entitling all other persons or parties to the same advantage and relief." In a more recent case the same court decided that "the selling of season tickets to certain students at a reduction from the regular price did not entitle all such students to the same reduction, and did not constitute a violation of the statute requiring railroads to give reasonable and equal terms," etc. See 128 Mass. Reports, p. 326.

Nor have communities along the line any just cause of complaint, for all are placed on an equal footing, and competitive and non-competitive points are served alike. The rule on the whole is more equitable both for railroads and the public than the establishment, by authority outside of the railroads, of fixed rates per ton per mile for all distances and under all circumstances, which is the favorite prescription of those who cry aloud for reform. For it leaves the business still subject to some of the natural laws of trade, with room for elasticity of rates according to circumstances, and allows the rates to be fixed by those who best understand the conditions and cost of the service, rather than by the iron rule of legislative enactment, or the arbitrary decision of a commission which acts, however honestly, without a full knowledge of all facts and circumstances. Wherever such an arbitrary establishment of rates has been attempted, it has worked injustice to some roads, and has sometimes imposed additional burdens on the public.

Another very common charge against all successful and well-developed railroads is "the watering of stock." A certain class of complainants simply echo a popular cry, and without any knowledge of facts apply it indiscriminately to all the large corporations. Others make the charge against those corporations only which have increased their stock without the payment, by those who receive it, of the par value of the shares into the treasury of the company. It is not to be denied that there have been some gross cases of "watering" the stock of railroad corporations, but the dilution is by no means so general or so great as many people believe.

An increase of capital stock, without actual payment of its value in cash by purchasers into the treasury of the corporation, may be, and in a majority of cases is, an honest and legitimate operation. It is simply capitalizing the money which has been invested in permanent improvements and added to the value of the property. A part of the operating expenses of every well-managed road goes into permanent improvements and additions to the rolling-stock. Besides this, the surplus earnings are always invested in such improvements and additions, increasing the capacity of the road and furnishing greater facilities to the public. The annual surplus may not be large, but it belongs to the stockholders, and might be divided among them. In the

course of years it amounts to a considerable sum, which has been converted into new property on which additional earnings are realized. If the surplus earnings were enormous, that might justify a demand for a reduction of rates, but is no good reason why they should not be capitalized if invested in the road. And generally the annual surplus is not excessive, is comparatively small, and so long as it has gone into improvements which have added to the value of the property, those improvements represent so much of the money of the stockholders. And what difference does it make to the public whether that surplus so invested is capitalized or is paid out in dividends, and is then paid for new stock of a like amount in order to make those same improvements? Whatever difference there is in favor of the former course, for the public enjoys the advantages of the improved facilities at an earlier day than they would by the latter.

The war against railroads has now got into Congress, and parties outside are making persistent efforts to secure legislation concerning the inter-State business of railroads. Various measures are proposed to regulate this great industry, some of them very comprehensive and stringent, others more general and moderate. It would be curious, were it not so serious a matter, to see how the stout advocates of State sovereignty and opponents of "centralization" can bring themselves to support such measures; for they would be a longer stride toward centralization and over the bounds of the Constitution than any Federal election laws or other "usurpations" of which these statesmen complain.

Among other measures proposed is one to fix by Federal law the rates at which railroad lines extending into more than one State shall transport merchandise in those States. Such legislation, crude and ill-considered as it is likely to be in a body influenced by sectional interests and prejudices, would be fraught with mischief to some sections of the country. It would legalize discrimination in favor of those ports which are nearest to the wheat-fields; and the growing commerce of the more eastern ports, which has been encouraged by the present system of rates, would receive a serious check if not its death-blow. If Congress can adopt such a measure, why may it not regulate the fares of stage-coaches running from one State into another? Why not fix the rates of express companies carrying goods from one State to another? Why not

control the flow of water from a reservoir in one State to the mills in another? Why not prescribe the dimensions of lumber sawed in Michigan to be carried to Massachusetts, or exercise authority over any industry which is carried on jointly in more than one State, or which produces in one State and sells in another? The railroad companies (with few exceptions) are not the creatures of Congress but of the several States, and within their borders the States alone have any right to control or regulate them. The authority of Congress concerning inter-State commerce, as hitherto construed, extends only to securing free trade between the States, and to the prohibition of restrictions of any kind by one State upon the products or business coming from another. If it is extended beyond this and undertakes to control and regulate transportation, the door is opened for Federal regulation of any industry in which the people of these States are engaged. Moreover, any legislature is an unfit body to undertake the regulation of rates or any details of railroad operation, and of all legislative bodies the most unfit is the Congress of the United States.

One would think, from the language of some of those engaged in the "investigation" of railroad management, and the general tone of the complainants, that railroad corporations were public enemies,—monstrous monopolies, leagued together in opposition to the interests of commerce and travelers. The vast benefits which these roads have conferred, and are daily renewing, seem to be forgotten,—how they have hastened the development of the great West, and brought the products of the most distant fields within reach of a market; how they bring the interior granaries to the sea-board to supply the wants of the manufacturing and commercial communities, to increase our foreign commerce, and to supplement the failing crops of Europe; how they distribute our manufactures and imports throughout our broad territory; how many millions of passengers are carried, on business or pleasure, with rapidity and safety; how they have multiplied the industries and added enormously to the wealth of the country; how they have, in the main, kept pace with the demands of

an enterprising people; and how, by their facilities, they cheapen the cost of many of the prime necessities of life, as compared with other modes of transportation; how, indeed, it would be impossible, by any other means, to meet the wants of our population and business. These benefits, past and always continuing, should not be forgotten, and it may be well to consider if merchants and the public at large have not suffered more at the hands of speculators, who have created "corners" in articles of necessity, than they have by the alleged extortions and discriminations of railroads. Selfish and unscrupulous men may have made some of these roads—as all other means of profit—subservient to their inordinate avarice. "Railroad kings," ambitious of wealth and power, by gigantic stock operations and far-reaching combinations, may have sought to control continuous lines across the continent. But even such schemes are not altogether injurious in their results, and a majority of railroads, in the main and in the long run, have steadily promoted the prosperity and welfare of the country.

No intelligent manager will pretend that railroad management is above criticism; but it will not be improved by an indiscriminate warfare upon it, or by hostile and ill-considered legislation concerning rates and discriminations. Such improvement can best be accomplished by the action of railroad managers themselves, through the influence of more diplomatic measures and the pressure of public opinion. State control over railroad corporations, as common carriers, is admitted; but it should be wisely exercised, in order to do no injustice to that part of the community who are stockholders, and in order to secure permanent benefits to the public at large; and that can best be done, not by direct legislative action upon the details of management, but through some tribunal which can study the railroad problem so far as its jurisdiction extends, and can apply the common law and reasonable statutes to special cases, with intelligent reasoning to support its conclusions. And such a tribunal should be established, not by Congress, but by each of the several States which have created the corporations, and alone have the right to control them.

THE SONNET IN ENGLISH POETRY.

If there be one species of poetical composition which more than another depends for its effect upon a rigid adherence to *form*, it is the sonnet, and it is this one which, more than all others, has been suffered to depart most widely from it. The law which governs the construction of the sonnet is immutable. It must consist of fourteen lines, no more and no less, which are divided into two parts,—the first consisting of eight lines, and the second of six lines. The major division is technically known as the octave, the minor division as the sestet. The octave possesses but two rhymes, the sestet never more than three. The construction of the quatrains composing the octave is imperative, the first, fourth, fifth, and eighth lines rhyming with each other, repeating the same vowel sounds, while the second, third, sixth, and seventh do the same, repeating, of course, their vowel sounds, which should be dissimilar to those which precede and surround them. The versification of the tercettes composing the sestet admits of more variety, which, however, does not include a couplet at the close. The best disposition of the rhymes in the sestet is that which marries the first and fourth, the second and fifth, and the third and sixth lines, the vowel sounds of which, varied as in the octave, and contrasting with them, complete the melody, or, it may be, the harmony of the sonnet. Such is the structural law of this perfect little composition, concerning which a Spanish proverb declares that he is a fool who cannot make one, and a madman who makes two.

The sonnet derived its name from being played or sounded. "To *sound*, in Italian, still means to play music," says Leigh Hunt, who has written more intelligently upon the sonnet than any English author with whom I am acquainted. It dates back to the beginning of the twelfth century, and is understood to have been the invention of Friar Guittone, of Arezzo, who builded better than he knew. A favorite form of composition with the early Italian poets, it has never lost its popularity in Italy, where it is still a common intellectual pastime.

"The melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
With it Camoëns soothed an exile's grief;
The sonnet glittered a gay myrtle-leaf

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Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow."

Italy was a great storehouse, wherefrom the old English poets drew the subjects of their verse, which was largely of a narrative character. Chaucer, we know, was indebted to Boccaccio and Petrarch, and his biographers tell us that he visited the latter at Padua. This visit was made, they believe, the year before Petrarch's death, the year in which he wrote his Latin version of Boccaccio's *Griselda*, which Chaucer afterward retold in the "*Canterbury Tales*," where it figures as "*The Clerkes Tale*," the narrator of which, the poor clerk of Oxenford, professes to have learned it at Padua (Padua) of

"Fraunceis Petrark, the laureat poete."

Among the many obligations which the old English poets owe to their Italian forerunners and masters, it is curious to note that there is none of an amatory nature. Their love poetry, such as it was, was their own; at any rate, whatever form it took, it never took that of the sonnet. "How are we to account for the non-appearance of a sonnet in the poems of Chaucer," asks Hunt, "of Chaucer, who was so fond of Italian poetry, such a servant of love, such a haunter of the green corners of revelry, particularly if they were 'small'—of Chaucer, moreover, who was so especially acquainted with the writings of Petrarch's predecessor, Dante, with those of his friend Boccaccio, and who, besides eulogizing the genius of Petrarch himself, is supposed to have made his personal acquaintance at Padua? Out of the four great English poets, Chaucer is the only one who has left us a sonnet of no kind whatsoever, though he was qualified for every kind, and though of none of the four poets would it seem more naturally to have fallen in the way. The secret, I conceive, lay in one of three reasons, perhaps in all three combined; first, that the Anglo-Norman court which he served had so close a connection with France as to lead him, when he was not writing his narrative poetry, rather into French miscellaneous poetry than Italian; second, that the sonnets neither of Dante nor Petrarch had yet followed into England the great poem of the one, or the fame of the Latin poetry of the other;

and third, that Chaucer's propensity to narration and character was so truly his master-passion in poetry, as to swallow up all the rest of his tendencies in that direction." To these reasons for the absence of the personal sonnet from English poetry (and the sonnet, so far, was nothing if not personal) might be added a fourth, which existed in the cast of the English mind, that was less fervid than the Italian mind, and, consequently, under better discipline. The difference between them is shadowed forth in the swallow song in "The Princess":

"O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North."

If Chaucer had loved an English woman, he would hardly have canonized her, as Dante did Beatrice, nor would he have transformed her into a laurel, as Petrarch did Laura; and the chances are, in any event, that she would not have been the mother of eleven children! No English poet had yet learned to covet his neighbor's wife,—a refinement of passion reserved for the days of that brutal voluptuary, Henry the Eighth, who, Lamb says, kept wives where other kings kept mistresses.

Not until the first half of the sixteenth century do we find the sonnet in English poetry. A delicate exotic from the luxuriant gardens of the South, it lost its fair proportions in the sterile soil of the North, where it wasted its sweetness on the desert air. Whether it was first transplanted by Wyatt or Surrey cannot now be ascertained; but, as they were contemporaries and friends, it is certain that they cultivated it simultaneously, and it is probable that any priority which may have existed belonged to Wyatt, who was several years the elder. It is not known that either was ever in Italy, nor were there any love passages in their lives which would have accounted for their studiously amorous effusions. I have not forgotten, of course, the romantic story of Surrey's passion for the fair Geraldine (Lady Elizabeth Gerald), which was never heard of until nearly fifty years after her death, but was invented by Thomas Nash, a notorious pamphleteer of the period, and inserted in "The Unfortunate Traveller, or, Life of Jack Wilton" (1594), a book of imaginary adventures which antedated by about a century the realistic fictions of De Foe. Drayton was credulous enough to accept the statements of Nash, to which he gave poetic currency in his "England's

Heroical Epistles" (1598), where they passed unchallenged for upward of two centuries, receiving embellishments from time to time, all of which were accepted as facts. A little chronology disposes of them at once. Surrey was in England, a husband and a father, when he was said to have been tilting in Florence in honor of Geraldine, who was only thirteen at the time of their supposed intimacy, and was hardly nineteen when he ended his days on the scaffold.

Imaginative biographers have sought to find in the sonnets of Wyatt a proof of his attachment to Anne Bullen, whose paramour he was accused of being, and have met with but indifferent success, the strongest proof they have been able to produce being a poem, seven lines long, containing the name Anna, which is truly declared to be a word that changeth not,

"Though it be turn'd and made in twain."

If internal evidence were of any value, the sonnet in which he describes a hind, the collar upon whose fair neck is inscribed with diamonds,

"Noli me tangere, for Cæsar's I am,"

might be quoted for its seeming allusion to the wife of his sovereign, but, unfortunately, a moment's comparison of it with a sonnet of Petrarch's ("*Una candida cerva sopra l'erba*") discloses its poetic origin. That Wyatt read, imitated, and translated Petrarch is evident from at least two of his sonnets, one beginning

"If amorous faith, or if a heart unfeigned,"

which is a version of Petrarch's one hundred and eighty-eighth sonnet ("*S'una fede amorosa, un cor non finto*"), the other,

"Cæsar, when that the traitor of Egypt,"

which is a version of Petrarch's eighty-first sonnet ("*Cesare, poi che 'l traditor d'Egitto*"). A third version of the great Italian master is the "Description of the contrarious passions in a lover,"

"I find no peace, and all my war is done,"

which is a close translation of his one hundred and fourth sonnet ("*Pace non trovo, e non ho da far guerra*").

Technically speaking, the sonnets of Wyatt, of which there are about thirty, are superior to those of Surrey, though they violate the law of the legitimate sonnet by

closing with couplets. For the most part, the octaves are constructed correctly; the sestettes generally consist of three rhymes, of which two are sometimes arranged as in the quatrains, and sometimes as our elegiac stanza (*i. e.*, 1-4-2-3, and 1-3-2-4), concluding in every instance with the inadmissible couplet. Practically speaking, they cannot be said to rank high, albeit they sparkle with felicitous phrases and spirited lines. "England's first sonnet, in Wyatt's hands, is as rough as if poetry itself had just been born in the woods, among the rugged-est of the sylvan gods."

The sonnets of Surrey, which are illegitimate, close with couplets. The first twelve lines of the first three ring the changes on two rhymes; the rest consist of three stanzas of four lines each, which are sometimes arranged as in the legitimate octave. Two have sufficient merit to justify their place in the collections,—the "Description of Spring,"

"The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings,"

and the "Description and Praise of his Love Geraldine,"

"From Tuscan came my lady's worthy race."

Neither Wyatt nor Surrey can be said to move easily in the sonnet, and the glory of the latter depends less upon his skill in it than upon his invention of the mighty line—blank verse. Extensively circulated in manuscript, their amorous fancies were first printed, together with numerous fugitive pieces by other writers, two years after Surrey's death, in a work called "Tottel's Miscellany" (1557), which was the first poetical collection in the language, and which met with extraordinary favor, being reprinted four times within two months, and passing through seven editions in twenty-two years; besides being printed in single sheets and "Garlands," and multiplied in manuscripts. The popularity of this work was so great that Shakspere is thought to have had it in mind when he made *Slender* say, "I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here." It was followed by several similar publications, of which the chiefest were, "A Small Handful of Fragrant Flowers" (1575), "A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions" (1578), "The Paradise of Dainty Devices" (1578), "A Handful of Pleasant Delites" (1584), "A Phoenix Nest" (1593), and "England's Helicon" (1600). The quarter of a century covered by these

works, and others which might be named, was prolific in sonnets, though not so much so as in the class of nameless poems in which the sonnets of Wyatt and Surrey were set, and which corresponded to the odes, canzones, and madrigals in the sonnets of Petrarch. Most of the sonneteers included in these collections were poets of little or no reputation, who indulged in sonnet-writing because Wyatt and Surrey had set the fashion, and because their effusions seemed to have found readers in manuscript. With one or two exceptions, they were either ignorant of the form of the legitimate sonnet, or were unable to conform to its laws. A notable exception was Barnabe Barnes, whom Churchyard, his fellow-poet, called "Petrarch's Scholar," and whose "Divine Century of Spiritual Sonnets" contains only five which are of irregular construction. The sonnets in the "Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions," the "Handful of Pleasant Delites," and "England's Helicon," are nearly all, if not quite all, illegitimate. It was so much easier to write three elegiac stanzas and a couplet than to write genuine octaves and sestettes.

I must leave the consideration of these minor English sonneteers, however, and return to the chronological study of my subject, which now concerns itself with the sonnets of Sidney, who was the idol of his contemporaries, and whose name is to-day the synonym of all that is chivalrous and honorable:

"The expectancy and rose of the fair State."

He was one upon whom every god did seem to set his seal to give the world assurance of a man. High-born and nobly bred, he excelled in all the learning of his time, and in all martial exercises; was an accomplished courtier and a gallant soldier, the patron of poets, and a poet himself. Fortune smiled upon his cradle, and all good fairies attended his footsteps. Prosperous and admired, he lacked but one thing,—possession of the woman whom he loved, and whom he had hoped to wed. She was high-born like himself,—the Lady Elizabeth Penelope Devereux, daughter of Walter, Earl of Essex, and a matrimonial treaty had been entered into by their parents; but it was broken off (why, we are not told), and she became the wife of Robert, Lord Rich, with whom she led an unhappy life. Sidney married a lady of family, a daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, who was remarked for "extraordinary handsomeness,"

and whom he respected, we may be sure, though he did not love her as he might have done if his heart had been fancy free. No whisper was ever breathed against him as a husband; and if Lady Rich forgot her wifely vows, it was not with him, but with her less Platonic lover, Charles Blount.

If we knew when Sidney wrote the "Arcadia" (in which she figures as Philoclea) and his sonnets (in which she figures as Stella), we should know just when his life was darkened by the shadow of Lady Rich. Whenever it was, it was not for long, for he died, before he was thirty-two, of the wound he received on the fatal field of Zutphen. He was the third English sonneteer in point of time and the first in point of merit with less than thirty years after the publication of the sonnets of Wyatt and Surrey, though he was not publicly known as such until five years later, when "Astrophel and Stella" was given to the world.

Most of the sonnets in "Astrophel and Stella" fulfill the laws of the sonnet as far as the octave is concerned, for out of the one hundred and eight in that collection seventy-three are legitimate, the remainder consisting of elegiac stanzas. The sestettes are of irregular construction, the majority, to the number of eighty-four, ending in couplets. A slight comparison between them and the sonnets of Wyatt and Surrey shows that they were written in a more literate period than that of Henry the Eighth. Versification had become more fluent than it was then, and language had gained in copiousness and elegance. The numbers of Wyatt and Surrey are harsh beside those of Sidney, who is one of the most musical of poets. He abounds with conceits, but he sometimes relieves them (as well as his readers) by masculine thought and unaffected expression. To say that he did not feel strongly because he did not express himself simply, is to misunderstand him and his age. Poetry was an art which had not reached that higher art which passes for nature. It was fettered by limitations which it had imposed upon itself, and from which it never escaped, except at lucky moments. It is not easy to detect where art ends and nature begins, but such detection is not impossible, I think, in Sidney's sonnets, which faithfully reflect his personality. We have a glimpse of him in the twenty-seventh sonnet,

"Because I oft, in dark, abstracted guise,"

and more than a glimpse in the forty-first sonnet,

"Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance,"

wherein he recounts his prowess at a tournament. The same theme is touched upon in the fifty-third sonnet,

"In martial sports I had my cunning tried,"

where the presence of Stella made a window bright, and dazzled the eyes of her bewildered knight, who forgot to rule his horse, and to fight, heedless of the trumpet's sound and of friendly eyes:

"My foe came on, and beat the air for me,
Till that her blush taught me my shame to see."

In the eighty-fourth sonnet he addresses the highway through which he rides to her house,

"Highway, since you my chief Parnassus be,"

and wishes that it may kiss her feet hundreds of years. He addresses the Thames in a similar strain in the hundred and third sonnet,

"O happy Thames, that did'st my Stella bear,"

and declares that he is surrounded by impassioned confidants:

"The boat for joy could not to dance forbear,
While wanton winds, with beauties so divine
Ravish'd, staid not, till in her golden hair
They did themselves (O sweetest prison!)
twine."

To read between the lines of Sidney's sonnets is to find the lover as well as the poet. They are pure poetry, in spite of their conceits, and the best of them have never been surpassed. If I were called upon to select one favorite out of many, it would be the magnificent sonnet on Sleep, which is worthy of any poet that ever lived. Here it is:

"Come, Sleep—O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low;
With shield of proof shield me from out the
 prease
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw:
O make in me those civil wars to cease!
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light;
A rosy garland and a weary head:
And if these things, as being thine in right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt, in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see."

Better known, perhaps, than this, is a night-piece of Sidney's, which was a great

favorite with Lamb. It is the thirty-first sonnet of "Astrophel and Stella":

"With how sad steps, O Moon! thou climb'st the skies!
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What! may it be that even in heavenly place
That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks: thy languished grace
To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon! tell me,
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?"

The fourth English sonneteer was Spenser, though when his first sonnets were written cannot be determined. They appear to have been early productions, and are sixty-six in number. The first series, consisting of thirty-two sonnets, entitled, "Ruines of Rome," is a translation from Joachim du Bellay, a French poet of considerable reputation, who died in the childhood of Spenser: the second series, "Visions of the Worlds Vanitie," consists of twelve sonnets: the third and fourth series, which are called Visions, and consist respectively of fifteen and seven sonnets, are translations from Bellay and Petrarch, those from the latter being Englished from the French of Clement Marot. Whether Spenser was really the author of these productions cannot be positively ascertained, their authenticity depending solely upon the authority of his book-seller, by whom they were issued in a volume of "Complaints" the year after the publication of the first three books of the "Faerie Queene." To say that they are dull and pedantic, and that those which are translated from Bellay and Petrarch are not sonnets but quatorzains, closing with couplets, is to say all that is necessary. Of the form of the second series ("Visions of the Worlds Vanitie"), to which I shall return hereafter, I will only say here that it is thought to have been invented by Spenser, whose experiments in versification were not always crowned with success.

The next English sonneteer was one of the great names of the age of Elizabeth, soldier, sailor, adventurer, courtier—Raleigh. Out of favor with his royal mistress, he paid a visit to his friend Spenser, on his Irish estate at Kilcolman, about three years after the death of their common friend, Sidney, and while there he read in manuscript the first three books of the "Faerie Queene."

Never had poet a more impassioned reader than this daring Shepherd of the Ocean, who might have ranked among the greatest of poets, if he had wooed the Muse as stoutly as he did Bellona. Fired with enthusiasm by the noble numbers of Spenser, he persuaded him to return to England, where he was graciously received by Elizabeth, to whom he read portions of his incomparable poem. It was soon published (1590) with a number of commendatory poems, among which was a magnificent sonnet by Raleigh. This sonnet was cast in the form of a Vision, wherein he saw the grave of Laura in a temple, where vestal fire was wont to burn. He was passing that way to see that buried dust of living fame, which fair Love and fairer Virtue kept, when he suddenly saw the Fairy Queen, at whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept. The Graces forsook the place to attend upon this Queen; and Oblivion laid himself down on the bier of Laura. The hardest stones were seen to bleed, and the groans of buried ghosts pierced the heavens,—

"Where Homers spright did tremble all for griefe,
And curst th' accesse of that celestiall theife."

The conception of this sonnet is bold, and the execution, though careless, is spirited; everything in the process (as Hunt well observes) is as grandly as it is summarily done; and Raleigh's abolition of Laura, Petrarch, and Homer, all in a lump, in honor of his friend Spenser, is in the highest style of his willful and somewhat domineering genius. There are in the first edition of the "Faerie Queene," besides this sonnet of Raleigh's (which is composed of three stanzas and a couplet), seventeen sonnets by Spenser himself. They are addressed to the great personages of the time whom he was anxious to secure as his patrons,—statesmen, noblemen, and the like,—Hatton, Burleigh, Northumberland, Essex, Buckhurst, Walsingham, not forgetting the Countess of Pembroke, and are written in the form which Spenser is supposed to have invented, and which he used for the first time in his "Visions of the Worlds Vanitie." They are as melodious as the stanzas of the "Faerie Queene," to which they are related, and whose Alexandrines they have borrowed to swell the musical volume of their close.

If it were as easy to detect causes as to describe effects, I might account for the succession of sonnets which now rapidly

succeeded one another in English poetry, and were as true to the spirit of Italian sonnet writing as they were false to its letter. They may be partially accounted for, perhaps, by the popularity of Sidney's sonnets, the form of which failed, however, to impress itself on the minds of his followers. But whatever the cause, obvious or recon-dite, the sonnet was now naturalized in the language, and its chief inspiration was an affectation of amorousness. It had somehow become the fashion to write love poetry, and if the poet was not in love, he could at least pretend to be, and write accordingly. The first of the new school of make-believers was Samuel Daniel, who published, in 1592, a collection of fifty-seven sonnets, entitled "*Delia*." He was an estimable man, and was a good poet, according to the standard of his day, which was more tolerant of tediousness than ours. That he was a lover is not evident from his sonnets, which are not without a certain tenderness and elegance, and which may be read as exercises of fancy with considerable pleasure. One of the best, an invocation to Sleep, will bear reading after Sidney's famous sonnet on the same subject. The highest compliment that can be paid them is to say that two or three of them might have been written by Shakspeare, who seems to have had them in mind while writing his own sonnets. With the exception of two, which are Italian in the octaves, they are written in elegiac stanzas, and they close with couplets. Four of them (36-39) must be read as a single poem, the last lines of three being repeated as the opening lines of their successors.

As I have quoted Sidney's sonnet on Sleep, the readers of this paper may like to see Daniel's. It is the fifty-first sonnet in "*Delia*":

"Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my languish, and restore the light;
With dark forgetting of my care return,
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth:
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let rising sun approve you liars,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow:
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain."

The nineteenth sonnet of "*Delia*" has always reminded me strongly of the manner of Shakspeare:

"Restore thy tresses to the golden ore,
Yield Cytherea's son those arcs of love;

Bequeath the heavens the stars that I adore,
And to the orient do thy pearls remove;
Yield thy hand's pride unto the ivory white,
To Arabian odors give thy breathing sweet,
Restore thy blush unto Aurora bright,
To Thetis give the honor of thy feet;
Let Venus have thy graces her resign'd,
And thy sweet voice give back unto the spheres;
But yet restore thy fierce and cruel mind
To Hyrcan tigers and to ruthless bears;
Yield to the marble thy hard heart again:
So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to pain."

Daniel's sonnets, artificial as we feel them to be, are natural when compared with the series which Drayton published in the following year (1593), under the fantastic title of "*Idea*." There are sixty-three of them, and all but nine are in the same measure as those of Daniel, the exceptions being half octaves, or stanzas in which the first and fourth lines rhyme, the second and third lines making a couplet. Drayton's touch is less delicate than Daniel's, and his poetry is of a heavier character: it is dull. The best sonnet in the series ("Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part") is not in the original edition. Drayton disclaims genuineness of feeling in a sonnet addressed to the reader; but he asserts in his "*Odes*" that he celebrated a real woman, and that Coventry was her birthplace. She was born on the fourth of August, at Mich-Park (a noted street in that old town), to which pilgrimages will in future be made in his and her honor:

"The old Man passing by that way,
To his Sonnet in Time shalt say:
There was that Lady borne, which long
To after Ages shall be sung;
Who unawares having passed by
Back to that House shall cast his Eye,
Speaking my Verses as he goes,
And with a Sigh shut ev'ry Close."

Henry Constable, whose "*Diana*" reached a second edition in 1594, was highly commended as a sonneteer by his contemporaries; but the specimens of his handiwork which have come down to us in the collections do not justify their commendations. A greater than he and his masters, Drayton and Daniel,—the poet's poet, Spenser,—was the next to take the world into his confidence by publishing for its delectation a volume of sonnets called "*Amoretti*." They were written (his biographers believe, from internal evidence) between the latter end of 1592 and the summer of 1594, and they describe in poetic fashion his attachment to the lady whom he married, and of whom nothing is known except that her name was Elizabeth. She is called a

country lass in the "Faerie Queene," and is said, in the "Epithalamion," to live near the sea. Critics differ with regard to the poetic value of these "Amoretti." Hunt, who greatly admired Spenser, disparages them. "The title is good; but, compared with what was to be expected of them, these 'little loves,'—not to speak it irreverently,—are rather a set of dull, middle-aged gentlemen, images of the author's time of life and of the commonplace sufferings which he appears to have undergone from a young and imperious mistress." Christopher North says, on the contrary, that they overflow with love's tenderest fancies. "All those in which joy is subdued by serious thought, and in which he looks with conjugal eyes and a conjugal heart on his betrothed, are beautiful exceedingly." They do not particularly impress me, except with their melodious versification, and when I remember that they celebrate a creature of flesh and blood, I cannot but wonder at the temperate time kept by the pulse of the poet. The form of these sonnets, of which I have already spoken, and which consists of stanzas in alternate rhymes, of which the first line of the second rhymes with the last line of the first, and the first line of the third with the last line of the second, may have been invented by Spenser when he was experimenting with the stanza in which he cast the "Faerie Queene," although he may have received a hint for it from the *terza rima* of the Italian poets.*

Spenser's sonnets are poetical, in spite of the conceits with which they are disfigured, but they are not very quotable. The last of the "Amoretti" is as good, perhaps, as any in the collection, so I give it, merely stating

* I am the first, I believe, to question Spenser's claim to the invention of this measure, which depends upon the date at which the "Visions" were written. They read to me like very early productions; and that he set little or no value upon them is evident from the statement of his printer, who assured the gentle reader that they were dispersed abroad in sundry hands, and not easy to be come by by himself (Spenser), and that some of them had been diversely embezzled and purloined from him since his departure over sea, *i. e.*, to Ireland, whither he is supposed to have gone in 1580. They were first published in 1591, seven years after the appearance of "The Essayes of a Prentice in the Divine Art of Poesie," by his Majesty King James of Scotland, which contained, among other pedantic trifles, twelve "Sonnets of Invocation to the Goddess," and five dedicatory sonnets by contemporary Scottish poets, all of which are in this measure. The honor, then, such as it is, must be divided between Spenser and King James.

that the bird mentioned in the opening line is the dove, and that the verb "hove," at the end of the ninth line, is the Spenserian form of "hover":

"Like as the culver on the bared bough
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,
And in her songs sends many a wishful vow
For his return that seems to linger late:
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourn to myself the absence of my Love,
And, wandering here and there all desolate,
Seek with my plaints to match that mournful
dove;
Ne joy of aught that under heaven doth hove
Can comfort me, but her own joyous sight;
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move
In her unspotted pleassance to delight.
Dark is my day whiles her fair light I miss,
And dead my life that wants such lively bliss."

Other sonneteers who bestowed their tediousness upon English readers in the last decade of the sixteenth century, were Robert Barnefeilde, who published a number of sonnets in a miscellany entitled "Cynthia" (1595); William Smith, who, in his "Chloris; or, The Complaint of a Passionate Shepherd" (1596) inscribed a half century of amorous sonnets to Spenser as the "deere and most entire patron of these maiden verses"; and B. Griffin, who in the same year published sixty-two sonnets, addressed to "Fidessa, more Chaste than Kind." Griffin's chief claim to remembrance is that the third of these sonnets was printed three years later as Shakspeare's, in "The Passionate Pilgrim,"

"Venus, and yong Adonis sitting by her."

The same doubtful honor was paid in this collection to one of Barnefeilde's sonnets,

"If musick and sweet poetry agree,"

as well as to one of his best lyrics,

"As it fell upon a day,"

which is not unworthy of the Master. A favorite "poet's corner" (if I may call it such), in which the minor Elizabethan poets displayed their dexterity and good will, was among the commendatory verses with which it was the fashion to usher new volumes of poetry, or new editions of old volumes, into the world. The dramatists of the period, who with scarcely an exception were hack-writers, were not so ready to indorse their fellows, and were not addicted to sonnets. I find none in Greene, Peele, Nash, Lily, and Marlowe. An exhaustive catalogue of early

sonneteers would include the names of Gascoigne and Lodge, the latter, indeed, occupying the earliest place after Sidney, his "Scillaes Metamorphosis" (1589) containing a Sidneian sonnet in Alexandrines; his "Euphues' Golden Legacie" (1592) six; and his "Margarite of America" (1596) twelve.

There was now in London, whither he had come about the year that Sidney died, a young man from Stratford-on-Avon, where he had left a wife and three children, the eldest of whom, a daughter, was in her fourth year. He left home to better his fortunes, and gaining a foothold in the metropolis, he obtained employment at the Globe and Bankside theaters, for which he touched up and worked over dramatic works belonging to the players, and for which he produced original plays of his own. The dense obscurity which shrouds the career of this young man does not enable us to state when his plays were written, nor the order in which they followed each other. He never printed them, nor was privy to their printing by others, contenting himself with the publication of two narrative poems, "Venus and Adonis" (1593), and "The Rape of Lucrece" (1594). These were his literary contributions to the poetry of his day; his plays were vocal contributions to the entertainment of the theater-loving Londoners. He was disliked by his contemporary dramatists, who accused him of pilfering from them; he was an upstart crow beautified with their feathers. They did not dream that he was the greatest of living poets, not merely in tragedy and comedy, but in the lesser art of writing sonnets. If "Love's Labor's Lost" was written in 1592, as Dyce supposes, Shakspeare at once and easily surpassed Daniel, with whose sonnets I believe him to have been familiar. *Longaville* reads a sonnet, as the students of Shakspeare will remember, in the third scene of the fourth act of this comedy,

"Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye";
the curate, *Sir Nathaniel*, recites another (a Sidneian sonnet in Alexandrines) in the preceding scene,

"If love make me forsworn";

and a third is embedded in the conversation of *Biron* in the first scene of the first act,

"Study me how to please the eye indeed,"

the general versification of which may be described as sonnetary.

"With this key
Shakspeare unlocked his heart."

The sonnets of Shakspeare extend over a considerable period, but most of them were written, I think, in his early manhood. The conceits with which they abound, and a certain crude richness of diction, wherein maturity and immaturity struggle for mastery, determine their date. They are magnificent first drafts. Their reputation was noised abroad eleven years before they were published, when they were mentioned by Meres in his "Palladis Tamia" (1598), where the soul of Ovid was declared to live in the mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakspeare,—“witness his ‘Venus and Adonis,’ his ‘Lucrece,’ and his sugared sonnets among his private friends.” Who were the friends of Shakspeare, and who was the one friend to whom a large number of them appear to be addressed,—the “Mr. W. H.” to whom the publisher dedicated them as their only begetter? “What songs the syrens sang, and what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond conjecture.” Conjecture, puzzling long, has persuaded itself that the “lovely youth” of these syren songs was William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. I have forgotten the ground of this belief, which merely engrafts a known historic name upon these enigmatical initials, nor does it matter, since it would not help us to a better understanding of the sonnets themselves. They were not written to, or for, one friend, but to, or for, friends; that is, if they were seriously written to, or for, anybody at all. To read them appreciatively, we need only read them as exercises of fancy,—as poems, the fact or fiction of which does not concern us. Disbelief in the actual existence of the lovely youth does not disturb our belief in his ideal existence, nor our enjoyment of the fanciful arguments by which he is urged to marry. Dyce, who is second to no Shakspearean, expresses my opinion, so far as I have one, in regard to these remarkable productions. “I have long felt convinced,” he writes, “after repeated perusals of the ‘Sonnets,’ that the greater number of them was composed in an assumed character, and at different times, for the amusement, and probably at the suggestion, of the author’s intimate associates. While, therefore, I contend that allusions scattered through these pieces should not be hastily referred to the personal circumstances of Shakspeare, I am willing to grant that one or two ‘Sonnets’ have an individual application to the poet, as, for instance, the CX. and the CXI., in

which he expresses his sense of the degradation that accompanied the profession of the stage. Augustus Schlegel is of opinion that sufficient use has not been made of them as important materials for Shakspeare's biography; but, even if we regard them as actual transcripts of his genuine feelings, what a feeble and uncertain light would they throw on the history of his life!

One can persuade himself, if he is determined to, that certain of Shakspeare's sonnets are of a biographical character, or, more strictly speaking, that they were somewhat colored by his personal feelings at the time of writing. Mr. Dyce has indicated two, which, he thinks, have a personal application; let me add to these two others (LXXI. and LXXIII.), which are as beautiful as they are sad:

"No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly, sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if (I say) you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay:
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone."

"That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds
sang.

In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more
strong,
To love well that which thou must leave ere
long."

Shakspeare is at his highest, I think—objectively, if not poetically—in his one hundred and sixteenth sonnet, which leaves but little to be said about love. It is a masterpiece:

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no: it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken:
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come:
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved."

The sonnets of Shakspeare were very much underrated formerly. Steevens pronounced them inferior to those of Watson (which are not sonnets at all, but poems of eighteen lines each, *i. e.*, three elegiac stanzas with couplets added), and sneeringly declared that an Act of Parliament would be necessary to make them read. The order in which they stand in the original edition (1609) is by many considered an arbitrary one, though others maintain that it is nearly, if not quite, correct. Others, again, think that they are not so much sonnets as parts of an integral poem, the unities of which they believe they have discovered. Charles Armitage Brown, the friend of Keats, was of opinion that they were divisible poems in the sonnet stanza, similar to Spenser's "Visions of Petrarch," "Visions of Bel-lay," and others already mentioned. In the first poem (1-26) Shakspeare addresses his friend, whom he tries to persuade to marry: in the second (27-55) he accuses him of robbing him of his mistress: in the third (56-77) he complains of his coldness: in the fourth (78-101) he complains that he prefers another poet's praises: in the fifth (102-126) he excuses himself for having been for some time silent: and in the sixth (127-152) he charges his mistress with infidelity. Mr. Brown, if I apprehend him rightly, understands these sonnet-poems literally. Mr. W. H. was William Herbert, who robbed Shakspeare of his mistress, and was forgiven by him. "Continually has it been lamented that we know almost nothing of our poet's life; yet here we have an event in it on which we can rely, described by his own hand, with many attending circumstances, every one of which exemplifies his character; and together they form a tale of interest, the like of which, among the biographies of other great men, poets or not, we may seek in vain. This is fresh from the well-spring of truth in his own bosom." If poetry is to be turned into biography in this way, who shall 'scape calumny? Another writer, whose name is unknown to me, but who in 1859 re-arranged and divided the sonnets into four parts, or poems, identifies Marlowe as the poet whose praises were preferred to Shakspeare's. Nor does he stop there; for branching off from the sonnets

to "Antony and Cleopatra," he identifies Marlowe with Lepidus, Herbert with Pompeius, Southampton with Enobarbus, Shakspeare with Antony, his mistress with Cleopatra, and Mrs. Shakspeare with Octavia. "It is not probable that Miss Anne Hathaway ever dreamt of being the sister of Cæsar and the wife of a greater than Cæsar." If the force of biographical fooling can go further than this, it can only be within the walls of a lunatic asylum.

I have no theory in regard to the sonnets of Shakspeare, which I read simply as poems. Strictly speaking, they are not sonnets, but quatorzains, consisting of three elegiac stanzas and a couplet. They are full of faults, but with all their faults there is not one which does not betray the hand of a great poet. Felicitous phrases and sinewy lines are frequent, and their intellectual intention, despite the conceits with which it is beset, is masculine. "Next to the dramas of Shakspeare," says Dyce, "they are by far the most valuable of his works. They contain such a quantity of profound thought as must astonish every reflecting reader; they are adorned by splendid and delicate imagery; they are sublime, pathetic, tender, or sweetly playful; while they delight the ear by their fluency, and their varied harmonies of rhythm."

I pass without mention several minor English poets, who indulged in the writing of sonnets, and come to two poets who are generally classed together, partly because both were sonneteers, but more, I think, because both contributed to the poetic literature of Scotland. The elder was William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Sterline, the younger William Drummond, better known as Drummond of Hawthornden. If to have loved and suffered was to be poetical, they were poets. We have to take their love and suffering for granted, for neither authenticates itself in their sonnets, which are as unimpassioned as those of Daniel or Drayton. The fair mistress of Alexander is the merest shadow. She was his first love, we are told, which appears probable, if she excited the tender passion in his breast when he was but fifteen, and a very obdurate first love he found her. She was punished, however, for she "matched her morning to one in the evening of his age" (in other words, married an old man), and he was consoled, after a short courtship, with the hand and fortune of another. Drummond was nearly twice the age of

Alexander when he met his fate in the person of Mary Cunningham, daughter of the laird of Barns, whose seat was on the side of the Firth of Forth opposite that on which Hawthornden stands. "He met with suitable returns of chaste love from her, and fully gained her affections; but when the day for the marriage was appointed, and all things ready for the solemnization of it, she took a fever, and was suddenly snatched away by it, to his great grief and sorrow." He retired to Hawthornden, where, among his beloved books, he devoted himself to melancholy musings. At length he was consoled, as Alexander had been, consolation coming in the shape of Elizabeth Logan, a minister's daughter, who proved a prolific mother.

Drummond embalmed the memory of his first love in several sonnets, of which the following is a fair example. It was addressed to his fellow-amorist, Alexander:

"Alexis, here she stay'd: among these pines,
Sweet hermitress, she did alone repair:
Here did she spread the treasure of her hair,
More rich than that brought from the Colchian
mines.

She sate her by these musked eglantines,
The happy place the print seems yet to bear;
Her voice did sweeten here thy sugar'd lines,
To which winds, trees, beasts, birds, did lend
their ear.

Me here she first perceiv'd, and here a morn
Of bright carnations did o'erspread her face;
Here did she sigh, here first my hopes were born,
And I first got a pledge of promis'd grace:
But ah! what served it to be happy so,
Sith passed pleasures double but new woe?"

The sonnets of Alexander, which were published in 1604, under the title of "Aurora," are studied and artificial. They are Petrarchian, in that they are interspersed with songs, elegies, and madrigals, but of irregular construction; only twenty-three out of the whole one hundred and six conforming to the law of the legitimate sonnet. I have not been able to interest myself in them, though I have succeeded in reading the Monarchicke Tragedies of their courtly author, whom his Majesty King James was pleased to call a philosophical poet. The sonnets of Drummond are of a higher order than those of Alexander, and judged, as they should be, by the standard prevailing when they were written, are entitled to great praise. They are less artificial than Daniel's, for example, and are more poetical; their most distinguishing quality is elegance of expression,—a tender pensiveness of sentiment, and a vein of meditation that

bespeaks a serious thinker. Hunt considers him the next best sonnet-writer to Shakspeare. "Drummond's sonnets," he says, "for the most part, are not only of the legitimate order, but they are the earliest in the language that breathe what may be called the habit of mind observable in the best Italian writers of sonnets: that is to say, a mixture of tenderness, elegance, love of country, seclusion, and conscious sweetness of verse. We scent his 'musked eglantines,' and catch glimpses of the 'sweet hermitress' whose loss he deplores." The best of them were published in a volume of his miscellaneous poems in 1616, the year that Shakspeare died.

The great names of Shakspeare and Drummond were not powerful enough to preserve the fashion of sonnet-writing. Ben Jonson wrote but four, two of which were prefixed to volumes of verse by other poets, the third being addressed to the Lady Mary Wroth, a daughter of the Earl of Leicester, and the fourth to the household of Charles the First. The first and second bear the dates of 1600 and 1604, the fourth of 1630. If any can be said to be good, it is the last, which is an indignant demand for the tierce of canary to which he was entitled as laureate. One would hardly expect to find sonnets among the poems of such harsh and unmusical writers as Donne and Herbert, whose literary art was of the slightest, but they are there, nevertheless. Donne wrote twenty-nine sonnets, the first seven of which form a single poem, the last line of one being repeated as the first line of another,—a poetic artifice which was first employed, I believe, by Daniel. With but one exception they are legitimately constructed, and are not so bad as they might have been. Herbert wrote fourteen sonnets, all on sacred themes, and all illegitimate. They are better on the whole, perhaps, than those of Donne, one of them being good enough for Gray to steal from. The latest of all these sonnets must have been written before the third of March, 1632, the date of Herbert's death, which was less than a year after the death of Donne. They belong, therefore, to the poetical productions of the first third of the seventeenth century.

Eight years before the death of Shakspeare there was born in London a boy whose name, in the fullness of time, was to be associated with his as the second great English poet. The light of day shone first upon his infant eyes in Bread street, at the sign of the Spread Eagle, which was the armorial ensign of his family. His father, who

was a scrivener, and distinguished for his musical talents, saw early promises of genius in his precocious mind. A poet at the age of ten, he turned two psalms into creditable poetry when he was fifteen, after which feat he was admitted a pensioner to Christ's College, Cambridge. Here he was soon distinguished for his skill in writing Latin poetry—a laborious accomplishment, which was then greatly esteemed by scholars, and has not yet fallen into disfavor in English universities. He wrote four English poems while at college—an elegy on the death of a fair infant dying of a cough, in the measure of Shakspeare's "Lucrece," and a vacation exercise, in couplets, in praise of the English language; the third and fourth poems were sonnets. The vacation exercise and the elegy need not detain us, for other poets might have written them; but the sonnets must not be passed over lightly, for they mark an era in English sonnet-writing, the first close of which they illustrated and delayed. Both have what may be called a personal basis—one being the feelings of a young poet on listening to a nightingale, the other his reflections on his twenty-third birth-day. They differ from all the sonnets of the time, in that they are simple in thought and unstudied in expression, and that they convince us of the entire sincerity of the singer. We feel that they were not written because other poets had made a reputation by such compositions, but because their writer had something to say, and knew that the best way for him to say it was in this form. If he had read Shakspeare and Drummond, or Drayton and Daniel, he forgot them in his remembrance of Petrarch, whose form he mastered, at the age of twenty-three, as no English poet since Sidney had done. They do not read like the productions of a young man, for they are mature in conception and severe in execution—demanding our deepest respect as well as our highest admiration. The credentials of a strong intellect, which knows itself and the work it has to do, their gravity is Shakspearean. They bear a weight of thought which had never before laid upon the English sonnet, and they bear it lightly as a flower. Such, I conceive, are the sonnets of John Milton, which were as slow of acceptance by the readers of poetry as those of Shakspeare. "They deserve not any particular criticism," Johnson declared, "for of the best it can only be said they are not bad."

The sonnets of Milton cover a period of

about thirty years, beginning with the one "To the Nightingale," written in 1631, and ending with the one "On his Deceased Wife," written in 1658. They are more autobiographic than the sonnets of any other English poet, and they show, as no other poetic compositions could do, his indomitable dependence upon himself. If he could have been influenced by consideration of popularity, he would scarcely have written sonnets, for they had ceased to be popular when he began, and were nearly, if not quite, extinct when he finished. A change had come over the form of English poetry which I chronicle but cannot explain, and which contributed to the dethronement of the sonnet and the crowning of the lyric in its stead. There was no great change in its spirit, which occupied itself with what by courtesy is called love-poetry, but it was in a fashion of its own, which was foreign to that of the early masters, and no whit nearer nature than theirs. Carew was singing the praises of Celia, Habington the praises of Castara, Waller the praises of Saccharissa, Lovelace the praises of Lucasta, Cowley the praises of the shadow which he pretended was his mistress, and the lesser poets—the mob of gentlemen, who wrote with ease—the praises of their Chloës and Amandas, but none in the measured octaves and sestettes of Petrarch, or the loose stanza-sonnet of Shakspeare. I recall but one sonnet in the poetical works of Carew, ten in those of Fanshawe, and eight in those of Cotton. A curious semblance of the sonnet lingers, however, in Habington's "Castara," but it is a remembrance of its spirit, and not its form; for while it inspired fifty-four poems of fourteen lines each, it allowed them to shape themselves in couplets.

If the sonnets of Milton produced no other effect upon the class of compositions which they adorned beyond those of all other English poets, they dealt a death-blow to its artificiality and fondness for conceits, and introduced in their stead the uncommon poetic quality of common sense. It cropped out in the next century in the next sonnet of which we have any knowledge, and never again disappeared from the body of English poetry. This sonnet was written by Thomas Gray, in commemoration of his friend, Richard West,—a fellow Etonian, the son of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, who died in the summer of 1742. It is a manly production, which has not escaped the censure of Wordsworth, who

objected to the touch of classicism in the second line:

"And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire,"

though he was willing to permit himself, when it suited him, to

"Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

Milton and Spenser and Dryden are laid under contribution in it, and the last line,

"And weep the more because I weep in vain,"

is taken bodily, either from Fitz-Jeffrey's "Life and Death of Sir Francis Drake" (1596), or Cibber's adaptation of "Richard the Third" (1700), most probably the latter.

The next English sonnets came from the pens of Thomas Edwards and Thomas Warton. Edwards, who was a member of Lincoln's Inn, was an early Shakspearean, who was moved to wrath by the ignorance and arrogance displayed in Warburton's edition of his favorite poet, which he proceeded to scarify in his "Canons of Criticism" (1748). This passed through several editions, the latest of which, published in 1765, contained forty-five sonnets, thirteen of which appeared eight years before in Dodsley's Collection of Poems. They are not remarkable for originality of thought, but the sentiments which they express are pleasing, and the language in which they are clothed is scholarly and refined. The same may be said of the sonnets of Warton, of which the earliest were published in the same Collection four years later than those of Edwards. A better sonneteer than either was John Bampfylde, a man of family in the last century, whose only wish was to live in solitude and amuse himself with poetry and music. His relatives thought this was a sad life for him, and forced him to London, where he was put into Newgate for breaking the windows of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Released by his mother, Lady Bampfylde, his alacrity in sinking landed him in beggarly lodgings in Holborn, whence he was sent to a private mad-house, where he remained twenty years, only recovering his reason when he was dying of consumption. His sonnets, which were published in 1778, were dedicated to Miss Palmer, a niece of Sir Joshua's, to whom he was inclined to pay his addresses. They indicate a sensitive temperament, an appreciation of natural scenery, a cultivated sense of the picturesque and the beautiful, and shed a

tender light over one of the most pathetic pages in the Calamities of Literature.

Three minor English poets now published volumes of verse, which increased the bulk, if not the value, of sonnet-literature,—Charlotte Smith, in 1784, Samuel Egerton Brydges, in 1785, and William Lisle Bowles, in 1789. Mrs. Smith was an English gentlewoman, who married before she was seventeen the partner of her father in a mercantile business in London. A reckless, extravagant man, who lived beyond his means, he became an inmate of the King's Bench, whither she accompanied him, the mother of eight children, who, as well as their worthless father, were dependent on her for support. Enamored of poetry in her childhood, she collected what she considered her best poems and printed them. They hit the taste of the public, and passed through five editions in as many years. Her only dated sonnet was written in May, 1784. As the earliest dated sonnet of Brydges was written nearly two years before (July 18th, 1782), he was probably the older sonneteer. He was certainly the less popular, for twenty-two years elapsed before his sonnets reached a fourth edition. He has composed one sonnet, "On Echo and Silence" (October 20th, 1782), which has been placed by common consent among the few imperishable sonnets; but, with this exception, he cannot be said to have surpassed his fair competitor, who possessed more poetic sensibility than he, and obeyed more readily the dictates of her heart. She had a warmer love of nature, a keener susceptibility to its beauties, and (unfortunately for her) a more intimate acquaintance with suffering. Bowles, who was the same age as Brydges, had an attachment for the niece of Sir Samuel Romilly, which resulted unhappily, and caused him to wander on the Continent, and to sonnetize. He had so little thought of writing down his sonnets that many of them escaped his recollection until his return to England, when he committed them to paper. Three poets were captivated by them—Coleridge, who reproduced them several times in manuscript; Southey, who said they meliorated his poetic style; and Wordsworth, who, on the eve of a pedestrian tour from London, retreated into one of the recesses of Westminster Bridge, and could not be induced to rejoin his companions until he had finished the perusal of them. Coleridge addressed a sonnet to their author, beginning with the line,—

"My heart has thanked thee, Bowles, for those soft strains,"

but was afterward ashamed of his enthusiasm. Three or four years after their publication the veteran Cowper became a sonneteer. He began by translating the Italian sonnets of Milton, and followed by writing four sonnets to his friends—one to Romney, who had painted his portrait (October, 1792), another to his Platonic mistress, Mrs. Unwin (May, 1793), a third to his kinsman Johnson (May, 1793), and a fourth to Hayley (June 29, 1793), who was a poet in a small way.

A greater poet than Cowper—a fiery southern soul, whose misfortune it was to be born in Presbyterian Scotland—tried his "prentice han" on two sonnets, one upon his thirty-fourth birthday (January 25th, 1793), the other in memory of his whilom friend Riddell, who died in the spring of 1794. To say that they are indifferent is to dismiss them lightly.

The last lustrum of the eighteenth century witnessed a mild triumph for the sonnets of Bowles in the sonnets of Coleridge, which they suggested, and a milder one in the sonnets of Lamb, which they suggested at second hand, the effusions of the two poets appearing together in a single volume in 1796. The early sonnets of Coleridge are uninteresting, from whatever point of view we regard them, and those of Lamb are only noticeable on account of their allusions to a tender attachment, concerning which his biographers have nothing definite to tell us. Both Lamb and Coleridge wrote a few good sonnets, but they are not included in the joint volume above spoken of. The birth of his son Hartley quickened the erratic genius of the latter, who remembered for a moment that he was a husband and a father, and recognized his human obligations toward the hostages he had given to fortune, and it produced one remarkable sonnet. It was written after September 19th, 1796, and was addressed to his friend Lamb, who asked him how he felt when the nurse presented the infant to him:

"Charles! my slow heart was only sad when first I scanned that face of feeble infancy:
For dimly on my thoughtful spirit burst
All I had been, and all my child might be.
But when I saw it on its mother's arm,
And hanging at her bosom (she the while
Bent o'er its features with a tearful smile),
Then I was thrilled and melted, and most warm
Impressed a father's kiss; and all beguiled
Of dark remembrance and presageful fear,
I seemed to see an angel-form appear—

'Twas even thine, beloved woman mild!
So for the mother's sake the child was dear,
And dearer was the mother for the child."

The century closed with the sonnets of Southey, who struggled to lift his commonplace into poetry by rash metrical experiments, but never succeeded in mastering the laws of the sonnet, if, indeed, he cared to master them,—and who never wrote a sonnet that is worth remembering.

If Wordsworth had been asked to name the successor of Milton, there can be no doubt, from what we know of him, that he would have named himself. He would have admitted that he had not written an epic like "Paradise Lost," but would have asserted, as he once did to Lamb, when the plays of Shakspeare was in question, that he could have done so, if he had a mind to. ("You see," said Lamb, "he hadn't a mind to.") He would have placed his "Excursion" by the side of, if not above, "Paradise Lost," and would, I believe, have preferred his own sonnets to Milton's. He had a right to think highly of his sonnets; for when they are good they surpass those of his contemporaries; but, unfortunately, the number of his good sonnets is small. He has written hundreds (say five hundred in round figures), of which it would be difficult to name twenty that substantiate his poetic greatness. He wrote upon all occasions, and many of his occasions, it must be confessed, are of the slightest. To stub his toe was to set his poetic feet in motion, and to evolve a train of philosophical musings upon toes in particular and things in general. His prime defect (*me jndice*) is his stupendous egotism, which dwarfed that of Milton, great as it was, and which led him to worship himself, morning, noon, and night. Sacred in his own eye, he could not be otherwise in the eyes of others. That he was, or could be tedious, never entered into his calculation. I honor his memory this side of idolatry, as Ben Jonson wrote of Shakspeare, but when I read his sonnets I am constrained to say, with the wicked Jeffrey, "This will never do." Let us see what they are about:—One hundred and thirty-two are devoted to ecclesiastical subjects; one hundred and twenty-two to miscellaneous subjects; seventy-nine to national independence and liberty; forty-four to the river Duddon; twenty-three to a tour in Italy; nineteen to a tour on the Continent; and fourteen each to liberty and order, and the punishment of death. Shakspeare himself could not have written so many sonnets

upon such themes, the majority of which are neither poetical in themselves, nor capable of poetic treatment. Wordsworth was a worshiper of nature, a lover of freedom, a philosophic thinker, a man of lofty aims and austere virtues; but he wrote too much, and with an evenness that is as provoking in the end as worse writing would be. Critical justice demands that I should admit this, and demands further that I declare him one of England's greatest poets. He rescued the sonnet from his unskillful predecessors—Bowles, Brydges, and the rest—restored its dignity of form, and made it impressive with his meditations.

"In his hand
The Thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains,—alas! too few."

The sonnets of Wordsworth which linger longest in the memory are: the one which was composed upon Westminster Bridge,

"Earth has not anything to show more fair";

the one in which he protests against the over-worldliness of his countrymen,

"The world is too much with us";

the last of his three sonnets on Sheep,

"A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by";

the addresses to Milton and the men of Kent,

"Milton, thou should'st be living at this hour,"

"Vanguard of liberty, ye men of Kent";

and the noble recognition of the genius of Sir Walter Scott, on his departure from Abbotsford for Naples. Two or three others, which do not at once occur to me, are notable examples of his art of saying things,—a poetic gift, which he possessed beyond any poet of his time, and which determines his place among the great poets of all time. In his felicity of epithets, he is Shakspearean.

Wordsworth honored himself, as well as Scott, by the sonnet which I have mentioned above, and which I quote here as a noble tribute from one poet to another. It was written at Abbotsford, in the evening of September 22d, 1831:

"A trouble, not of clouds or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height;
Spirits of Power assembled there complain
For kindred Power departing from their sight;
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blythe
strain,

Saddens his voice again, and yet again.
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue
Than sceptered King or laureled Conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous potentate. Be true,
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
Waiving your charge to soft Parthenope."

Wordsworth's arbitrary division of his poems into classes—a folly of his later years, which disturbs their chronological order—prevents me from affixing dates to his sonnets, and consequently from tracing the influences under which they were written. The few dates which he has allowed to remain only enable me to state that they extended from his early manhood to his old age, a period of about fifty years. The sonneteers of this period, which may be said to cover the first half of the present century, are not of sufficient importance to be studied carefully. Foremost in point of time was Henry Kirke White, whose position among the English poets is quite as much due to Southey's sympathetic memoir of him as to the promise of his early verse. He wrote twenty-three sonnets, the best of which are actual transcripts of his feelings, and as such are still interesting. The poets of the day dropped their melodious tears over his grave, among others a young nobleman, who was soon to astonish the world with his lawless and impassioned genius. Lord Byron wrote seven sonnets, which, curiously enough, conform to Italian models. He professed to hold the sonnet in contempt, for after finishing the two "To Ginevra" (December 19th, 1813), he remarked in his Diary: "I never wrote but one sonnet before, and that was not in earnest and many years ago, as an exercise—and I will never write another. They are the most puling, petrifying, Platonic compositions." His next sonnet (for of course he did not keep his promise) was written on the Continent (June, 1816), after his separation from his wife, and was prefixed to "The Prisoner of Chillon." It was followed in the next month by a sonnet "To Lake Leman" and by a translation of a sonnet of Vittorelli's; and three years later (June 21st, 1819) by a sonnet to the Countess Guiccioli, to please whom he wrote "The Prophecy of Dante," and another (August 12th, 1819) addressed to George the Fourth, for whom he professed a momentary respect. "There, you dogs," he wrote to Murray, in reference to the last, "there's a sonnet for you. You wont have such in a hurry from Fitzgerald." Another

nobleman, whose poetic aspirations were sneered at by Byron in doggerel verse, and by Moore in the "Edinburgh Review," wrote a number of sonnets, which are the salt of the volume in which they were published ("Poems on Several Occasions," by Edward, Lord Thurlow, 1813). Lord Thurlow, if not positively a poet, had the instincts and the feelings which go to the making of poets, and would, I think, have left an enduring name if he had lived in the age of Elizabeth, or of Charles the First. As it was, he mistook his time, and the temper of his contemporaries, who ridiculed his antiquated affectations, and overlooked the suggestive excellence of his poetry. He is a striking illustration of the truth of the divine saying, that many are called, but few chosen.

"Great spirits now on earth are sojourning—"

wrote Keats to Haydon sixty years ago, and posterity has confirmed his verdict. For great spirits were certainly sojourning then,—Shelley, and Keats himself, and a lesser but beautiful spirit—Hunt. The three were companions, and the first and last were bosom friends. The story of their poetic amity is pleasanter, I think, than that of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, for they were less opinionated than their elders, and more generous to each other. They wrote sonnets, and one day in the winter of 1818 each wrote one "To the Nile," probably at the suggestion of Hunt, in whose library they were. The merits of these sonnets, which are preserved in their poetical works, are in inverse ratio to their powers, Shelley's being the worst, and Hunt's the best. Once before (December 30th, 1816), Hunt and Keats had waged a similar poetical duel, and the laurels were divided pretty equally between them. It will be long before the companion-sonnets "On the Grasshopper and the Cricket" will be forgotten. Hunt was the better scholar, and the better artist, but his art was soon eclipsed by that of his young disciple. He wrote upwards of thirty sonnets, first and last, of which he preserved about half, including those I have mentioned, and which are the finest. The characterization of Cleopatra in the Nile sonnet,—

"The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands,—"

is worthy of any poet that ever lived. Keats wrote fifty-three sonnets, the first on the day that Leigh Hunt left prison (Feb. 3d, 1815),

"What though, for showing truth to flattered state,"

and the last,

"Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art,"

in the autumn of 1820. Between the writing of these sonnets he ripened from a clever young versifier to a great master of epic song,—the peer of Milton and Æschylus. Possessed of a purer poetic intellect than any of his contemporaries, he was more fortunate than they in that he was nurtured by Chaucer, and Spenser, and Shakspeare. Having nothing to unlearn,—for his instinct had directed him to the most poetical of poets,—his progress was rapid and sure. What Chaucer and Spenser were to him we see in his early poems, as well as in the sonnets which he devoted to their honor; and what Homer was he has trumpeted forth in his sonnet "On first looking into Chapman's Homer," which is not only a magnificent tribute from one poet to the genius of another, but one of the greatest sonnets in the language.

The personality of Keats is clearly revealed, I think, in his sonnets, which are more autobiographic than he was aware. The art of dissimulation, in which Byron was proficient, was so foreign to his nature that we may be sure we know the man as well as the poet. The poet speaks in his sonnets "To the Nile," and "On first looking into Chapman's Homer"; in the two sonnets "On Fame," and in the exquisite sonnet "To Sleep," which is superior to Sidney's: and the man speaks—with what sincerity and sorrow—in the impassioned sonnets which were wrung from him by the cruel coquetries of Fanny Brawne. What had Shakspeare done in his twenty-sixth year—the age at which John Keats died?

None of the poets that surrounded and succeeded Keats added to their laurels by sonnets; for the greatest, Shelley, who wrote ten, never mastered even their lowest forms of construction, and never contrived to say anything in them that is worth listening to now. I should mention here the name of John Hamilton Reynolds, the friend of Keats, whose delightful poem of "Robin Hood" was inspired by three of his sonnets,—and the greater name of his future brother-in-law Hood, who was feeling his way as a sonneteer in the pages of the "London Magazine." There is an indescribable sense of loveliness in the sonnets of Hood, and curious touches of natural

description in the artless quatorzains of the peasant poet Clare.

Keats has added to the small stock of good poems of which the Sea has been the inspiration, by the following sonnet, which was written in April, 1817, at Carisbrooke, in the Isle of Wight, whither he had gone in order to write "Endymion":

"It keeps eternal whisperings around
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.
Often 'tis in such gentle temper found
That scarcely will the very smallest shell
Be moved for days from where it sometime fell,
When last the winds of heaven were unbound.
O ye! who have your eye-balls vex'd and tired,
Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea;
O ye! whose ears are din'd with uproar rude,
Or fed too much with cloying melody,—
Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, and brood
Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quired!"

I pass over Charles and Alfred Tennyson, whose early sonnets are entitled to considerable praise, and come to a gentle-hearted, bright-minded, erratic, and unfortunate creature, whose heritage of genius was a heritage of woe to himself and others. Never did poet have such a son as Coleridge in his first-born Hartley, and never did son have such a stimulated and unguided childhood. Practically fatherless, he grew like a wilding plant in the household of his uncle Southey, whose life was his best poem, and in the society of Wordsworth, whose heart warmed toward him. His father hoped great things from him as he lay in his cradle, and prophesied that he would wander like a breeze by lakes and sandy shores, and beneath the crags of ancient mountains, and see lovely shapes and hear intelligible sounds of the eternal language of God. But Wordsworth, whose admiration of him was not less than that of his father, was full of mournful forebodings:

"I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,
Lord of thy house and hospitality;
And Grief, uneasy lover, never rest
But when she sat within the touch of thee."

With the assistance of Southey and other friends of his father, he went to Oxford, where he stood high for the Oriel fellowship. He did not obtain it, however, for what with his originality and independence of speech, and his indiscretion in drinking, he was considered unsuitable for the duties attached to it, and was dismissed with the sum of £300. He went to London, and adopted literature as a profession, but after a year or two removed to Ambleside, where he

opened a school. From there he removed to Grasmere, and finally to Nab Cottage, on the banks of Rydal Water, where he spent the rest of his days. He had no enemy but himself, nor was he so great an enemy to himself as another might have been in his place; for whatever his life was at times, his heart was always tender and loving, and his genius pure and beautiful. Tempted, suffering, repentant, he died in his fifty-fourth year, and was buried by the side of Wordsworth. "Let him lie with us," said the old poet; "he would have wished it."

If the irregular life of Hartley Coleridge left its impress on his writings, it did not impair the clearness of his mental vision, nor the exquisite finish of his workmanship. If it saddened his sensitive nature, it did not make him morbid, or unjust to others. There is a grace, a sweetness, a sense of shy, secluded beauty in his sonnets, which separate him from the poets of his time as surely as the odes of Collins separate him from the versifiers of his time, and which have given him an enduring though not a lofty place among the sonneteers of England.

The last half of the third century of the English sonnet need not detain us, for, amid the multitude of singers who have illustrated it, I find but one who seems to me to rank with the great masters of this species of composition,—Mrs. Browning. Nearly twenty years have passed since this lady closed her eyes to earthly things in the Italian home she loved so well. She has had successors of her own sex, but none who has proved worthy to fill the high place from which she was stricken. She possessed an intense, fiery nature, which allied her to the greatest

of poets, and which justified the intellectual relationship that one of her admirers claimed for her, when he christened her "Shakspeare's Daughter." Her earliest sonnets (for it is her sonnets alone that concern us here), which were published in the second of her two volumes of collected poems, in 1844, are remarkable productions. They are all, if I remember rightly, of the legitimate Italian construction, which Mrs. Browning (then Miss Elizabeth Barrett) was too accomplished a scholar to despise, and on that account are entitled to high praise as art-work among the clumsy quatorzains of her contemporaries; but they are exceedingly provoking, they are so strained and harsh, and so negligent of the minor morals of verse. They were followed about two years later (in point of composition I mean) by a series of personal sonnets, which are the noblest ever written—I will not say by a woman, which might sound invidious—but by anybody. I refer to the series of forty-four, in which she confessed the impassioned secrets of her heart, when it was first touched to its finest issues, and which were finally given to the world as "From the Portuguese." Never before was there such revelation of the depths of woman's nature, such recognition of the divine necessity of love. The sonnets of Petrarch are artificial in comparison, and those of Shakspeare, magnificent as they are, should be read before, and not after them, to be fully enjoyed. She has surpassed her English and Italian masters, in that she has written the one great personal poem of all time. All honor, then, to this glorious woman, who has so grandly completed the third century of the English sonnet.

THE CONIFEROUS FORESTS OF THE SIERRA NEVADA. II.

GRAND SILVER-FIR. WHITE-FIR.

(*Picea grandis*.)

WE come now to the most regularly planted of all the forest belts, composed almost exclusively of two magnificent firs, *Picea grandis* and *Picea amabilis*. It extends, with no marked interruption, for four hundred miles, at an elevation near the middle of the range of from five thousand five hundred to eight thousand five hundred

feet, gradually ascending toward the south and descending toward the north. The *grandis* forms the lower portion of the belt, the *amabilis* the upper, while the middle is made up of about equal numbers of both species.

In its young days, *Picea grandis* is a strikingly symmetrical tree, holding itself strictly erect, with its branches regularly whorled in level collars around the whitish-gray axis, which terminates in a strong, hopeful shoot. The leaves are put on in two horizontal



FOREST OF GRAND SILVER-FIR. TWO SEQUOIAS IN THE FOREGROUND ON THE LEFT.

rows, along branchlets that commonly are less than eight years old, forming handsome plumes, pinnated like the fronds of ferns. The cones are grayish-green when ripe, cylindrical, about from three to four inches long by one to two wide, and stand bolt upright on the upper branches.

Full-grown trees, favorably situated as to soil and exposure, are about two hundred feet high, and five or six feet in diameter near the ground, though larger specimens are by no means rare.

As old age creeps on, the bark becomes rougher and grayer, the branches lose their exact regularity, many are snow-bent or broken off, and the main axis often becomes

double or otherwise irregular from accidents to the terminal bud or shoot; but throughout all the vicissitudes of its life on the mountains, come what may, the noble grandeur of the species is patent to every eye.

LOVELY SILVER-FIR. RED-FIR.

(*Picea amabilis*.)

THIS is the most exactly beautiful tree in the Sierra woods, far surpassing its companion species in this respect, and easily distinguished from it by the purplish-red bark, which is also more closely furrowed than that of the Grand, and by its larger cones, more regularly whorled and fronded branches, and by its leaves, which are shorter, and grow all around the branchlets and point upward.

In size, the two species are about equal, the *amabilis* perhaps a little the taller. Specimens from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet high are not rare on well-ground moraine soil, at an elevation of from seven thousand five hundred to eight thousand five hundred feet above sea-level. The largest that I measured stands back three miles from the brink of the north wall of Yosemite Valley. Five years ago it was two hundred and forty feet high, with a diameter of a little more than five feet.

Happy is the man with the freedom and the love to climb a silver-fir in full flower and fruit. How admirable the forest-work of Nature is then seen to be, as one makes



VIEW OF FOREST OF THE LOVELY SILVER-FIR.



SILVER-FIR FOREST GROWING ON MORAINES OF THE HOFFMAN AND TENAYA GLACIERS.

his way up through the midst of the broad, fronded branches, all arranged in exquisite order around the trunk like the whorled leaves of lilies, and each branch and branchlet about as strictly pinnate as the most symmetrical fern-frond. The staminate cones are seen growing straight downward from the under side of the young branches in lavish profusion, making fine lines of rosy purple amid the grayish-green foliage. On the topmost branches are found the fertile cones, set firmly on end like small casks. They are about six inches long, three wide, covered with a fine gray down, and streaked with delicious crystal balsam that seems to have been poured upon each cone from above.

Both of the silver-firs live to a good old age—two hundred and fifty years or more when the conditions about them are at all favorable. Some venerable patriarch may often be seen, heavily storm-marked, towering in severe majesty above the rising generation, with a protecting grove of saplings pressing close around his feet, each dressed with such loving care that not a leaf seems wanting. Other companies are made up of trees near the prime of life, exquisitely harmonized to one another in form and gesture, as if Nature had culled them one

by one with nice discrimination from all the rest of the woods.

It is from this tree, called red-fir by the lumberman, that mountaineers always cut boughs to sleep on when they are so fortunate as to be within its limits. Two rows of the plushy branches overlapping along the middle, and a crescent of smaller plumes for a pillow, curving inward at the tips, form the very best bed imaginable. The essences of the pressed leaves seem to fill every pore of one's body, the sounds of falling water heard near and far make a soothing hush, while the ferny arches overhead, two hundred feet high, afford noble openings through which to gaze and dream into the deep, starry sky. Even in the matter of sensuous ease, any combination of cloth, steel springs, and feathers seems vulgar in comparison.

The fir woods are delightful sauntering-grounds any time of year, but most so in autumn. Then the noble trees are hushed in the warm, spicy light, and dripping with balsam; the cones are ripe, and the seeds, with their ample purple wings, mottle the air like flocks of butterflies; while deer feeding in the flowery openings between the groves, and birds and squirrels in the branches, make a pleasant stir, which

enriches the deep, brooding calm of the glorious wilderness and gives a peculiar impressiveness to every tree.

No wonder the enthusiastic Douglas went wild with joy when he first discovered this species. Even in the forests of California, where so many noble evergreens challenge admiration, we linger among these colossal firs with fresh love and extol their beauty again and again, as if no other in the world could henceforth claim our regard.

THE TWO-LEAVED PINE. TAMARACK-PINE.

(*Pinus contorta*.)

THIS species forms the bulk of the alpine forests, extending along the range, above the fir-belt, up to a height of from eight thousand to nine thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and growing in beautiful order upon moraines that are scarce at all changed as yet by post-glacial weathering. Compared with the giants of the lower zones, this is a small tree, seldom attaining a height of a hundred feet. The largest specimen I ever measured was ninety feet in height, and a little over six in diameter four feet from the ground. The average height of mature trees throughout the entire belt is probably not far from fifty or sixty feet, with a diameter of two feet six inches. It is a well-proportioned, rather handsome little pine, with grayish-brown bark, and crooked, much-divided branches, which cover the greater portion of the trunk, not so densely, however, as to prevent its being seen. The lower limbs curve downward, gradually take a horizontal position about half-way up the trunk, then aspire more and more toward the summit, thus forming a sharp, conical top. The foliage is short and rigid, two leaves in a fascicle, arranged in comparatively long, cylindrical tassels at the ends of the tough, upcurving branches. The cones are about two inches long, growing in stiff clusters among the needles, without making any striking effect, excepting while they are very young, when they are of a vivid crimson color, and the whole tree appears to be dotted with brilliant flowers. The sterile cones are still more showy, on account of their greater abundance, often giving a reddish-yellow tinge to the whole mass of the foliage, and filling the air with pollen.

No other pine on the range is so regularly planted as this one. Moraine forests sweep along the sides of the high, rocky

valleys for miles without a single interruption; still, strictly speaking, they are not dense, for flecks of sunshine and flowers find their way into the darkest places, where the trees grow tallest and closest together. Tall, nutritious grasses are specially abundant, growing over all the ground, in sunshine and shade, like a farmer's crop, and serving as pasture for a multitude of sheep that are driven from the arid plains every summer as soon as the snow is melted.

The two-leaved pine, more than any other, is subject to destruction by fire. The thin bark is streaked and sprinkled with resin, as if it had been showered down upon it like rain, so that even the green, fresh trees catch fire very readily, and during strong winds whole forests are destroyed, the flames leaping from tree to tree, and forming one continuous belt, that goes surging and racing onward above the bending woods, like the grass-fires of a prairie. During the calm, dry season of Indian-summer, the fire creeps quietly along the ground, feeding on the dry needles and burs; then, arriving at the foot of a tree, the resinous bark is ignited, and the heated air ascends in a powerful current, continually increasing in velocity, and dragging the flames swiftly upward; then the leaves catch fire, and an immense column of flame,

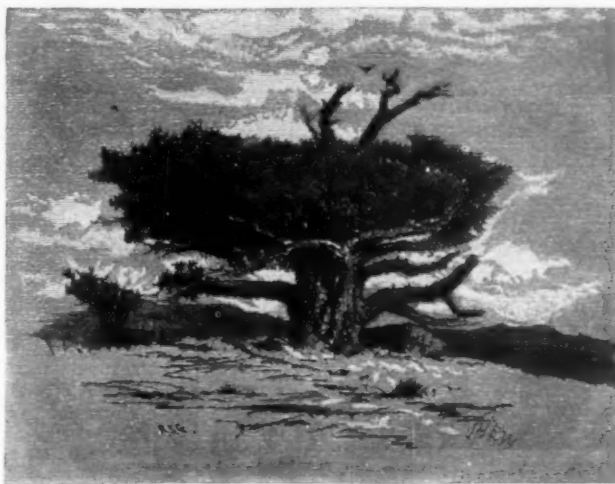


VIEW IN A FOREST OF THE TWO-LEAVED PINE.

beautifully spired on the edges, and tinted a rose-purple hue, rushes aloft thirty or forty feet above the top of the tree, forming a grand spectacle, especially on a dark night. It lasts, however, only a few seconds, vanishing with magical rapidity, to be succeeded along the fire-line at irregular intervals by others—tree after tree flashing and darkening for weeks at a time, and leaving the trunks and branches hardly scarred. The heat, however, is sufficient to kill the trees, and in a few years the bark shrivels and falls off. Belts miles in extent are thus killed and left standing with the branches on, peeled and rigid, appearing gray in the distance, like a misty cloud. Later, the branches drop off, leaving a forest of bleached spars. At length the roots decay, and the forlorn trunks are blown down during some storm, and piled one upon another, until they are consumed by the next fire, and leave the ground ready for a fresh crop.

The endurance of the species is shown by its wandering occasionally out over the lava plains with the yellow-pine, and climbing moraineless mountain-sides with the dwarf-pine, clinging to any chance support in rifts and crevices of storm-beaten rocks—always, however, showing the effects of such hardships in every feature.

Down in sheltered lake-hollows, on beds of rich alluvium, it varies so far from the common form as frequently to be taken for a distinct species. Here it grows in dense sods like grasses, from forty to eighty feet high, bending all together to the breeze, and whirling in eddying gusts more lithely than any other tree in the woods. I have frequently found specimens fifty feet high less than five inches in diameter. Being thus slender, and at the same time well clad with leafy boughs, at least near the top, they are oftentimes bent to the ground when laden with soft snow, forming beautiful arches in endless variety, some of which last until the melting of the snow in spring.



JUNIPER. RED-CEGAR.

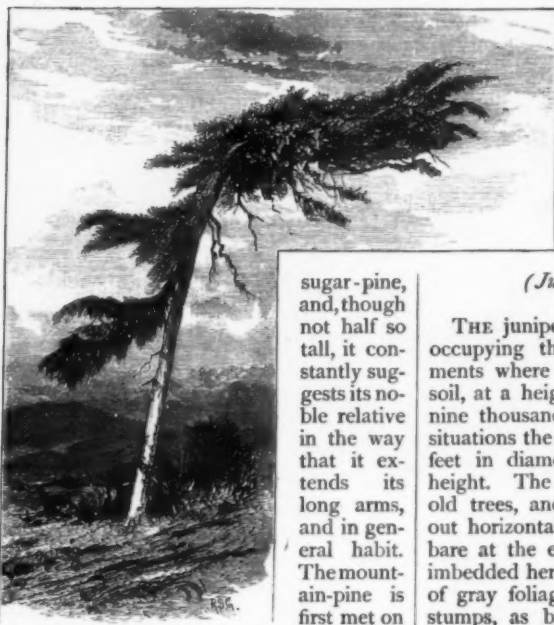
MOUNTAIN-PINE.

(*Pinus monticola.*)

THE mountain-pine is king of the alpine woods; brave, hardy, and long-lived; towering grandly above its companions, and becoming stronger and more imposing just where other species begin to crouch and disappear. At its best it is usually about ninety feet high and five or six in diameter, though a specimen is often met considerably larger than this. The trunk is as massive and as suggestive of enduring strength as that of an oak. About two-thirds of the trunk is commonly free of limbs, but close, fringy tufts of sprays occur all the way down, like those which adorn the colossal shafts of Sequoia. The bark is deep reddish brown upon trees that occupy exposed situations near its upper limit, and furrowed rather deeply, the main furrows running nearly parallel with each other, and connected by conspicuous cross furrows, which, with one exception, are, as far as I have noticed, peculiar to this species.

The cones are from four to eight inches long, slender, cylindrical, and somewhat curved, resembling those of the common white-pine of the Atlantic coast. They grow in clusters of about from three to six or seven, becoming pendulous as they increase in weight, chiefly by the bending of the branches.

This species is quite nearly related to the



STORM-BEATEN WILLIAMSON SPRUCE,
FORTY FEET HIGH.

the fir-belt, growing singly in a subdued, inconspicuous form, in what appear as chance situations, without making much impression on the general forest. Continuing up through the two-leaved pines in the same scattered growth, it begins to show its character, and

sugar-pine, and, though not half so tall, it constantly suggests its noble relative in the way that it extends its long arms, and in general habit. The mountain-pine is first met on the upper margin of

at an elevation of about ten thousand feet attains its noblest development near the middle of the range, tossing its tough arms in the frosty air, welcoming storms and feeding on them, and reaching the grand old age of a thousand years.

JUNIPER. RED-CEDAR.

(*Juniperus occidentalis*.)

THE juniper is preëminently a rock-tree, occupying the baldest domes and pavements where there is scarce a handful of soil, at a height of from seven thousand to nine thousand five hundred feet. In such situations the trunk is frequently over eight feet in diameter, and not much more in height. The top is almost always dead in old trees, and great, stubborn limbs push out horizontally that are mostly broken and bare at the ends, but densely covered and imbedded here and there with bossy mounds of gray foliage. Some are mere weathered stumps, as broad as long, decorated with a few leafy sprays, reminding one of the crumbling towers of some ancient castle scantily draped with ivy. Only upon the head-waters of the Carson have I found this species established on good moraine soil. Here it flourishes with the silver and two-leaved pines, in great beauty and luxuriance, attaining a height of from forty to sixty feet,



AN OAK GROWING AMONG YELLOW-PINES.

and manifesting but little of that rocky angularity so characteristic a feature throughout the greater portion of its range.

Two of the largest, growing at the head of Hope Valley, measured twenty-nine feet three inches and twenty-five feet six inches in circumference, respectively, four feet from the ground.

The bark is bright cinnamon colored, and, in thrifty trees, beautifully braided and reticulated, flaking off in thin, lustrous ribbons, that are sometimes used by Indians for tent-matting.

Its fine color and odd picturesqueness always catch an artist's eye, but to me it seems a singularly dull and taciturn tree, never speaking to one's heart to excite love. I have spent many a day and night in its company, in all kinds of weather, and have ever found it silent, cold, and rigid like a column of ice. Its broad stumpiness, of course, precludes all possibility of waving, or even shaking; but it is not this rocky steadfastness that constitutes its silence. In calm sun-days the sugar-pine preaches the grandeur of the mountains like an apostle, without moving a leaf.

On level rocks it dies standing, and wastes insensibly out of existence like granite, the wind exerting about as little control over it, alive or dead, as it does over a glacier boulder. All the trees of the alpine woods suffer, more or less, from avalanches, the two-leaved pine most of all. Gaps two or three hundred yards wide, extending from the upper limit of the tree-line to the bottoms of valleys and lake-basins, are of common occurrence in all the upper forests, resembling the clearings of settlers in the old backwoods. Scarce a tree is spared, even the soil is scraped away, while the thousands of uprooted pines and spruces are piled upon each other heads downward, and tucked snugly in along the sides of the clearing in two windrows, like lateral moraines. The pines lie with branches wilted and drooping like weeds. Not so the burly junipers. After braving the storms of perhaps a dozen centuries in silence, they seem in this, their last calamity, to become somewhat communicative, making sign of a very unwilling acceptance of their fate, holding themselves well up from the ground on knees and elbows, seemingly ill at ease,

and anxious, like stubborn wrestlers, to rise again.

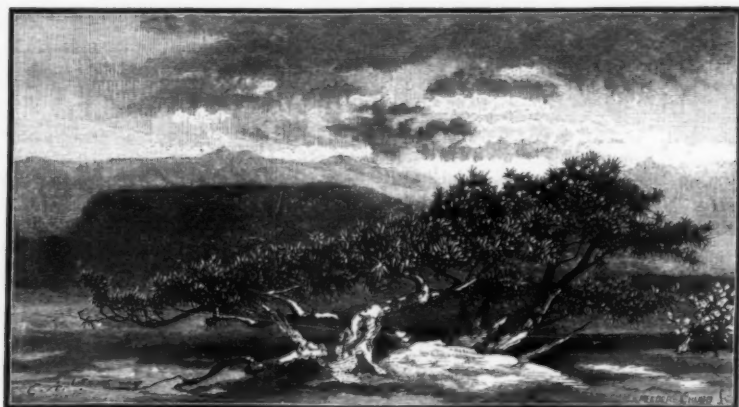
WILLIAMSON SPRUCE.

(*Abies Williamsonii*.)

THE Williamson spruce is the most singularly beautiful of all the California coniferæ. So slender is its axis at the top, that it bends over and droops like the stalk of a nodding lily. The branches droop also, and divide into innumerable slender, waving sprays, and are arranged in a varied, eloquent harmony that is wholly indescribable. Its cones are purple, and hang free, in the form of little tassels from all the sprays from top to bottom. Though exquisitely delicate and feminine in expression, it grows best where the snow lies deepest, far up in the region of storms, at an elevation of from nine thousand to nine thousand five hundred feet, on frosty northern slopes; but it is capable of enduring the stormy exposure of alps considerably higher, say ten thousand five hundred feet—never attaining in such locations a greater height than fifty or sixty feet. The tallest specimens, growing in sheltered hollows somewhat beneath the heaviest wind-currents, are from eighty to a hundred feet high, and from two to four feet in diameter. The very largest specimen I ever found is nineteen feet seven inches in circumference, four feet from the ground, growing on the



GROUP OF ERECT DWARF-PINES.



A DWARF-PINE.

edge of Lake Hollow, at an elevation of nine thousand two hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea. At the age of twenty or thirty years it becomes fruitful, and hangs out its lovely purple cones, about two inches long, at the ends of the slender sprays, where they swing free in the breeze, and contrast delightfully with the cool, green foliage. They are translucent when young, and their beauty is delicious. After they are fully ripe, they spread their shell-like scales and allow the brown-winged seeds to fly in the mellow air, while the empty cones remain to beautify the tree until the coming of a fresh crop.

The staminate cones of all the coniferæ are beautiful, growing in bright clusters—yellow, and rose, and crimson. Those of the Williamson spruce are the most beautiful of all, forming little conelets of bluish flowers, each on a slender stem.

Under all conditions, sheltered or storm-beaten, well-fed or ill-fed, this tree is always singularly graceful in habit. Even at its highest limit upon exposed ridge-tops, though compelled to crouch in dense thickets, huddled close together as if for mutual protection, it still manages to throw out its sprays in irrepressible loveliness; while on well-ground moraine soil it develops a perfectly tropical luxuriance of foliage and fruit, and shows itself beyond question to be the very loveliest tree in the forest.

Now fancy you see this specimen at home on the mountain-side. It is seventy-five feet high, poised in thin white sunshine, clad with branches from head to foot, yet

not in the faintest degree heavy or bunchy, —towering in unassuming majesty, and in its drooping, satisfied habit seemingly unaffected with the aspiring tendencies of its race, as if loving the ground while transparently conscious of heaven and joyously receptive of its blessings,—reaching out its branches like sensitive tentacles, feeling the light and reveling in it. Storm-enduring strength combined with feminine beauty —this is the most interesting characteristic of the species. No other of our alpine conifers approaches it in veiled power. Its delicate branches yield to the mountains' gentlest breath; yet is it strong to meet the wildest onsets of the gale,—strong not in resistance, but compliance, bowing snow-laden to the ground, gracefully accepting burial month after month in the darkness beneath the heavy mantle of winter.

When the first soft snow begins to fall, the flakes lodge in the leaves, weighing down the branches against the trunk. Then the axis bends yet lower and lower, until the slender top touches the ground, thus forming a fine ornamental arch. The snow still falls lavishly, and the whole tree is at length buried, to sleep and rest in its beautiful grave as though dead. Entire groves of young trees, from ten to forty feet high, are thus buried every winter like slender grasses. But, like the violets and daisies which the heaviest snows crush not, they are safe; for this is only Nature's method of putting her darlings to winter sleep instead of leaving them exposed to the biting storms.

Thus warmly wrapped they await the sum-

mer resurrection. The snow becomes soft in the sunshine, and freezes at night, making the mass hard and compact like ice, so that during the months of April and May you might ride a horse over the prostrate groves without catching sight of a single leaf. At length the down-pouring sunshine sets them free. First the elastic arches begin to appear, then one branch after another, each springing loose with a gentle rustling sound, and at length the whole tree, with the assistance of the winds, gradually unbends and settles back into its place in the warm air—dry, and feathery, and fresh as young ferns just out of the coil.

Some of the finest groves I have yet found are on the southern slopes of Lassen's Butte. There are also many charming companies on the head-waters of the Tuolumne, Merced, and San Joaquin; and, in general, the species is so far from being rare that you can scarce fail to find groves of considerable extent in crossing the range, choose what pass you may. The mountain-pine grows beside it, and more frequently the two-leaved species; but there are many beautiful groups, numbering a thousand individuals or more, without a single intruder.

I wish I had space to write more of the surpassing beauty of this favorite spruce. Every tree-lover is sure to regard it with special admiration; apathetic mountaineers, even, seeking only game or gold, stop to gaze on first meeting it, and mutter to themselves: "That's a mighty pretty tree," some of them adding "d——d pretty!" The little striped tamias, and the Douglas squirrel, and the Clark crow make a happy stir in autumn, when its cones are ripe. The deer love to lie down beneath its spreading branches; bright streams from the snow that is always near ripple through its groves, and bryanthus spreads precious carpets in its shade. But the best words only hint its peculiar beauty. Come to the mountains and see.

DWARF-PINE.

(*Pinus albicaulis*.)

THIS species forms the extreme edge of the timber-line throughout nearly the whole extent of the range on both flanks. It is first met growing in company with *Pinus contorta*, on the upper margin of the belt, as an erect tree from fifteen to thirty feet high and from one to two feet in thickness; hence it goes straggling up the flanks of the summit peaks, upon moraines or crumbling

ledges, wherever it can gain a foot-hold, to an elevation of from ten thousand to twelve thousand feet, where it dwarfs to a mass of crumpled, prostrate branches, covered with slender, upright shoots, each tipped with a short, close-packed tassel of leaves. The bark is smooth and purplish, in some places almost white. The fertile cones grow in rigid clusters upon the upper branches, dark chocolate in color while young, and bear beautiful pearly seeds about the size of peas, most of which are eaten by two species of tamias and the notable Clark crow. The staminate cones occur in clusters, about an inch wide, down among the leaves, and, as they are colored bright rose-purple, they give rise to a lively, flowery appearance little looked for in such a tree.

Pines are commonly regarded as sky-loving trees that must necessarily aspire or die. This species forms a marked exception, creeping lowly, in compliance with the most rigorous demands of climate, yet enduring bravely to a more advanced age than many of its lofty relatives in the sun-lands below. Seen from a distance, it would never be taken for a tree of any kind. Yonder, for example, is Cathedral Peak, some three miles away, with a scattered growth of this pine creeping like mosses over the roof and around the beveled edges of the north gable, nowhere giving any hint of an ascending axis. When approached quite nearly it still appears matted and heathy, and is so low that one experiences no great difficulty in walking over the top of it. Yet it is seldom absolutely prostrate, the lowest usually attaining a height of three or four feet, with a main trunk, and branches out-spread and intertangled above it, as if in ascending they had been checked by a ceiling, against which they had grown and been compelled to spread horizontally. The winter snow is indeed such a ceiling, lasting half the year; while the pressed shorn surface is made yet more complete by violent winds, armed with cutting sand-grains, that beat down any shoot that offers to rise much above the general level, and carve the dead trunks and branches in beautiful patterns.

I have oftentimes camped snugly beneath the low, interlacing arches of this little pine during stormy nights. The needles which accumulate for centuries make fine, wholesome beds, a fact well known to other mountaineers, such as deer and wild sheep, who paw out oval hollows, and lie beneath the larger trees in safe and comfortable concealment.

The longevity of this lowly dwarf is far greater than would be guessed. Here, for example, is a specimen, growing at an elevation of ten thousand seven hundred feet, which seems as though we might pluck it up by the roots, for it is only three and a half inches in diameter, and its topmost tassel is hardly three feet above the ground. Cutting it half through and counting the annual rings with the aid of a lens, we find its age to be no less than two hundred and fifty-five years. Here is another telling specimen about the same height, four hundred and twenty-six years old, whose trunk is only six inches in diameter; and one of its supple branchlets, hardly an eighth of an inch in diameter inside the bark, is seventy-five years old, and so filled with oily balsam, and so well seasoned in storms, that we may tie it in knots like a whip-cord.

WHITE-PINE.

(*Pinus flexilis*.)

THIS species is widely distributed throughout the Rocky Mountains, and over all the higher of the many ranges of the Great Basin, between the Wahsatch Mountains and the Sierra, where it is known as white-pine. In the Sierra it is sparsely scattered along the eastern flank, from Bloody Cañon southward nearly to the extremity of the range, opposite the village of Lone Pine, nowhere forming any appreciable portion of the general forest. From its peculiar position, in loose, straggling parties, it seems to have been derived from the Basin ranges to the eastward, where it is abundant.

This species has long been confounded with the *Pinus albicaulis* of Engelmann, though quite distinct. It is a larger tree—under favorable conditions, at an elevation of about nine thousand feet above the sea, often attaining a height of forty or fifty feet, and a diameter of from three to five feet. The cones open freely when ripe, and are twice as large as those of the *albicaulis*, and the foliage and branches are more open, the latter having a tendency to sweep out in free, wild curves, like those of the mountain-pine, to which it is closely allied. It is seldom found lower than nine thousand feet above sea-level, but from this elevation it pushes upward over the roughest ledges to the extreme limit of tree-growth, where, in its dwarfed, storm-crushed condition, it is more likely to be mistaken for its companion, *Pinus albicaulis*.

Throughout Utah and Nevada it is one of the principal timber-trees, great quantities of it being cut every year for the mines. The famous White Pine Mining District, White Pine City, and the White Pine Mountains have derived their names from it.

Pinus aristata.

This species is restricted to the southern portion of the range, about the head-waters of Kings and Kern rivers, where it forms extensive forests, and in some places accompanies the dwarf-pine to the extreme limit of tree-growth.

It is first met at an elevation of between nine and ten thousand feet, and runs up to eleven thousand without seeming to suffer greatly from the climate or the leanness of the soil. It is a much finer tree than its companion. Instead of growing in clumps and low, heathy mats, it manages in some way to maintain an erect position, and usually stands single. Wherever the young trees are at all sheltered, they grow up straight and arrowy, with delicately tapered bole, and ascending branches terminated with glossy, bottle-brush tassels. At middle age, certain limbs are specialized and pushed far out for the bearing of cones, after the manner of the sugar-pine; and in old age these branches droop and cast about in every direction, giving rise to very picturesque effects. The trunk becomes deep brown and rough, like that of the mountain-pine, while the young cones are of a strange, dull, blackish-blue color, clustered on the upper branches. When ripe they are from three to four inches long, yellowish brown, resembling in every way those of *Pinus monticola*, to which this species is closely allied. Excepting the sugar-pine, no tree on the mountains is so capable of individual expression, while in grace of form and movement it constantly reminds one of Williamson spruce.

The largest specimen I measured was a little over five feet in diameter and ninety feet in height, but this is more than twice the ordinary size.

This species is common throughout the Rocky Mountains and most of the short ranges of the Great Basin.

NUT-PINE.

(*Pinus Fremontiana*.)

THE nut-pine covers, or rather dots, the eastern slopes of the Sierra, to which it is

mostly restricted, in grayish, bush-like patches, from the margin of the sage-plains to an elevation of from seven thousand to eight thousand feet.

A more contentedly fruitful and unaspiring conifer could not be conceived. All the species we have been sketching make departures more or less distant from the typical spire form, but none goes so far as this. Without any apparent exigency of climate or soil, it remains near the ground, throwing out crooked, divergent branches like an orchard apple-tree, and seldom pushes a single shoot higher than fifteen or twenty feet above the ground.

The average thickness of the trunk is, perhaps, about ten or twelve inches. The leaves are mostly undivided, like round awls, instead of being separated, like those of other pines, into twos and threes and fives. The cones are green while growing, and usually cover all the surface of the tree, forming quite a marked feature as seen against the bluish-gray foliage. They are quite small, only about two inches in length, and give no promise of edible nuts. But when we come to open them, we find that about half the entire bulk of the cone is made up of sweet, nutritious seeds, the kernels of which are nearly as large as those of hazel-nuts.

This is undoubtedly the most important food-tree on the Sierra, and furnishes the Mono, Carson, and Walker River Indians with more and better nuts than all the other species taken together. It is the Indians' own tree, and many a white man have they killed for cutting it down.

In its development Nature seems to have aimed at the formation of as great a fruit-bearing surface as possible. Being so low and accessible, the cones are readily beaten

off with poles, and the nuts procured by roasting them until the scales open. In bountiful seasons a single Indian will gather thirty or forty bushels of them—a fine squirrelish employment.

This tree is almost the only one found on the mountain ranges of the Great Basin available for the use of settlers.

NOTE.—There are four or five other conifers in the Sierra: *Pinus muricata*, which comes in from the coast range around the head of the Sacramento Valley, *Taxus brevifolia*, *Torreya Californica*, and *Cupressus Lawsoniana*, none of which forms any telling portion of the general forest to ordinary observers. The *cupressus* is a beautiful tree, seventy-five or eighty feet high, growing along the banks of cool streams on the upper Sacramento, toward Mount Shasta. Only a few trees have as yet reached the Sierra. *Taxus brevifolia* is a bush or small tree, with dark-green foliage, found in shady dells in the northern Sierra, at a height of from two thousand to three thousand five hundred feet.

Torreya Californica, or California nutmeg-tree, is found in gulches and along cool streams on the western flank of the range throughout the lower portion of the main forest-belt, attaining its fullest development at an elevation of about four thousand feet. It is a small, glossy, dark-green tree, the largest about thirty or forty feet high, and from six to eighteen inches in diameter, with rather slender, feathery branches, spreading and radiating near the top. More frequently, however, it is small and ragged and of no determinate form. The fruit is not at all cone-like, but, on the contrary, resembles a greengage plum—smooth, oval, about an inch and a half long, green and fleshy, containing one seed like an acorn, the shell of which is hard, and the albumen so colored and folded that a cross-section resembles that of the common nutmeg, whence the popular name.

The wood is fine grained and of a beautiful creamy yellow color like box, sweet scented when dry, though the green bark and leaves, when bruised, emit a very disagreeable odor.

Picea nobilis, Loudon, is only a variety of *amabilis* with long projecting bracts. Intermediate forms, with the bracts scarce at all exerted, blend inseparably with the so-called *nobilis*, the bracts of which project half an inch or more.

SUMMER NIGHT.

THE vast half-sphere of plain and sky
 Brims full with pallid light;
 Moon-whitened all the grain-fields lie,
 Like seas grown still with night;
 And scattered houses, far and nigh,
 Among their trees gleam white.
 Oh, warmly does the night enfold
 The earth, caressed with showers of gold.
 And yet, not so, sweet night,
 Not so I long for thee,
 Not so come thou to me.

Come, mighty shade, till earth might be
 Alone in primal space,
 Till I lie drowned beneath a sea
 That upward from my face
 Goes on and on unendingly,
 Nor hints of time or place;
 Till I might think that o'er my eyes,
 Close-shut, the earth forever lies.
 So longs my soul for thee,
 Oh, so, I pray, sweet night,
 So come thou unto me.

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

ALTHOUGH there are few more familiar phenomena than the periodical migration of birds, none is usually considered so thoroughly enveloped in mystery. Even recent writers on the subject have not hesitated to affirm that it may be looked upon as the "mystery of mysteries" of the animal world. Yet our knowledge respecting many points of the problem is nearly complete. Where the birds, which in summer inhabit the temperate and colder latitudes, go in winter, is no longer a matter of conjecture; their wanderings have been quite fully traced, and their winter homes are known, in the majority of cases, with considerable exactness. At a not very remote time, it was a general belief that swallows, rails, and some other birds passed the cold season in a state of torpidity, concealed in hollow trees or in the mud at the bottom of ponds and rivers. As late as the beginning of the present century this belief found supporters among naturalists of high standing, and even within the present decade instances of the discovery of hibernating swallows have been detailed by intelligent observers so circumstantially that cautious writers on the subject are loath to aver that such a thing is, on physiological grounds, wholly impossible, especially in view of the fact that not a few mammals, which live in cold countries, pass the winter in a lethargic state. While the possibility of hibernation among birds is not, even now, universally denied, the supposed evidence is practically ignored, since our knowledge of their movements precludes the necessity of any theory of hibernation to account for their disappearance from northern latitudes during the cold season.

The reason why birds retire to warm countries at the approach of winter is, in most cases, evident, being, in at least very many instances, obviously due to the failure of food through the decline of temperature and other seasonal changes. How they are guided in their journey; what it is that impels their return in spring to their summer homes, and enables them to reach them with such precision, after the long absence of months, at localities thousands of miles distant—these are the "mysteries" that science still strives to solve.

As is well known, all birds are not in the same degree migratory, and before

attempting any explanation of the mysteries of migration, it may be well to consider briefly its phases and modes. In respect to our own birds, we note the appearance in spring of many species which remain only during the warmer season, disappearing again at the approach of autumn. In winter, we observe others which have come from more boreal regions to pass the inclement season, but which repair to their northern homes with the return of milder weather. Others still are seen for only a few weeks in spring and fall, they visiting high northern latitudes to rear their young, and finding a winter home amid the verdure of the tropics. Comparatively few species reside with us permanently, and even of these only a small proportion are truly sedentary, there being a periodical swaying of the whole mass northward and southward, unperceived by ordinary eyes, but easily detected by the ornithologist. In other words, while certain species may remain with us throughout the year, their winter representatives are not the birds which enliven our fields and forests in summer, but migrants from the north, which at this season replace the summer sojourners that have moved a short distance southward. While the species is really migratory, it appears to be sedentary, since the great wave of migration does not wholly sweep past us. Other birds, which may properly be termed resident, are, to some degree, roving in winter, their movements being influenced by the supply of food, and never extending far from the place of their birth. The few strictly sedentary species are the various kinds of grouse, which rarely leave their native copses, while the jays, crows, and woodpeckers afford examples of the resident, but more or less roving, class. Titmice, nut-hatches, creepers, and some kinds of sparrows illustrate those which, to the common observer, are sedentary, but which are in reality represented by different individuals in winter and summer. Of the migratory species, some wholly retire from the northern States in winter, which may still be found within a few hundred miles of the northern limit of their summer range; others are not found north of southern Georgia, Florida, and the Gulf States, while still others pass on to Mexico, the West Indies, Central America, and even northern South America.

We have thus, among our own birds, every degree of migration, from those which always inhabit the same places to those that are simply roving in winter, or move but a few hundred miles southward, or even pass the summer within or near the arctic regions, and the winter within the tropics. But the chain of gradation is even still more nearly complete, for several species, as the meadow-lark, the purple grackle, the red-winged blackbird, and the towhee bunting, are partly migratory and partly sedentary, those which occupy the northern half or two-thirds of the breeding range of the species moving southward in winter, while toward the southern limit of their respective habitats, the same individuals are permanently resident.

Considered in respect to their food, it is found that the strictly insectivorous species—as the swallows, swifts, and fly-catchers—are, with few exceptions, the earliest to depart and the latest to arrive. Those which subsist chiefly upon insects, but partly upon soft, pulpy fruits,—as the vireos, tanagers, and grosbeaks,—are almost as early in their departure and as late in their return as those which are exclusively insectivorous. The great mass of the warblers and thrushes tarry still later; while the hardier seed-eating finches remain till the leaves have fallen and sharp frosts have seared the fields. The sandpipers, woodcock, and snipe linger till the oozy shores and marshes no longer yield them their accustomed food, the chill of autumn having driven their insect prey beyond their reach. The water-fowl and sea-birds abandon their summer haunts only when the touch of winter has locked in ice the inland lakes and rivers, or driven their finny prey to deeper waters. The non-migratory species—as some of the woodpeckers, the omnivorous crows and jays, and the grouse—are those whose food is of such a nature that the change of season only remotely affects the supply. As would be naturally inferred, the distance traversed by the migratory kinds in passing from their summer to their winter homes is in direct relation to their habits in respect to food; those wholly, or almost wholly, insectivorous being not only the first to leave, but those which penetrate farthest south, only finding congenial surroundings in sub-tropical or inter-tropical regions. Temperature has, doubtless, less influence in inciting migration than failure of food, although it is impossible that the early autumnal migrants could long withstand the chilling

blasts they would soon encounter, were the food supply unfailling. Only by a gradual change, acting through a long series of generations, could these lovers of summer skies become inured to frost and snow. That change of temperature is not the direct incentive to migration seems evident from a study of our hardier migrants, a few individuals of whom sometimes linger throughout the winter at sheltered localities, where food remains accessible, safely daring the severest cold.

While there is an easily recognized cause for the movement of birds from a colder to a warmer climate, the reason for their return is less apparent. The summer of high latitudes doubtless affords them the most congenial environment during the nesting season, but how has this fact become so impressed upon their consciousness that they experience an irresistible desire to return after the lapse of a definite interval? The return of birds to their accustomed breeding stations—their only true homes—has been attributed by some to that strong home-affection which so many birds give evidence of possessing in a high degree, as will be presently noticed in connection with another portion of the general subject of migration. Others believe it to be due mainly to those ever-recurring physiological changes which mark the annual cycle of bird-life; or, in other words, the "instinct" of procreation,—to something innate, and not to any external impressions directly resulting from seasonal changes of climate. However unsusceptible of demonstration these suppositions may appear, no other hypothesis seems adequate, while certain well-known facts, at least, favor them. In some species, for example, which require several years to attain maturity, the young or immature birds do not complete the full migration, but pass the summer at points far to the southward of the usual southern limit of the breeding range, while in other cases they are the laggards which arrive much later than the fully mature birds. The usual answer given, not only to this question, but to the cognate ones of what impels birds in the right direction at the outset, and how they are guided in their long journeys, is the magic word "instinct," which, in most cases, is merely the confession of complete ignorance. If, however, we accept the term instinct in its modern sense,—namely, as transmitted habit, or inherited intelligence,—we gain at least one step in the solution of these questions.

As preliminary to any theoretical considerations, let us regard for a moment the bird fauna of North America in relation to the geographical distribution and probable place of origin of its principal types. Viewed in this relation, the species fall naturally into three classes,—namely: first, those which belong to genera which are nearly cosmopolitan; second, those belonging to genera which are restricted to the northern hemisphere, where, however, they have usually a wide distribution; third, those which represent distinctively American types. These latter may be supposed to have originated either within or near the present American tropics; or—and, perhaps, with greater probability—at more northerly points, prior to the inception of the extremes of climate that now so strongly characterize different portions of the continent. The metropolis of the groups to which these latter belong is, almost without exception, still within the tropics. Even that most numerous and distinctively characteristic group of North American birds, the family of the wood-warblers, and particularly the genus *Dendroica*, is still represented by resident species within tropical latitudes, to which several genera of the family are as yet exclusively confined. The brightly colored tanagers, the brilliant orioles, the fly-catchers, the humming-birds, and some of the more showily attired finches, are but waifs from the tropical home of the groups they respectively represent. Our grackles and cow-birds belong to genera the species of which are otherwise tropical, as are all their most intimate generic allies. Throughout the great equatorial belt, and for some distance on either side of it, the birds which there rear their young are, as a rule, non-migratory, the migratory birds consisting mainly of winter exiles from higher latitudes. The characteristic or peculiar forms are, therefore, sedentary, while the migrants belong to families which are for the most part cosmopolitan.

With these facts in view, we have but to indulge in a few suppositions, so probable in their nature as to amount almost to certainties, to obtain an apparently rational clue to the origin of the instinct of migration. The change in climate at the close of tertiary times, which reduced the temperature of the higher latitudes from subtropical, or at least warm-temperate, to frigid conditions, must have resulted in the crowding of bird-life toward the equatorial regions, thereby intensifying the struggle for life to

such a degree that the overcrowding of the species would lead those best able to withstand climatic change to avail themselves of the milder interim of summer to enlarge the boundaries of their range, while the recurrence of winter would force a temporary removal to milder regions. Granting the hereditary nature of habit, now so generally conceded, we have at once the conditions for the development of a new instinct, at first, doubtless, feeble and uncertain in action, but strengthening by exercise and by the inevitable "weeding out" of those individuals in which it was undeveloped or weakest. With the increased diversity in the conditions of environment called into existence by the great climatic and other changes occurring at or near the close of the tertiary epoch, there was greater play for the modifying action of physical influences, resulting in the development of new specific types as well as the instinct of migration. A greater diversity of forms not only began now to characterize the North American fauna, but in many instances a separation, not only specific but occasionally generic, of homogeneous types that previously ranged over a large part of the northern hemisphere. Prior to this period, or when climate was everywhere more nearly equable, the necessity for migration can hardly be supposed to have existed, since nothing would apparently have been gained by change of locality. The invasion of the cold wave being from the northward, rendering uninhabitable the extreme northern portions of the continent, the pressure of bird-life southward would cut off and isolate species belonging to wide-ranging generic and family types, which, as slightly differentiated forms, still linger as components of the North American avi-fauna, transformed from sedentary to migratory species, in accordance with present climatic necessities.

Accepting the above brief outline of the origin of the instinct of migration as at least probable, we have still to consider how birds are guided in their long wanderings. Whatever the directing principle may be, it can hardly be considered as separable from the instinct of movement itself. The heredity of habit in animals, on which the above hypothesis so largely depends, and on which hangs much of the reasoning which follows, being so well supported by fact and observation, and so generally conceded by those who have given most attention to the subject, no argument will be

here attempted in support of so well-sustained an assumption. The phenomena of the "homing" of carrier-pigeons, and the return of lost animals to their homes under most perplexing circumstances, point to memory as a powerful agent in the problem. Memory must have been the chief guide during the early stages of the development of the migratory instinct, the inheritance of which, becoming stronger and stronger in succeeding generations, may well have resulted in what we now term the instinct of migration. That birds possess remarkable memory of direction and locality is indicated by the readiness with which they find their carefully concealed nesting-sites, be they in the reedy marsh, the level, grassy prairie, or the thick forest. Birds of prey are well known to return year after year to the same eyrie, after a roving life of many months, or, perchance, according to the habits of the species, after an extended winter migration. Colonies of herons resort from time immemorial to the same swamps, and even the same trees, to rear their young; terns, gulls, cormorants, and other water-fowl in like manner repair to the same stretch of sandy beach, or the same cliffs, and only abandon them for more secure retreats after a long period of ceaseless persecution from human foes. Many, it is believed most, other birds return year after year to the same tree or the same immediate locality to nest. While it may be urged that absolute proof of this is wanting, owing to the difficulty of positively recognizing individual birds, such recognition is at times possible, and has in many instances been made. Circumstantial evidence is, however, abundant, as all who have observed birds closely will testify. Expert field ornithologists have no doubts in the matter, and often profit by their experience in securing rare nests and eggs for their cabinets; knowing that the same pair of birds will in all probability return, if spared, to the same spot the following year, the collector notes the locality and returns with some degree of confidence at the proper time to secure the coveted spoils. This is true not only in the case of the larger species, but equally so for the smaller ones, and has been especially noted in those which are of rather rare occurrence, attention having been naturally most directed to these. In the case of hawks, not only has the same pair been observed to return to the same tree, the same cliff, or the same marsh, according to the habits of the species, for a long series of years, but

the intense solicitude they display for many weeks (in some cases, before the breeding season begins) when the precincts of their home are invaded, shows that their return is actuated by strong home affection. No one at all observant of bird-life can have failed to notice the manifestations of joy displayed by our familiar bluebird on its first arrival in spring at the old nesting-tree or bird-house which has been its home in former years, or how persistently it defends it from all intruders for weeks before the actual nesting-time arrives. Orioles and vireos appear to return often to the same tree, or even to affix their nest to the same branch, for successive years; the wren, the pewee, and the robin in like manner repeatedly occupy the same nesting-sites. Such observations show that birds are able to find their way not only to the general district of their former home but to its exact locality, with a facility that betokens great strength of memory and prompt recognition of landmarks, and that such return is actuated by a true home love.

In regard to the question how birds find their way, it is found that careful consideration of the manner in which their long migratory journeys are performed affords many suggestions toward its solution. With most species, the movement is a gradual one, occupying generally a considerable period, and is performed frequently by easy stages, the birds stopping for portions of each day for rest and food. In the case of those which pass over but a few hundred miles of territory, the same individuals often tarry for days together at various points along the way. In other instances, the passage is more rapid, varying in proportion to the distance separating the winter and summer homes of the species. The swallows, preëminent in power of wing and keenness of vision, migrate with the greatest rapidity; but, even with these, a considerable interval elapses between their appearance in spring in the Gulf States and in Canada or New England, and between their disappearance at different points in fall. Some species migrate singly, many others in small, scattered parties, and some in immense flocks. While some appear to move chiefly by day, others are believed to migrate almost exclusively by night, and still others, as is certainly known, indifferently either during the day or night. The arrival of some species is, consequently, first noted toward evening; others are seen in numbers in the early morning, where not a repre-

sentative of their kind had been previously observed for many months. Cranes, storks, some herons, swans, geese, and other large wading birds and water-fowl, often, perhaps usually, fly at a great height and make long passages without alighting, but there is little if any evidence that the smaller land-birds make their journeys at great elevations; but, on the other hand, much to the contrary. During autumn our woods for many weeks are filled with busy troops of mingled species, consisting mainly of vireos and warblers, the general trend of whose leisurely movements is southward, while in spring the movement of similar gatherings is northward.

Whether birds migrate by definite routes, as some writers have maintained, is still a matter for investigation. That such is the case seems probable from their greater numbers near large water-courses than over the country at large, as well as their special abundance at particular points. Their routes, however, evidently vary in different years, as is indicated by the scarcity of some species over a wide area where they are at other times numerous. It is also noteworthy that the vernal and autumnal routes are not always the same, being, it is believed, in a few species habitually different. Birds during migration are also more or less at the mercy of the elements. Heavy storms often deflect their courses, and many thousands sometimes perish by being irresistibly borne far out to sea.

The keenness of sight in birds being duly recognized, together with the fact of the low flight and the short stages by which the passage between distant points, in the case of a large proportion of the species, is usually made, it seems impossible to avoid the conclusion that they are guided largely by the prominent landmarks of the country traversed, as the outlines of coasts, the trend of mountain-chains and of the larger rivers; and that the contrary view, often urged, is based on an erroneous conception of the general facts involved. To this aid must, of course, be added that of memory, both individual and inherited. Evidence that birds direct their course by the sight of well-remembered landmarks seems to be afforded by the state of bewilderment they sometimes exhibit in thick weather, and the mistaken directions they at such times are known to take. The light-houses along coasts, than which there are no more destructive agents of bird-life, are well known to be fatal in proportion to the density of

the fog or the darkness, and the height of the light above the sea. In the thick darkness they become the only objects discernible, and, through strange infatuation, lead the birds only to destruction.

A few birds make long passages over the sea, as in reaching distant islands, or in passing from one continent to another. Ordinarily, the birds of North America which visit Central and South America during the winter migration, make the passage mainly by the way of the West Indies, and thus without being at any time far from land. Many of the migratory birds of Europe pass the winter in Africa, and are thus obliged twice yearly to cross the Mediterranean; but here again no great breadth of sea is encountered. It is otherwise, however, with species that habitually visit distant islands, as the Bermudas and the various groups in the Pacific and Indian oceans. With few exceptions, the birds which take these exceptional and remarkable flights are various species of plovers and sandpipers, the most roving of all birds, many of whom pass from high northern latitudes to quite remote parts of the southern hemisphere. They are, however, evidently not wholly without means of directing their course. Their general experience undoubtedly gives them a sense of direction, so that when not disturbed by unusual exigencies,—as protracted storms and heavy gales,—their ability to find their way is not really so marvelous as at first sight seems. They are strong of wing and can make the passage quickly. The sun may be their guide by day, and the usual phenomena of air and sky, the prevailing winds, and the changes of temperature attending change of latitude, may further aid them in their course. Such flights, considered in all their bearings, are, perhaps, even less remarkable than the usual pelagic wanderings of the petrels and albatrosses, which follow the same ships for hundreds of miles in mid-ocean, although during portions of the year they are not without a "local habitation and a home," and probably never allow themselves to be led beyond certain definite boundaries. To account, however, for the long pelagic journeys of certain land-birds, it has been conjectured, and, perhaps, with some degree of probability, that they follow the ancient routes of the species, and that in remote times there were numerous islands along the line of present flight, which have disappeared by gradual subsidence, and that they derive

their ability now to pursue these routes through inherited experience. The existence in many cases of such former landmarks and resting-places appears not improbable, but to accept the explanation thus suggested seems placing an almost unnecessary burden upon the theory of the transmission of habit.

In the autumnal migration, the young birds often, and in some species always, precede their parents, the interval varying from a few days to several weeks, according to the species. This has been claimed to indicate that it is folly to suppose that birds are guided in their wanderings by memory, as young birds, only three to five months old, can, of course, know nothing of the routes pursued by their ancestors, and yet find their way without difficulty. This, however, seems only to show that the instinct of migration is really transmitted habit, and that the knowledge of routes depends largely upon inherited rather than individual experience; for it should be remembered that if there is anything in heredity,—and that there is much in it seems beyond question,—it has operated through many thousands of generations in all migratory species of birds, and may therefore be supposed to have developed a potency that precludes the necessity of an acquired knowledge of routes through individual experience. That individual experience and memory, however, are important factors in the problem, seems evident from the facts already detailed in relation to the return of birds for many successive years to the same nesting-sites,—indisputable facts that admit of no other so probable, we may almost say evident, explanation.

While in the autumnal movement the young birds so often precede the old ones, the reverse, as already intimated, is the case in spring. If the physiological changes which characterize the approach of the reproductive season be presumably the stimulus of movement toward the breeding-station, nothing is more natural than that the mature birds should constitute the van. A further noteworthy feature of the spring migration is the frequent separation of the sexes during the northward journey, the males generally arriving somewhat in advance of the females, the interval varying somewhat with the species. This seems not in the least strange when it is considered that the initiative in all that relates to the continuance of the species devolves upon the male, in whom the sexual impulse is first awakened and is apparently stronger.

Among the raptorial birds, and in not a few of the common song-birds, the sexes are paired on their first arrival, as appears to be generally the case with our bridge pewee, and not unfrequently with the bluebird, the robin, and the Carolina dove. In such species it seems probable that the conjugal tie remains unbroken through life, as appears to be certainly the case in most birds of prey. It is commonly believed, however, that the alliance between mated birds is of short duration, lasting only for a few months. It is certainly true that the pairing season is often marked by fierce contests between rival males for the possession of favorites of the opposite sex. Yet the return of particular pairs of birds to the same nesting-tree in species in which the arrival of the males precedes that of the females, as well as other circumstances, may well lead to the belief that in not rare instances the males are rejoined by their former partners.

Closely connected with the general subject of migration are the erratic movements of birds—the casual or accidental appearance of individuals at localities far away from the usual habitat of their kind. Respecting such occurrences, two general facts are apparent: first, that in probably nine cases out of ten they occur at or near the time of the fall migration; second, that these waifs are almost always young birds, or "birds of the year." The appearance in New England, and even as far north as New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, of single examples of species whose true home is far to the south or west of even the middle portions of the United States, may be cited in illustration. In explanation of such erratic movements two suggestions immediately arise: either that these stragglers are true wanderers, which have inadvertently moved in a direction quite the opposite to that they should have taken, or, that they have been blown from their course while *en route* to their winter homes. While the fact of such wanderers being young birds might suggest their having taken a wrong direction, the same fact equally favors the theory of their having been carried by storms out of their true course, which their weakness and immaturity would enable them to resist less effectually than do the stronger adults. That the latter is the correct explanation of such phenomena is not only generally assumed, but seems to be borne out by the occasional appearance of North American birds in Europe under precisely similar circumstances, and the much greater

rarity of the occurrence of European species on this side of the Atlantic, the prevailing winds and the course of storms being, as is well known, from North America toward Europe. Still further proof, however, is afforded by the appearance in midwinter of species as far north as Massachusetts, and even Nova Scotia, whose home at this season is the Gulf States, or even Mexico. In the latter case, the inference seems irresistible that such stragglers are carried upward by cyclones and borne rapidly and helplessly north-eastward to these distant points.

It is a popular belief that birds, especially certain northern species which in winter suddenly appear in temperate latitudes with or just before heavy storms, as well as various kinds of wild fowl, have the ability to discern approaching changes of the weather. While this idea has often been treated by scientific writers as fanciful, accumulative evidence shows that it has a basis in fact. Among such evidence may be mentioned the monthly weather reports of the United States Signal Service Bureau, in which, under the head of miscellaneous phenomena, reference is often made to the movements of birds. From these reports it appears that the southward migration of geese and other water-fowl usually precedes, often by only a few hours, the approach of heavy storms, and a sudden and very great reduction of temperature, which they often wholly avoid by keeping in advance of

the change. Instances of this are too frequent to lead to any other conclusion than that birds have the power of recognizing approaching changes of weather. It is also well known that many birds display great restlessness just before the occurrence of severe storms, and that some species move southward in large flights to regions of less severity.

The general facts and conclusions presented in the foregoing remarks may be thus briefly summarized: 1st. That the habit of migration resulted from changes of climate occurring at a not very remote geological period. 2d. That every gradation exists between species the most widely roving and those which are strictly sedentary; and that even representatives of the same species may be either migratory or sedentary according to whether they occupy, as breeding stations, the northern or southern portion of the common habitat. 3d. That failure of food induces a movement toward warmer regions. 4th. That the return of birds to their breeding stations, which are their only true homes, is prompted by the recurrence of the season of procreation and strong home affection. 5th. That they usually pursue definite routes, and are guided in part by prominent landmarks, or by memory, and in part by "instinct" or inherited experience. 6th. That erratic movements are the result of transportation by storms. 7th. That birds discern approaching meteorological changes.

POEMS.

Psyche.

A BUTTERFLY, from flower to flower,
Has fluttered by;
He seems to say: "I live my hour,
How glad am I!"
Ah yes, while suns shine on the flower,
Blue is the sky!
But presently there comes the shower,
And he must die.

Thou, too, bright heart, from flower to flower
Dost flutter by;
Thou, too, dost say: "I live my hour,
How glad am I!"
But presently the clouds will lower,
And storm be nigh;
Then rise thou, far above the shower,
Caught to the sky!

SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

Change.

ALL life and light, sweetness and bloom,
Gather within this one low room;
All love, hope, joy here concentrate
In bliss one presence can create;
Beyond, a blank—a shadowy space,
Where floats nor outlined form nor face.
My narrow world, ah me, how small,
For thou art near, and thou art all!

Interminable wastes and waves
Stretch out before me,—mountains, graves,
Deep caverns, and rude, jagged rocks;
Dull, buzzing multitudes;—keen shocks
That clashing, crowding, intervene
My heart and one bright spot between!
Now thou art far, and seas divide,
The world is wide—alas, how wide!

CELESTE M. A. WINSLOW.

The Tapestry-Weavers.

I.

LET us take to our hearts a lesson—no lesson can
braver be—
From the ways of the tapestry-weavers on the
other side of the sea.

Above their heads the pattern hangs, they study
it with care,
The while their fingers deftly work their eyes are
fastened there.

They tell this curious thing, besides, of the pa-
tient, plodding weaver:
He works on the wrong side evermore, but
works for the right side ever.

It is only when the weaving stops, and the web
is loosed and turned,
That he sees his real handiwork—that his mar-
velous skill is learned.

Ah, the sight of its delicate beauty, how it pays
him for all his cost!
No rarer, daintier work than his was ever done
by the frost.

Then the master bringeth him golden hire, and
giveth him praise as well,
And how happy the heart of the weaver is no
tongue but his own can tell.

II.

The years of man are the looms of God, let down
from the place of the sun,
Wherein we are weaving away, till the mystic
web is done.

Weaving blindly, but weaving surely, each for
himself his fate;
We may not see how the right side looks—we
can only weave and wait.

But, looking above for the pattern, no weaver
hath need to fear;
Only let him look clear into Heaven—the Perfect
Pattern is there.

If he keeps the face of the Saviour forever and al-
way in sight,
His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his weaving
is sure to be right.

And, when his task is ended, and the web is
turned and shown,
He shall hear the voice of the Master, it shall
say to him, "Well done!"

And the white-winged angels of Heaven, to bear
him thence, shall come down,
And God shall give him gold for his hire—not
coin, but a crown!

ANSON G. CHESTER.

Lights along the Shore.

THE wild sea thunders on the shore,
The wind blows chill from off the wold.
The sea-gulls gather on the cliffs,
And prate and chatter of the cold;
The hoarse winds blow, the sun has set,
And "Life," I said, "is like the sea,—
Cruel, it casts our wrecks ashore,
In tempest and in misery."

A singing voice came up the cliffs,
A child with blue eyes, grave and sweet,
And fair hair blown about her face,
Sped up the path with flying feet.
"The fishing-boats are in!" she cried,
"We've watched for them a day or more."
And looking down I saw the nets,
And lights were glancing on the shore.

"At yester eve my mother wept,
The white gulls flew far out to sea,
The great waves beat upon the sand,
The surf rolled in so heavily;
At yonder door she stands and waits."
And singing still, she flitted past.
"I thank Thee, O my God!" I said,
"There are whose ships come back at last!"
AMALIE LAForge.

Palingenesia.

A LOCK of sunlight hair
In this old volume, and it seems as soft
And silken as when first I placed it there—
Tress gazed at fond and oft.

Upon the embers—thus!
The flame devours the thing before my eyes;
So ends the past. What phantom vaporous
Do I see slowly rise?

It sits in yonder chair—
The graceful figure in the kirtle blue,
The eyes of tempered steel, the golden hair,
That once so well I knew.

Has she arisen, then,
Spurning her cerements, from her narrow bed,
With all her arts to be admired of men—
Is not the sorceress dead?

And with her rises now
The spirit-pangs and madness of my youth,
The throbbing heart, stirred soul, and aching brow,
And doubt of woman's truth.

Smile not as once you smiled;
Put off the beauty that in death was drowned;
Beguile me not as one time you beguiled,
Ere I your falsehood found.

Go! get you to your tomb!
Lie down amid your fellows' moldering bones—
Your beauty born again fills me with gloom:
Silence those siren tones!

The figure fades in air;
Dies on my ear a faint, remorseful moan;
Before me I behold an empty chair—
I am once more alone.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Seen and Unseen.

A DREAM OF REALITIES.

I ROSE with sunrise, not so long ago,
To smell the morning air and feast the sight;
The purple east grew golden—all aglow
With quivering, new-born light.

The morning star drew in behind a veil
Of clearer beauty than the face it kissed;
The ardent sun rose up with crimson trail,
And drank the morning mist.

From golden into crystal passed the light,—
From amber into azure cooled the sky,—
The burnished dew flashed softly red and white,
To vanish: not to die.

The trees met over where I stood, and twined
Their sprays together—linden, oak, and bay;
The verdured mountains braced the dome behind,
Quick with the living day.

Between them, the blue ocean, vexed and rude,
Dimpled a hundred hues from other seas;
And from the gray rocks where the light-house
stood
Flowed in the salty breeze.

The summer light warmed upward into noon,
And sloped away from zenith to the west;
The day of toil wrought its resultant boon,
And sank in rosy rest.

The dawning starlight and the fading day
Met with full kiss upon each other's lips;
The silver sea blinked up the shaded way
And jeweled the eclipse.

O saddest heart! wake up some happy thought
Among God's thoughts of love in shape so fair;
O doubting heart, know thou the beauty wrought
Because the love is there!

Sweet worlds look down, and sweeter voices fall
With higher meaning than our faith can gain:
"The blessing of the Lord enriches all,
And adds no thought of pain."

The mountains darkened while the peaceful night
Fell over that vast beauty, sweet and deep;
And, where the morning woke with orient light,
The evening fell asleep.

GEORGE HOPKINS.

The Lights.

I SEE in the forest coverts
The sheen of shimmering lights;—
They gleam from the dusky shadows,
They flash from the ghostly heights:

No lights of the tranquil homestead,
Or the hostel warm are they,—
But waning flames of the Titan fire
Which stormed through the woods to-day:

Each darts with an aimless passion,
Or sinks into lurid rest,—
Like the crest of a wounded serpent drooped
On the scales of its treacherous breast!

Let them idly dart and quiver,—
Or sink into lurid rest,—
Above, like a child-saint's face in Heaven,
There's a sole sweet Star i' th' West;—

Ah! slowly the earth-lights wither,—
But the star, like a saintly face,
Shines on with the steadfast strength of love,
In its God-appointed place!

PAUL H. HAYNE.

Mary's Ward.

MY boy lay cradled for his last, long sleep,
On the white pillow of his coffin-bed,
With rose-buds in his hand; I came to weep
Above the stricken glory of his head.
And, "Oh! I cannot have it so," I cried.
"Come back to me from Heaven, my babe, my
own!"

No sorrow such as mine the whole world wide
Has ever seen!" was my unreasoning moan.
Above me, where I wept my precious child,
The dear Madonna clasped her infant son;

And thus she seemed to say,—that Mary mild:
"O mother, loved I not this little one?
Yet through a life of pain I saw him go,
Till on the cruel cross I saw him die!"

Be still and think, is this, thy young heart's woe,
Like my pierced soul's long pain and agony?"
Such gentle pity seemed her lips to move,—
The blessed Mother of the blessed Lord,—
Her accents seemed so full of tender love
From that dear heart, once pierced by sorrow's
sword,

I said, "O Mary! as thou lovedst thine,
Guard thou the treasure I intrust to thee!
Fold thy fond care, as I had folded mine,
About my boy, and keep him safe for me!"
And so I yielded him to her embrace.

I know she keeps him through the long years gone!
I charge thee, Mary, when I see thy face,
Lead back to me in Heaven thy ward, my son!
M. B. C. SLADE.

The Gate of Home.

O GRAVE, how still thou art!
No sigh is heard in thee;
No groan. No helpless heart
Aches there with misery.
Tears fall not all the night,
O grave, in thee.

O grave, how safe thou art!
By this low, peaceful shore,
Whose music soothes the heart
Like mother-hymns of yore.
Fears, troubles, sleep in thee,
O grave, no more.

O grave, stretch forth thine arms;
Open thy faithful breast,
And gather tenderly
The desolate to rest.
Hope dead, to sleep in thee,
O grave, were best.

O grave, thou art the gate,
The flower-wreathed gate of Home;
By thee the faithful wait,
Until their chosen come.
Shut me no longer out,
O grave, from home.

AUGUSTA MOORE.

Not Dead.

HERE, at the sweetest hour of this sweet day,
Here, in the calmest woodland haunt I know,
Benignant thoughts around thy memory play,
And in my heart do pleasant fancies blow,
Like flowers turned toward thee, radiant and aglow,
Flushed by the light of times forever fled,
Whose tender glory pales, but is not dead!

The warm South wind is like thy generous breath,
Laden with gentle words of cordial cheer,—
And every whispering leaf above me saith,
"She whom thou dream'st so distant, hovers near;
Her love it is which thrills the sunset air
With mystic motions from a time that's fled,
Long past and gone in sooth, but oh! not dead!"

The silvery murmur of cool brooks below,
The soft, still clouds, that seem to muse on high;—
Love-notes of hidden birds that come and go,
Making a sentient rapture of the sky—
All the rare season's peaceful ecstasy,
Hints of pure joys of ours forever fled,
Joys past, indeed, and yet they are not dead!

Far from the motley throng of sordid men,
From fashion far, mean strife, and frenzied gain,
In those dear days through many a mountain glen,
By mountain streams, and fields of rippling grain,
We roamed, untouched by passion's feverish pain,
But quaffing friendship's quiet draughts instead—
Its waters calm, whose sweetness is not dead!

Above that nook of fond remembrance stands
A dove-eyed Faith that falters not, nor sleeps;
No flowers of Lethe droop in her white hands,—
And if the watch that steadfast angel keeps
Be pensive, and some transient tears she weeps,
They are but tears a soft regret may shed
O'er twilight joys which fade, but are not dead!

Not dead! not dead! but glorified and fair,
Like yonder marvelous cloudland floating far
Between the quivering sunset's amber air,
And the mild luster of eve's earliest star,—
Oh! such, so pure, so bright these memories are,
Earth's warmth, and Heaven's serene around them spread—
They pass, they wane, but, sweet, they are not dead!

A Life-Lesson.

SPIRIT of God! our sullied wings
Soar not to heights where Thou dost dwell;
We grope among life's manner things,
And grovel in its mimic hell.

Our coward souls, with spears in rest,
Halt on the edge of life's hot fields,
Where Faith, by Fear's battalions pressed,
The contest uncontested yields.

With bated breath we weakly stand,
Scared by the rush of Action's tide,
Unmindful of the halcyon land
That stretches on the other side.

We sit at Passion's ample feast,
And Lust's Circean goblets drain,
Where Folly waits, with song and jest,
And tempts us to her mad refrain.

Delving in Traffic's sunless mine,
We barter souls for Fortune's dross,
God's lasting stores of good resign,
Unheeding our eternal loss.

We trust our all in Friendship's grasp,
And look for added stores of bliss;
And lo! the poison of the asp
Concealed within Love's honeyed kiss!

Sin sets her snares for trustful feet,
And lures with Pleasure's gilded spoils;
Then, when her triumph is complete,
Spurns the poor fool who dared her toils.

Ambition's chalice greets our lip,
Red with the beaded wine of Fame,
And we from seeming nectar sip
The maddening gall of Guilt and Shame.

Our stock-marts lift their giddy fronts
High over Mammon's rush and rout,
And, if the Christ would enter once,
We bar the unwelcome stranger out.

For greed of gain, and Folly's gaud,
We forfeit manhood's fairest dower;
And on our brothers' necks is trod
Our ruthless way to place and power.

We feed content on husks of Sin,
Or kiss the gilded chains of Vice,
And vainly think by fraud to win
The road direct to Paradise.

O fleshless bait! O damning cheat!
O Upas shade! O syren voice!
We curse ye all, and still our feet
Perversely make your paths their choice!

Great God! when come the golden years
So long foretold—delayed so long?
When, through Life's harvest-rain of tears,
Shall sighing blossom into song?

When shall this waste and ruin cease—
This death-bligh on our manhood's life—
And the clear sunlight of Thy peace
Break through this cloudy pall of Strife?

Thy hands, outstretched to lift us up,
Our earthward eyes refuse to see;
We spurn Thy mercy's proffered cup
To drink the dregs of misery!

Thy "still, small voice" in vain appeals
Where human babblers prate and rave,
Though Reason's night-shade but reveals
The bowered entrance to her grave.

O matchless Might! with strength endow
Our puny hands to dare and do,
And in life's battle triumph Thou,
Whether by many or by few!

Let Thy blest Spirit, as of old,
Breathe down the billowy wrath of man!
And in our chastened lives unfold
The workings of Thy wondrous plan!

So, on these mingled tides of death
Thy Love's supremest beams shall shine,
And all above, around, beneath,
Pay rightful homage at Thy shrine.

So, through the age foretold so long
By poet's lip and prophet's pen,
Right shall hold scepter over Wrong,
And Eden's garden bloom again.

S. P. DRIVER.

The Soul of the Sunflower.

THE warm sun kissed the earth
To consecrate thy birth,
And from his close embrace
Thy radiant face
Sprang into sight,
A blossoming delight.

Through the long summer days
Thy lover's burning rays
Shone hot upon thy heart.
Thy life was part
Of his desire,
Thou passion-flower of fire!

And, turning toward his love,
Lifting thy head above
The earth that nurtured thee,
Thy majesty
And stately mien
Proclaims thee sun-crowned queen.

On earth, thy gorgeous bloom
Bears record of thy tomb,
And to transcendent light
Thy soul takes flight
Till thou art one,
O sunflower, with the sun!

SARA JEWETT.

Irrevocable.

I DID not know that thou couldst grow still
dearer,
With every passing hour.
I did not dream that thou couldst draw still
nearer,
Consume, absorb, devour,
Till life without thee is a barren thing,—
A fig-tree cursed, and done with blossoming.

I thought that summer of idyllic pleasure,
For us, was "summit line";
I said, the vintage grapes that give such measure
Must ripen on a vine,
Clinging to some volcanic rock, whose heart
Sends through each branch its fiery counterpart.

But oh, these days of more than tropic beauty,
These sweet and bitter days,
When passion drags the loosened chain of duty,
And every sense betrays,
When, all the outposts stormed, enforced retreat
Is victory more cruel than defeat.

These days when all the starved and orphaned
senses,
That through long years have cried,
Are filled and fed with heavenly recompenses,
Rested, and satisfied,
When asking lips, and eyes, and hands confess
The living love, and the lost loneliness.

These days where sin is not, nor selfish feeling,
But two souls made as one
See, in the light of this strange self-revealing,
Their birthright sold and gone—

Behold around them arid desert sand,
Beyond their reach the blessed Promised Land.

Dearest, the wasted years are unreturning,
Give, then, as spendthrifts give.
What if the oil consumes itself in burning?
We die that we may live.
Living or dead, in essence we shall prove
The indivisibility of love.

MARY L. RITTER.

The Poet's Wood-fire.

A GRACIOUS Presence sits before the flame,
Of one like noble Paladin of old.
A knightly figure; gentle, calm, all-bold
For Truth, all-stern for Honor's stainless name.
What visions glow on Memory's page to claim
His thought, as ranks of silver scales unfold
On shimmering brands the wealth of forest-
world!

What hopes, what fears, for fortune and for
fame!

He breathes again the grand, eternal calm
Of Eastern skies, beneath empurpled nights,
Whose stars, that glisten through the fronded
palm,

Burn o'er unfathomed snows of Alpine heights;
And through it all, with tender, royal grace,
There shines for him one fair, beloved face.

MARIE MASON.

Afterglow.

FOUR mounds of earth lie side by side
Where summer sunshine far and wide
Its largess throws. No dismal shade
From cypress or from yew is made;
The sweet-brier trails across the sward
Where happy-hearted daisies guard
From rude approach the precious sod
That lies upon that hill of God.
An hundred throats their carols pour
From out a full, exhaustless store,
As if their rapture bore along
Refrain from one undying song.
The light, the song, the roses' breath,
Preclude the gloom and chill of death,
As—calm and still—the holy dust
Awaits the rescued spirits' trust;
And joyous life upspringeth fair
Where they have climbed the heavenly stair.

Can love from out our lives be lost,
Whose fibers with our own have crossed?
Are yon bright angel's brows more fair,
'Neath glory of the haloed hair,
Than when they bent to me below
All glistening with the Paschal-snow?
Do they—in happy life above—
Forget their ministry of love?
Though years on years of silence fall
Since they have answered to my call,
Their coming footsteps still I hear
(And stretch my arms to draw them near),
Their garments rustle on the stair,
Their tender accents thrill the air;
So close they seem, so calm, so bright,
The lonely way is touched with light!
Like afterglow in Eastern lands,
That flushes all the desert sands.

MARIE MASON.

At the Foot of Parnassus.

THERE was a shepherdess who fed her flocks
At foot of Mount Parnassus. Dawn by dawn
She saw new glory burn upon the rocks,
And sipped their honey'd springs, and felt up-
drawn,
And filled with music, as a star with fire;
Till, from the foregone tuneful company,
She caught a far-off murmur, "Come, come higher,
For thou art of us: here thy place shall be."

And she made answer, though her heart gave heed,
"One day, one day, it shall be even so.
But now, what hand my wandering lambs would
lead

Among the pasture-lands that lie so low?"
Her rustic pipe she touched at even-tide—
Sweet, sweet its wildness to her ear had grown—
But when the dewy leas grew dark, she sighed:
"Peace, peace, my heart! the Muses know their
own."

Sometimes the voice waxed louder: "Come away!
Inhabit now the country of thy dream."
"But I was set to do this task." One day,
Following her feet along the lonely stream,
Death came by stealth and kissed the pallid cheek.
Far, far, and dim the heights of glory grew—
"At least, at least," the cold lips strove to speak,
"I did the thing that I was set to do."

EMILY S. OAKLEY.

A Legend of St. Peter.

SAINTLY but sinful, bold but weak as erst,
Old Simon Peter scarce through grace repressed
Under white hairs the impetuous heart that first
The Christ confessed.

Fisher of men, though faith had oft grown weak,
Toiling all night and toiling yet in vain,
Still at the dawn he heard the Master speak,
"Let down again!"

And then the draught of souls his strength renewed,
Up sprang the faint heart for a space that slept—
His Lord betrayed, denied, once more he viewed—
And Peter wept.

Hotter the powers of Hell their furnace made,
For persecution lit its fires in Rome;
And creeping near, its tongues of threatening
played

Around his home.

He shrank (what human heart has not its dread?)
Forgot the faith that had surnamed him Rock;
Apostate now, the Christian leader fled
And left his flock.

Beyond the gates, adown the dusty road,
The old man sped, while fear his steps outran;
When lo! atoward the city walls there trode
A wounded man.

Why did that old head bow its snowy crown?
'Twas but a man. Yet see his nail-pierced
hands—
His riven side! The Apostle knelt him down
In the hot sands.

"Depart from me," again arose the cry,
As in the fisher's boat came Galilee;
"Thou knowest that a sinful man am I,
And death I flee.

"But Thou, O Son of God, where goest Thou?"
Tender and low there came the sad reply,
"To Rome, upon the cross of wood to bow,
For thee to die!"

His Lord had vanished, and, a Rock once more,
Old Simon rose and hastened back to Rome;
From a red cross that night the angels bore
A martyr home.

Weary and faint of heart, O brother mine,
I take fresh courage from thy fitful strife;
And gleams of victory through the shadows shine
Upon my life.

I've shunned the cross; I've turned my coward
face

From the rough road of duty; but, O God,
Thou'lt teach my feet the pathway to retrace
St. Peter trod.

JOHN FLAVEL MINES.

The End.

YES, you have gone! and I have let you go!
Without one word to stay you. None can tell
The bitterness, the blackness of the woe,
That filled my heart, love, when you said farewell.

I could not keep you, dear, for other ties,
More strong than mine, have bound you close
and fast.

I may not claim the love-light of your eyes,
Nor feel your presence near, for all is past.

I must not be a clog about your feet,
To drag you back, when you would onward press,
But, O my love! it would have been so sweet
To share with you life's woes or happiness!

Forgive me, dear, the seeming cruel wrong;
Though you have gone, I cannot bear your frown:
I stood alone! the barriers were so strong,
And one weak woman could not beat them down.

Yes, all is over! nothing will remain
But saddest longing and a vain regret.
I loved you so! and bitter is the pain,
Because, though all is lost, I love you yet!

M.

A Thought.

HERE are bitter, bitter tears; here are weariness
and pain:

This is life! Who that hath known it e'er could
wish it back again?

In that silent, twilight land; in that land so far,
yet near,—

That is death! Who that hath known it may not
hunger to be here!

LUCRÈCE.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Steps in the Right Direction.

In an article published a year ago, or more, upon the importance of political education, we said:

"There is no good reason why Yale and Harvard, or any other college, for that matter, should not have a department of politics, which should give a solid three years' course of study. There is no reason why a man should not go before a high examining board at Washington, from such a school as this, and win his certificate of fitness for public office. There are a thousand good reasons why such a man should receive the suffrages of the people for any office which they wish to fill."

Well, that which we presented as a desideratum is already furnished by two important institutions, viz., by Columbia College and by the University of Michigan. The former, more than a year ago, furnished such a course of study, in a "School of Political Science," and the latter now announces the establishment of such a school. We heartily congratulate these institutions on their far-sighted enterprise, intimately related, as it is, to political reform and the future statesmanship of the country. It has not come too soon, and it has come in good time. Through the operations of the political machine, the qualifications of our legislators and diplomats were probably never lower than at the present time. Let us imagine what Congress would be, with every member a graduate of the three years' course of political education which Columbia gives and the University of Michigan proposes. Suppose every member had systematically studied international law, political economy, the history of diplomacy, constitutional and administrative law, political and constitutional history, social science, political ethics, sanitary science, finance and statistics, or, in other words, had gone through the curriculum of one of these schools of political science. The supposition presents to the mind such a Congress as this country never possessed during its entire history. Our Congresses and legislatures are made up very largely of men who know little of any of these subjects—men without political education, and even without political intelligence, further than they have acquired it in their current newspaper reading. Our public agents abroad, mainly put in office by the machine, have been, in almost numberless instances, a disgrace to the country, knowing literally nothing of good society, nothing of the languages of the governments to which they have been accredited, nothing of diplomatic history, and nothing whatever of the forms and details of diplomatic business. The crudities of legislation and the blunders in finance and in all matters of political economy are notorious in the history of our law-making bodies. We have had a world of bad legislation, and that legislation has fitly measured the legislative ignorance.

Now, scattered up and down the land, there are a great many young men with political ambitions.

Many of these are in the legal profession, or are studying, or are about to begin the study of, the law. Others are tradesmen, but men who have a desire to mingle in politics, and in the management of the government of cities, or states, or the nation. There are others still—young men of fortune—who do not care to enter upon business, but who have a taste for politics. What better can any one of these young men do than to enter this new department of Columbia and the University of Michigan, and thoroughly prepare himself for political life? Such a preparation would be not only a preparation for political life: it would be a preparation for citizenship. It would make every graduate an important and influential man in whatever community he might find himself placed. These institutions announce that all students who are graduated by their schools of Political Science will be admitted to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

We say that these schools have not come too soon, and that they have come in good time. A good many things have happened lately, that give special significance to this movement in the interest of political education. The power of the party machine has received a most damaging blow in the defeat of Mr. Conkling at Albany. He, more than any other man in America, represented the political machine. In his hands it had become the instrument for cheating the people of their power, for introducing partisans into place, for making all office the reward of party service, for shaping executive appointments, and for controlling the action of the Senate of the United States. Mr. Conkling undertook to control the President, and failed; undertook to control the United States Senate, and failed; undertook to control the State legislature, and failed; and with him fell the power of the machine in New York State. The fall of Conkling is practically the fall of the stronghold of the power of the machine. It is safe to say that no United States Senator will ever resign again because he cannot control an executive appointment. There is, at least, no question that the cause of civil service reform has received a great impetus in the fall of Conkling's power. What the state has gained—what the country has gained—in the cause of political morality and reform, is worth all it has cost. We are thankful that everything happened as it did. The result compensates for all losses and all expenses.

Then again, if we may believe the reports, the present administration has been thoroughly converted to civil service reform. It has been worn out and disgusted by the applications for office, and has had a new insight into the evils of the old system. There is no question that men in high places and low are stirred in this matter as they have never been stirred before. Mr. Dawes writes a letter to the people of Massachusetts, assuring them of the readiness of all their representatives in Congress to agree to recommend no more candidates for office

until the executive asks their advice, provided the influential people of the State will stop asking them to do so. Mr. Dawes's logic is not good. If there were any other way provided for introducing men to office, this one would not be resorted to. Let legislation of the right sort be had, and that would end all the trouble of Mr. Dawes and his associates with petitions for influence in getting office. But Mr. Dawes's letter indicates what is passing in men's minds. So we greet the movement at New York and Ann Arbor as a good step taken at the right time, and we shall be much surprised if it be not attended with signal success.

Literary Eccentricity.

If the foreign visitor at Brussels should omit a journey to the Wiertz Gallery of paintings, he would miss the greatest curiosity of that interesting city. It is a collection of pictures by a local artist, whose work was so eccentric and characteristic that the city has given it a permanent home, and classed it among its notabilities. These paintings do not lack skill in their treatment: on the contrary, some of them are rare pieces of work in their way. But their way is so eccentric that no sane painter would desire the reputation of painting them. Their subjects are oddly chosen. Great pains have been taken to represent things not worth representing, and tricks of handling are resorted to which are considered beneath the dignity of a good, self-respecting artist. Nobody imitates this remarkable work, and most people regard it as the product of a badly balanced imagination,—all of which goes to show that, in art, there are certain recognized canons of taste and rules of treatment to which the general and normal artist-mind is loyal—canons which are either ignored or condemned by the work in the Wiertz Gallery.

Wagner, the musician, has, by sheer force of talent and will, compelled the world to give him audience, yet, from the learned in musical matters he has met a strong and persistent protest at every step of his progress. His theories have been at war with the prevalent theories of musical art, and he is likely to leave behind him, not a school to propagate his theories and his style, but only his own work, some of which will doubtless live, but most of which will be regarded simply as the product of fruitless industry and misdirected power. Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Handel, Mendelssohn, and the better masters of opera will be continuous in their influence and control, and Wagner will subside into the unimportant reputation of an eccentric. In the course of centuries, certain ideas of music become established—certain principles, rules, powers, and limitations. Where a composer ignores or endeavors to supplant these, he is at once regarded with suspicion and met with opposition. Orthodoxy in art is as conservative as orthodoxy in religion and politics.

We have had a great deal of talk, first and last, concerning an American order of architecture, but

the order does not appear, and, if it should do so, it would be met by a burst of ridicule from one end of the land to the other. Why? Simply because all men who have systematically learned architecture know that, in classical and mediæval times, every strong and graceful form possible in building was embodied in an order, and that all future architecture must draw upon these orders for any new combination. We have a good many attempts at originality, but not a pillar, nor an arch, nor an architrave, nor a capital, nor a frieze, can appear, that a skilled architect will not at once refer to its origin in one of the recognized orders. So, when men get outside of these orders or undertake an incongruous mixture of them, their work is recognized as eccentric, and eccentricity is ugliness.

So much as illustrations of what we desire to say about eccentricity in English literature. There are canons of taste in literature, as it concerns structure and style, and when men step outside of these they offend. We do not mean by this that there is somewhere in English literature a model which all writers are to copy—that there is no room for individuality of expression; but that there are limitations, within which there is plenty of room to work, but still limitations, outside of which no one can go without convicting himself of eccentricity and bad taste. So those who have called for an American literature, supposing that, somehow, it must have a characteristic and original form in order to be American, have called for that which can never be. The Englishman and the American, using the same language, are bound by the same laws of sound taste, and one can transgress them no more than the other. Mr. Stedman, in one of his recent articles in this magazine on "Poetry in America," quotes and approves the statement of Mr. Richard Grant White that it is the spirit, not the letter, which must characterize poetry as distinctively American. Both these men are right. There can be no distinctively American English that is not bad English. That which must characterize American literary art must belong, not to forms, but to vitalities. It is the life in the forms that must characterize them as American, if anything shall do that.

England has given us a notable instance of a man who undertook to escape from the idiomatic bondage of the English tongue. He was a Germanized Englishman, and nothing but his transcendent talent saved him from the reputation of a mountebank. If any man less than Carlyle had written in his turgid, involved, and bombastic style, he would have met nothing but ridicule. His imitators and followers have met nothing else, but these are few and far between, and Carlyle's works, or many of them, will stand in all the future as warnings rather than as examples, so far as their style is concerned. He stepped outside of the limitations of good taste. He trampled upon the idiomatic usages of his mother-tongue. He was a lawless, elephantine blunderer, whose example would do much damage if it could or should be followed. This is the kind of thing Americans would achieve if they should adopt the theory that an American literature is to be

created by inventing some new form in which to cast the English language.

Our cousins on the other side of the water are a little unreasonable in expecting from us a literature cast into some new form. They threw up their hats when Walt Whitman appeared, but Walt Whitman is a more egregious blunderer than Carlyle was, with a smaller supply of brains. We believe we appreciate all the vitalities of Walt Whitman's literary performances, but his productions, in their forms, are simply abominable. They are literary eccentricities. He will do less damage than Carlyle has done, because he has no followers or imitators. No self-respectful *littérateur* would risk his reputation by seriously issuing a poem after Whitman's manner. Even those who praise him and his bar-

barisms would scorn the use of his forms in any production whatever.

The English and American literatures are certain to run together and to mingle in a common stream. The two nations are constantly getting nearer to each other. They speak and write the same language, and each reads the classics of that language. Different institutions, different climates, different circumstances, will endow each literature with a different spirit, and in this spirit must be found the characterizing flavor and power of each. Each must bow to the same laws and limitations, and shun all those eccentricities of form, structure, and style which oppose the usages of the masters and confuse and sophisticate the idioms of the mother-tongue.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Book of Mormon.

TO THE EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

SIR: In the number of this magazine for August, 1880, appeared an article by myself entitled "The Book of Mormon." That article contained a statement, together with evidence substantiating it in part, by Mrs. McKinstry, a daughter of the Rev. Solomon Spaulding, that the Book of Mormon was derived from a novel called "The Manuscript Found," written by her father in 1812, and that the manuscript of this novel was in 1834 delivered to one D. P. Hurlburt.

When the article appeared, there seemed to be no other proof that this manuscript was delivered to Hurlburt. Believing it to be important to follow up this clue, I recently visited Hurlburt at his home near Gibsonburg, Sandusky County, Ohio, in company with Oscar Kellogg, Esq., a well-known lawyer of that vicinity. As the result of this visit, I have received the following sworn statement:

"GIBSONBURG, OHIO, January 10th, 1881.

"To all whom it may concern: In the year eighteen hundred and thirty-four (1834), I went from Geauga County, Ohio, to Munson, Hampden County, Massachusetts, where I found Mrs. Davison, late widow of the Rev. Solomon Spaulding, late of Connecticut, Ashtabula County, Ohio. Of her I obtained a manuscript, supposing it to be the manuscript of the romance written by the said Solomon Spaulding, called the 'Manuscript Found,' which was reported to be the foundation of the 'Book of Mormon.' I did not examine the manuscript until I got home, when upon examination I found it to contain nothing of the kind, but being a manuscript upon an entirely different subject. This manuscript I left with E. D. Howe, of Painesville, Geauga County, Ohio, now Lake County, Ohio, with the understanding that when he had examined it, he should return it to the widow. Said Howe says the manuscript was destroyed by fire, and further the deponent saith not.

"(Signed) D. P. HURLBURT.

"Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of January, 1881.

"(Signed) J. KINNIGER,

"Mayor of the Village of Gibsonburg, Sandusky County, Ohio."

In this statement Hurlburt gives the impression that he procured this manuscript from Mrs. Davison at Munson, Massachusetts, but Mrs. McKinstry, in her statement, says he got it by an order addressed to Jerome Clark, at Hartwick, Otsego County, New York, and this is undoubtedly the truth. In fact, Hurlburt admitted as much to me before Mr. Kellogg, in the conversation I had with him at his house in Gibsonburg. This is further confirmed by George Clark, a son of the above-mentioned Jerome Clark, and his wife, in two letters copied below.

In a former statement signed by Hurlburt,—the original of which is in my possession,—dated August 19th, 1880, he says: "I do not know whether or not the document I received from Mrs. Davison was Spaulding's 'Manuscript Found,' as I never read it."

In the conversation I had with Hurlburt at his house, and before Mr. Kellogg, he admitted that he "just peeped into the manuscript, and saw the names Mormon, Maroni, Nephi, and Lamenite."

The original "Manuscript Found" was in existence at Onondaga Valley, Onondaga County, New York, in 1818, as appears in the following statement, never before published. Mrs. Redfield is now living at Syracuse, New York.

"SYRACUSE, June 17th, 1880.

"In the year 1818, I was principal of the Onondaga Valley Academy, and resided in the house of William H. Sabine, Esq. I remember Mrs. Spaulding, Mr. Sabine's sister, perfectly, and hearing her and the family talk of a manuscript in her possession which her husband, the Rev. Mr. Spaulding, had written somewhere in the West. I did not read the manuscript, but its substance was so often mentioned, and the peculiarity of the story, that years afterward, when the Mormon Bible was published, I procured a copy, and at once recognized the re-

semblance between it and Mrs. Spaulding's account of the 'Manuscript Found.' I remember, also, to have heard Mr. Sabine talk of the romance, and that he and Mrs. Spaulding said it had been written in the leisure hours of an invalid, who read it to his neighbors for their amusement. Mrs. Spaulding believed that Sidney Rigdon had copied the manuscript while it was in Patterson's printing-office in Pittsburgh. She spoke of it with regret. I never saw her after her marriage with Mr. Davison, at Hartwick.

"(Signed) ANN TREADWELL REDFIELD."

The original "Manuscript Found" was in existence at Hartwick, N. Y., in 1831, as appears by the following letters, never before published, of George Clark, the son of the Jerome Clark above referred to:

"SONOMA, CAL., Dec. 30th, 1880.

"MRS. ELLEN E. DICKINSON.

"DEAR MADAM: I remember that Mrs. Davison spent a winter in my father's house nearly fifty years ago, and left there to go to Munson, Massachusetts. A year or two later she wrote to my father to sell her effects, bureau, feather-bed, linen, etc., and remit the proceeds to her, which he did. The old trunk still remained in the garret when I sold the farm, in 1864, and was given away, to whom I know not. It was worthless and empty. My wife remembers that Mrs. Davison gave her a manuscript to read during her stay with us, and that she read a part of it and returned it to Mrs. Davison, who told her it was written by Mr. Spaulding as a pastime to while away the days of sickness.

"Respectfully yours,

"GEORGE CLARK."

LETTER NO. 2.

"SONOMA, CAL., Jan. 24th, 1881.

"MRS. E. E. DICKINSON.

"DEAR MADAM: My wife does not remember the words 'Mormon, Maroni,' etc., nor anything else of the contents of the Spaulding manuscript in question. She remembers perfectly that it looked soiled and worn on the outside. She thought it dry reading, and, after reading a few pages, laid it aside. She remembers perfectly, too, what Mrs. Davison said about it as being the origin of the Mormon Bible, and she thought it would die out in a few years. It was in 1831 Mrs. Davison left our house for Munson, Massachusetts.

"GEORGE CLARK."

(My interview with Hurlburt is too long to be inserted here. The gist of it is that he admitted before Mr. Kellogg and myself that he obtained a manuscript at Hartwick, Otsego County, New York, through an order from Mrs. Davison, in 1834, which he believes was written by Solomon Spaulding, that it was called "Manuscript Found," etc., that he peeped into it and saw the words Mormon, Maroni, Nephi, Lamenite, etc.)

What is the fair conclusion from these new facts? Is it not that Hurlburt got the original "Manuscript Found" in 1834? It has probably disappeared. It was obviously of value to the Mormons. They have probably had it in their control, and the fate of it will never be known.

That this "Manuscript Found" was the basis of

the "Book of Mormon" still further appears from the following statements, never before published:

"CONNEAUT, ASHTABULA COUNTY, OHIO,

"December 23d, 1880.

"I have resided in the neighborhood of Conneaut, Ashtabula County, Ohio, sixty-six years. During all that period I have known Hiram Lake, whose statement [given below], dated Dec. 23d, 1880, I have read. This statement I believe to be true. I was acquainted with Henry Lake, Aaron Wright, John N. Miller, and Nathan Howard, the persons named in Hiram Lake's statement, and about 1834-5, the time of the excitement concerning Mormonism, I heard them all say that the Book of Mormon was undoubtedly taken from a manuscript written by Solomon Spaulding, which they had heard Spaulding read in 1811 or 1812, called the 'Manuscript Found, or the Lost Tribes.'

"LORIN GOULD."

"CONNEAUT, ASHTABULA COUNTY, OHIO,

"Dec. 23d, 1880.

"I am sixty-nine years of age, and have lived all my life in Conneaut, Ashtabula County, Ohio. My father, Henry Lake, was partner with Solomon Spaulding in 1811 and '12, in a forge in Conneaut (then Salem). About 1834, when I was about twenty-three years of age, I remember that there was a great excitement concerning Mormonism in Conneaut. My father read the Book of Mormon, or heard it read, and was familiar with its contents, and he told me it was unquestionably derived from a manuscript written by his former partner, Solomon Spaulding, called 'Manuscript Found, or the Lost Tribes.' I believe my father, about this time, made an affidavit to the same effect, which was published. Since 1834, I have conversed with Aaron Wright, John N. Miller, and Nathan Howard, old residents here, now deceased, all of whom lived here in 1811 and '12, and who had heard Spaulding's manuscript read, and they told me they believed the Book of Mormon was derived from Spaulding's 'Manuscript Found.' Some or all these persons made affidavits to this effect, which were published in a book called 'Mormonism Unveiled,' edited by E. D. Howe, of Painesville, Ohio.

"HIRAM LAKE."

These two gentlemen are highly respected residents of Conneaut, where the writer saw them in November last. E. D. Howe, above referred to, in conversation with me at Painesville, Ohio (the same month), gave it as his opinion that the Book of Mormon was derived from Spaulding's manuscript, and that this manuscript was of too much value to the Mormons, when it was in their possession, to allow it to escape them. The theory he advanced was that Hurlburt got the real Spaulding manuscript, but what disposition he made of it has not been told, and that the one given by Hurlburt to him was something else.

It may be interesting to state that on my trip to Ohio, I called on General Garfield at Mentor, and conversed with him on this subject. I found that he was much interested in Mormonism. The first Mormon settlement was at Mentor, which is only three miles from Kirtland, where the first Mormon temple was built, a structure which is still in tolerable preservation. President Garfield's farm at Men-

tor was purchased from a Mormon. Mrs. Garfield told me that her father studied Latin and Greek with Sidney Rigdon; that she and her husband remember to have heard Rigdon preach. She also said that her father told her that Rigdon, in his youth, lived in that neighborhood, and made mysterious journeys to Pittsburgh. From my conversation with General and Mrs. Garfield, I gathered that they believed that Rigdon was the prime author of the Book of Mormon, and that Joe Smith was merely his tool in that matter.

From a statement made by John Spaulding, the brother of Solomon Spaulding, printed in a memorial or genealogy of the Spaulding family, I have learned that he (John Spaulding) believed that Rigdon, then a printer, when a very young man, was familiar with the contents of "Manuscript Found," as he resided in the neighborhood of Conneaut, and is said to have been familiar with Mr. Spaulding's writings, and that he secretly followed him to Pittsburgh, worked at his trade with Patterson, and suggested to his employer to borrow the curious romance written by Mr. Spaulding, with the possible idea of publishing it. Many facts seem to confirm this statement.

During my recent visit at Conneaut, the locality of the earth-mound which so fired Solomon Spaulding's imagination was pointed out to me, as well as the site of his foundry and dwelling-house. Last year some curious evidences of a prehistoric civilization, such as personal ornaments, cooking utensils, fragments of pottery, etc., were found near the old mound, and a number of families of the vicinity possess souvenirs of this kind.

ELLEN E. DICKINSON.

"Advertising Patent Medicines": A Reply.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

TO THE EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

SIR: The discussion of the business of advertising patent medicines, in the June number of SCRIBNER, is incomplete, in that no account is taken of the position of the medical profession.

The argument is mainly based on the assumption that the people are necessarily the judges, both of doctors and medicines,—which, it seems to me, is not true. This is to confound patronage with criticism. This, notwithstanding the disclaimer, is advising every man to be his own doctor; and to be his own lawyer, if the principle is extended. But the assumption is a fallacy. It is no more true of medicine than of any other art or science. The value of a judge's opinion is measured by his knowledge. The merit of a painting, or a statue, is determined by the canons of art, as applied by painters, sculptors, and connoisseurs. But that the meretricious in art may acquire a certain reputation and success with the people, we know and deplore. The standing of a lawyer is fixed at the bar by his brother lawyers and judges, and not by the jury, or the applauding auditory. Broadly stated, the people do not judge between the facts of astronomy and chemistry, and the myths of astronomy and alchemy.

Nor is it true that "medicine is all empirical," in

the sense that it is applied without science by its practitioners. The practice of rational medicine demands a knowledge of the sciences of anatomy, physiology, chemistry, and physics. That "there is no authority whose prerogative it is to say to the public, that this or that man, or this or that system, is the best," is now true enough. So much the worse for the public! But that is a proper function of the State, and the time is coming when the State will assume the care of the public health. When we shall have left the age of barbarism a little farther behind, the State will be clothed with the power to establish the standard of qualifications of physicians, and to forbid the sale of secret, and therefore dangerous, nostrums. Then "we may know what are frauds and what are not." Until then we must get along with the relics of barbarism as best we may.

Is there no such thing as medical authority?

Then is there no such thing as rational medicine; and it were better to throw all physic into the sea, and thus save mankind, at the expense of the fishes. For it is one duty of the physician to prevent the people from taking medicine, whether patented or not. But, it is said, the people judge by results. Again, judgment without knowledge. One falls sick and dies in the hands of a wise and skillful physician. Another, attacked by the same disease, takes a nostrum and gets well. The people, judging by results, enrich the quack and let the physician starve. And, while he suffers, he may know that no art or skill could save the one, and only violence could kill the other. The evidence that makes and sustains the reputation of patent medicines, if genuine, is worthless, for the reason that it is not evidence at all for those competent to determine the value of such testimony. It is also *ex parte*. The other side has not been heard. What nostrum vender ever "advertised" the nameless thousands who have swallowed his mixtures and who have died and made no sign? These never swell the figures in the almanacs and religious newspapers. They do not appear against the reputation of a patented medicine. Not so with the physician, who, too often, buries his reputation with his patients.

One who uses a patent medicine assumes to determine the nature of his disease and its remedy—that is to say, he attempts to be his own physician. His action is more irrational than if he offered to be the physician of others—but it is more tolerable.

Any secret remedy that has potency is potent for evil in unskillful hands, and one that has no potency is a deception. In either case its use is therefore to be discouraged, as injurious to the public health and morals. That certain nostrums may be innocuous, or even salutary, who shall say? Seeing that their composition is unknown, their quality uncertain, and their effects undetermined, they do not furnish the necessary conditions for a just estimate of their powers.

The manufacture and sale of these articles in this country have attained enormous proportions, and are increasing. It is time that sensible and intelligent people should recognize the fact that this business is in every way, excepting the way of trade, an evil thing.

H. S. K.

"Music in American Public Schools": A Reply.

LONDON, August 2, 1881.

TO THE EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

SIR: The reference to a remark of my father's, made by Mr. H. E. Holt in your August number, needs a word of explanation. The statement is correct, but the inference is wrong. My father often said that, if music had been taught in England upon more natural principles, the success of the Tonic Sol-fa system would have been smaller. No doubt, also, as Mr. Holt reports, he may have said that had Dr. Lowell Mason's Pestalozzian system been at hand, he would not himself have been driven upon the course of inquiry which resulted in his promulgation of the Tonic Sol-fa system. But my

father never meant it to be inferred that he considered Dr. Mason's method superior, or even equal, to the Tonic Sol-fa. The experience of our best teachers more and more proves the need of our letter notation in the early steps of the pupil, and its invaluable help in enlightening musical study. There is not the slightest need for any scare about "doing away with the old notation of music." Three-quarters of our pupils pass on to that notation; and, after twenty-five years' experience, we find we are making more readers of that notation than all other musical systems put together.

Yours respectfully, J. SPENCER CURWEN.

(Associate of the Royal Academy of Music;
President of the Tonic Sol-fa College.)

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Books on the Training of Children.

MANY a young mother finds herself the guardian of a precious little life, utterly ignorant of the best methods of caring for it. What does she do? What would she do if she wished to become an accomplished artist or linguist? Does she set about becoming proficient in motherhood as she would in music, or in French? Does she not rather trust to her *instincts* to guide her in the matter, looking to relatives or friends for advice?

The root of the evil is to be found, of course, in the fact that nothing has been done in the previous life of the mother to prepare her for the duties that now devolve upon her.

"Is it not an astonishing fact," says Herbert Spencer, in his "Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical," "that though on the treatment of offspring depend their lives or deaths, and their moral welfare or ruin, yet not one word of instruction on the treatment of offspring is ever given to those who will hereafter be parents? Is it not monstrous that the fate of a new generation should be left to the chances of unreasoning custom, impulse, fancy—joined with the suggestions of ignorant nurses and the prejudiced counsel of grandmothers? If, before studying anatomy, a man set up as a surgical operator, we should wonder at his audacity and pity his patients. But that parents should begin the difficult task of rearing children without ever having given a thought to the principles—physical, moral, or intellectual—which ought to guide them, excites neither surprise at the actors nor pity for their victims."

There must be somewhere a remedy for this evil. Where can the mother go for help in her difficulties?—for hers they principally are at the beginning, though fathers have much more responsibility, even in this matter, than is generally assumed.

Any mother who will enter upon her duties in this spirit—the same spirit with which she would enter upon her duties as a student of art, or philos-

ophy, or anything of the kind, will be amazed to find how many helps there are for her, how many most excellent works there are on this subject whose teachings will be of incalculable assistance to her, if properly studied and properly applied.

Herbert Spencer's work (from which I have quoted), "Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical," is published in pamphlet form by D. Appleton & Co., and can be had for fifty cents. It is a book that should be owned and well read by every father and mother capable of understanding it, and, indeed, by every one who has the responsibility of the training of children. More detailed works on the subject are "Physical Training of Children," by P. H. Chavasse, a well-known English physician; "The Training of Children," by James C. Jackson, M. D., of Dansville, N. Y.; "The Mother's Hygienic Hand-book," by R. T. Trall, M. D., and "The Management of Children in Sickness and in Health," by A. M. Hale, M. D., Philadelphia. Of books of rather a different order are "The Child," by M. H. Kriege, published by Steiger, of New York, and "Aids to Family Government; or, From the Cradle to the School" (Holbrook & Co., New York),—a book most highly recommended by Miss Elizabeth Peabody. Of a different order still are Abbot's books, "The Mother at Home" and "Gentle Measures in the Management of the Young"; and "Principles of Education," by Sewell (D. Appleton & Co.),—all containing most valuable information. "What is Play? Its Bearing upon Education and Training," by John Strachan, M. D. (of Edinburgh, I think), is a most interesting little book, most ably written. "How I Managed my Children from Infancy to Marriage," an English book by Mrs. Warren, is also one that should not be omitted in a list of this kind. Besides these, there are several books that may not seem at first to belong with those I have mentioned, but which surely ought to be read by every woman in the land, and particularly by those who have the care of the "little women" of our time.

namely, books on woman's dress. For surely the unhygienic, unphysiological way in which woman's body has been clothed has gone very far toward making her the delicate creature, or the suffering creature, she so generally is. Several excellent works on this subject have been written, but it will be sufficient to mention "Dress Reform," by Abby G. Woolson (Roberts Brothers, Boston), and "Dress, Health, Beauty," published by Ward, Lock & Co., London.

The books I have named do not, by any means, exhaust the list of those on this most important subject, but these will, I think, be enough for the purpose.

MARGARET A. LAKE.

Girls' Letters.

WHO nowadays writes letters? We all dash off hasty notes, or hurriedly scribble a postal-card, under pressure of immediate necessity, but the "epistolary art," so dear to our grandmothers, is becoming extinct.

It is not long since postage was so high that letters were a luxury, rather than the necessity that they are now. The arrival of one was looked upon as a great event, and to destroy one was little short of sacrilege. It was worth while to spend some time and pains on a letter which would be read and reread, and perhaps handed down for the benefit of posterity.

The disjointed productions that pass for letters in these degenerate modern days would have shocked an educated girl of the last century. There is no reason why girls who can speak French and German should not be able to write English. Many young ladies who have had a smattering of recondite science, and have dipped into the grammars of one or more of the ancient and half a dozen of the modern languages, are still unable to write a letter in their own tongue, that in arrangement and choice of words might not disgrace a properly taught child of twelve. Especially, the distinction between the third and first person is often so hazy that a formal note begun in one is finished in the other!

A good correspondent begins her letter by writing her address and the full date plainly at the top of the page. Letters are so often referred to as evidence in trifling or important matters that this is worth

remembering. If they should happen to be kept for any length of time, the date would add materially to their interest.

Many persons seem to think it is an insult to the intelligence of their friends to write straightforward from page to page in the natural manner, and that the more their letters resemble a puzzle the more piquantly interesting they will be. It is hard to tell why a sentence commenced at the bottom of one page should not be continued at the top of the next, instead of rushing wildly off at a tangent, and being found at last written crosswise, in the very last place a person would look for it.

The girl who really answers a letter is no common correspondent. We have all groaned with mild exasperation over a letter supposed to be a reply to one of our own, but which took not the smallest notice of our modest communication, even in a cursory mention of its arrival, left all our questions unanswered, and, with curious ingenuity, omitted every scrap of information on the subjects that most interested us.

The best time to answer a letter, when it is possible, is immediately after first reading it. So many things rush into one's mind that cannot be recalled afterward. Very few people have the requisite leisure to do this, as, in ordinary cases, it involves a rather brisk correspondence; but it should not be put off longer than necessary.

In keeping up a regular correspondence with friends at a distance, it is a good plan to jot down at night little pieces of news, or anything of interest that has occurred during the day. This journal can be used in writing the letter; nothing will be forgotten, and there will be less danger of repetition.

People who are traveling abroad are very apt to make their home letters too much like guide-books. Descriptions of scenery and famous places are generally tedious. It is the little things that are entertaining; a droll adventure, a peculiarity in dress or speech, anything which especially strikes the writer, will be certain to be given vividly, and will add color and interest to her letter.

The full name should be signed, so that should the letter miscarry, it may be returned through the Dead-Letter Office, which would be impossible if the only clew were "Lulu" or "Katie."

E. R. SCOVIL.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Letters of Madame de Rémusat.*

THE feeling of uncertainty which every reader who keeps his eyes open must have experienced while examining the memoirs of Madame de Rémusat, follows him in the selection of letters written by that charming and clever lady which has been made by

her grandson, Senator Paul de Rémusat. If there are fewer passages that seem to bear the trace of the Senator's own finger, there always remains the question of taste and discretion involved in the suppression of letters that are in his judgment inadvisable to print. He tells us that letters full of repetitions, necessitated by the bad postal arrangements of the day, and the insecurity of letters from the visits of the police, have been omitted; also those relating to the writer's numerous bodily ailments. The translators have thought best to expurgate further, by selecting

* A Selection from the Letters of Madame de Rémusat to her Husband and Son. From 1804 to 1813. From the French by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1881.

only those "which they believe likely to have the greatest interest for English readers." The double recension is not encouraging. But when we come to the letters themselves, we find to our dismay that Madame de Rémusat has pursued a system of reserve in the mention of prickly topics which strikes at the foundation of interest in these letters as pieces useful in judging of the history of her times. When she goes still farther, and colors the letters to her husband with statements and compliments meant for the eye of the Emperor, should they, in consequence of the prevalent habit of opening correspondence, reach him through that system of espionage which he developed to such an extreme, then we are just as much in the dark as ever. We only receive another jar to our confidence in her veracity. Indeed, M. Paul de Rémusat has a large stock of confidence, if he supposes that either Memoirs or Letters are going to be received on his bare statements. Without going so far as to accuse him of willing deception, it is not hard to show that the records he has inherited repose on documentary evidence of the flimsiest variety. But as to his qualifications as editor, it looks, to say the least, singular that he should allow himself so gross an error concerning the Yankee school-teacher and Tory partisan of the Revolution, Benjamin Thompson, as is involved in this note (page 85): "Count Rumford, a German, born in America, was paying his addresses to Madame Lavoisier, whom he afterward married." Any good cyclopedia ought to have shown him that he is as wrong about the nationality of the inventor and humanitarian as his grandmother was about his real merits. A special bitterness against Thompson, Count Rumford, appears to have been nourished by Madame de Rémusat and her mother. Perhaps it was merely because he was supposed to be a German, having had his title from the Archduke of Bavaria, and having introduced improvements in hygiene and the preparation of food for the German masses, besides publishing his political, economical, and philosophical essays in German as well as French. They seem to have been unaware that he was an Englishman by conviction and adoption, and one of the founders of the Royal Society for the Advancement of Science. Under date of January 10, 1806, the lady in waiting to the Empress Josephine writes to her husband then at Vienna, in attendance on Napoleon:

"I am requested to ask you to make inquiries at Munich about Count Rumford. I heard such an extraordinary account of him that I am curious to know the truth. It would seem, if I may believe my informant, that this 'man of science' is a mere philosophic charlatan, without fortune or position, and mixed up with several unpleasant stories. * * * My mother wants you to get full particulars, and desires me to tell you that since the wedding a recipe for economical marriages has been discovered. They are called *Rumford marriages*."

To his scurrilous and malignant passage Paul de Rémusat adds a note which contains two important misstatements, namely, that Rumford was obliged to leave Paris, and that he lived on an allowance from

his wife. "The allusion here," he explains, "is to cheap soups and Rumford stoves. The rumors then prevalent regarding that learned man may have been exaggerated. The marriage, however, ended in a separation, as may be seen in the Memoirs, and Count Rumford was obliged to leave Paris and reside in Germany, on an allowance made by his wife." A minor matter, truly, but perhaps not unimportant as a hint of what credence is to be put in other statements of the Rémusats. The letters themselves show plainly one source of this direful gossip about Rumford. Madame de Rémusat does not spare the philosophers and writers who found warm corners at the fireside of the Widow Lavoisier until dispossessed by the elderly lover. She seems to be bearing malice against that worthy lady for having so attractive a *salon*. When Rumford appears in the character of a successful suitor, Madame Rémusat actually inherits many of the *habits* of the widow and one or two of her more ardent admirers; moreover, she shows herself far from indifferent to the honor they conferred on her own little *salon* by their desertion.

So many are the drawbacks to the series of letters that their historical worth is reduced to a minimum. But, on another and minor side, which, after all, is also history, they present excellent material. The descriptions of various circles of Paris, of the theaters and the streets, during the alternations of ill-will toward the Emperor and frantic joy at his various victories in 1805 and 1806, are fine bits of contemporary history, and corroborate many writers on the Empire, if they do not offer a new view of the inner situation. The position of the actors of the Comédie Française, as regards the court, receives a fresh light upon it, owing to the fact that Rémusat had charge of the amusements, spectacles, etc., etc., and during his prolonged absence from Paris was kept posted concerning those "kittle cattle" by his wife, who seems to have done her best to keep the peace among them. She seems to have been reasonably free from officiousness and intermeddling, considering the temptation and her own strong leaning toward being a *bas bleu*.

Whatever may be the impression gained from the Memoirs in respect to the slanderous bent of Madame de Rémusat, the letters prove her a wise and affectionate wife, as well as a most devoted mother. To English readers, and perhaps to the Frenchman of the present generation, her endearments may sound forced and her style sensational. The grandson is careful, however, to point out that the epistolary style of the day among the persons and writers whom his grandmother considered models was far more gushing. The explanation is fair and credible. Less acceptable, however, is the explanation of the absence from the letters of those formidable accusations against the Bonapartes which give the keenest edge to the Memoirs. Madame de Rémusat could not always have been in such deadly terror of the spies of her sovereign but that some of the letters should repeat or hint at the accusations. At most there are one or two passages shadowing out some court scandal, in

which a foolish woman has been talking as if she had some special hold on the Emperor. This fact deepens the suspicion already expressed in this magazine that the *Memoirs* are unsound testimony, having been colored either by Madame de Rémusat when old age and ill-health had soured her, or by Paul de Rémusat, who is a bitter Republican, or rather anti-Bonapartist, or, possibly, by both together, working in succession toward the same end.

The tendency toward monarchism shown by Madame de Rémusat in her attitude in relation to the Bonapartes family and the *émigrés* of the old line comes out much clearer in her letters. In 1805 she had been reading French history, and came to this conclusion, expressed in a letter to her husband at Strasburg: "Judging from the excesses into which she has plunged, France is less adapted than other nations for liberal self-government." On airing this opinion to an old friend, the Abbé Morellet, she writes: "You should have heard him lecture me on my hankering after despotism! He was not surprised, however—all women have a leaning that way." And her son, the father of the present Senator, has left a note speaking of his mother's liberalism, but qualified by the phrase, "although full of the prejudices natural to the daughter of one of the victims of 1793."

In spite of the injustice that the *Memoirs* do the Bonapartes, one cannot fail to recognize a character of strength and superiority in Madame de Rémusat, which, added to the virtues that made her so efficient a wife and mother, give the best reasons for the admiration with which she is regarded by her grandson. While still very young, she holds with tact and success a most difficult position, although surrounded by the malcontents of both the Faubourgs Saint Germain and Saint Honoré. Her criticisms of men and books are keen and decisive. She has her prejudices, and shares in the torrent of scandal far less than might be expected. It is interesting to watch the gradual transference of her hero-worship, qualified though it was, from Bonaparte to Talleyrand. Her later letters speak of Talleyrand affectionately or playfully as their *ami*, their *cari*. It is only fair to suppose that Napoleon's treatment of Josephine finally disgusted Madame de Rémusat with him. At any rate, it will always stand to her honor that she accompanied her Empress into exile, though offered a place at the court of the new Empress, and though her failing health counseled rest rather than a voyage. Save for the love-passages, there is not a dull paragraph in the whole series, so far as translated.

Grimm's "Life and Times of Goethe."

WHEN so great an authority as Mr. Matthew Arnold pronounces a book like the present worthless, we suppose he does not insist upon being interpreted with absolute literalness. He qualifies his statement, however, by adding that it was written for the

purpose of proving that the Germans have a literature equal to the greatest. It is therefore only secondarily a life of Goethe, and as such necessarily defective. The national consciousness of the Germans has grown so tremendously aggressive since the war with France that it has become positively dangerous to dispute, in a company of Teutons, the superlative greatness of anything *Deutsch*. Mr. Arnold, while heartily recognizing Goethe's genius, is of opinion that Mr. Grimm has pandered to the vanity of his countrymen, and, with a considerable expenditure of talent, has produced only a mediocre book.

There can be no doubt that these strictures are in the main just, and reveal the real weakness of a work which, whether as a biography of Goethe it be worthless or not, is nevertheless exceedingly entertaining. Mr. Grimm (who, by the way, is a son of Wilhelm Grimm, and the son-in-law of Bettina von Arnim) writes in a style which is at once refined and vigorous, and he is endowed with the most sensitive æsthetic antennæ, from which not even the subtlest and most fleeting qualities of a literary work can escape. In fact, he is very apt to carry his subtlety to a point where the common reader loses his patience and begins to sigh for more tangible verdicts. But it is well to bear in mind that Mr. Grimm is primarily an art critic, and that the extreme development of his æsthetic sense is due to its continual cultivation in passing judgment on works of art. "The Life of Michael Angelo," upon which he has hitherto based his scholarly reputation, displays approximately the same faults and exactly the same excellences as the present work, although, to be sure, amid the scenes of the Italian renaissance, Mr. Grimm finds no occasion for giving vent to his patriotic ardor. So much the more does he improve his opportunity in his novel, "Invincible Power," in which a beautiful American heroine cuts many wonderful capers in her relations with a young German hero, with whom she has the misfortune to be irrationally captivated. A little novelette, entitled "The Child," shows Mr. Grimm at his best, and is altogether a rare and delicate piece of work.

It is vain to expect that any man, however variably endowed, should be able to do full justice to Goethe in the many capacities in which he claimed the attention of the world. Haeckel, in Jena, and a number of other scientific specialists, have proved how greatly he was in advance of his age in his views on geology, anatomy, and botany, and have explained what a largeness of vision his apparently unimportant discoveries involved; Tyndall, while elucidating the fundamental error, has yet a good word to say in praise of the much-abused "Doctrine of Color." An army of critics and biographers have emphasized now this, now that, side of his work or character to the comparative exclusion of all the others, and yet the majority of Goethe students feel, at the present day, that the last word has not yet been said,—that, in fact, the subject is unexhausted and inexhaustible. What Mr. Grimm has accomplished better than any of his predecessors is to show the exact nature of the change which the Italian journey wrought in Goethe's

* *Life and Times of Goethe*. By Herman Grimm. Translated by Sarah Holland Adams. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1886.

development; to account, as it were, for his artistic regeneration in the presence of the great monuments of ancient art. It has for a long time been the fashion in Germany, as it is yet among the half-cultivated in England and the United States, to decry those of Goethe's works which were written after the effects of the classical renaissance had matured in him; and no amount of sagacious demonstration will ever convince these people that "Iphigenia" and the "Roman Elegies" possess a merit at all comparable to that of "Werther" and the first part of "Faust." After all, each man must be permitted to enjoy that which corresponds most nearly to the state of his own culture; and there is undeniably among Goethe's writings much which will always remain a book with seven seals to all except the special student who studies him as he would Homer, and investigates all the collateral testimony which tends to throw light upon his age and his personal character. Whether this circumstance is an evidence of strength or of weakness, we shall not undertake to decide. It distinctly removes Goethe from the class of poets to which Homer and Shakspeare belong,—poets who, even though they may yield a higher enjoyment to the initiated few, have yet an easily comprehended surface meaning which appeals alike to lay and learned. This distinction Mr. Grimm has in no wise appreciated, and he loses no opportunity to place Goethe, Shakspeare, and Homer in friendly juxtaposition, as if they were members of the same guild. It is, in fact, highly characteristic of the clique of German scholars to which Mr. Grimm belongs (most of whom are ardent admirers of Bismarck's high-handed methods of government) to ignore the very existence of the vulgar populace who have no university education and are unable to conjugate a Greek verb. Even though the first impulse toward the union of Germany into one nation or confederacy may have emanated from the "educated,"—as Mr. Grimm insists that it did,—there certainly is some credit due to the thousands who fought and bled in the war of independence in 1814, and in the invasion into France in 1870. And, as every one knows, it was chiefly these two wars which accomplished the political resuscitation of the German empire. Mr. Grimm, with the intellectual arrogance peculiar to a German professor, refuses to give the people who did the actual fighting their due share of credit:

"Out of this unity of the language arose among us the true fellowship in higher intellectual enjoyment to which we are solely indebted for our political unity,—a unity which could never have been achieved without the unceasing activity of those whom we, in the highest sense, call 'the educated,' and to whom Goethe gave the first common direction."

It is also in perfect keeping with Mr. Grimm's "imperial" creed, which finds incidental expression in every chapter of his book, that he should make the following startling assertion: "Republics have always been based upon the sovereignty of a few powerful families." The Italian republics of the Middle Ages, of which the author has made a profound and exhaustive study, were undoubtedly oligarchies, nor were the republics of antiquity pure democracies.

But we modestly suggest that the United States and Switzerland also be entitled to some consideration; and we think it would be hazardous to maintain that their governments are "based upon the sovereignty of a few powerful families."

Inaccuracies like these would hardly interfere seriously with the value of the work, as a biography, if they did not betray a tendency to make out a case, at all hazards. The spirit of national complacency and self-congratulation, which crops out on every occasion, places the foreign reader on the defensive, and makes him distrustful of the author's conclusions, even when they are beyond dispute. Instead of giving him a vital impression of Goethe's greatness, Mr. Grimm, by his indiscriminate panegyrics, accomplishes the very opposite of what he intended. In exciting a very natural antagonism to his hyperbolic claims in favor of his nation, he also rouses a spirit of incredulity and detraction toward his claims in favor of Goethe. Mr. Lewes's "Life of Goethe" was an elaborate and ingenious apology, addressed to what he conceived to be the prejudices and narrow morality of English Philistines, and, as the Philistines are no less numerous in Germany than in England, the book was translated into German and found a larger audience there than any previous biography of the poet. But the intellectual oligarchy of the Father-land have always felt an irrepressible irritation against the book, because, in spite of its exalted view of Goethe, it still conceived of him as a man whose greatness was dimmed by many glaring faults, and who, accordingly, was a subject for mingled praise and apology. The *Vulpius* affair, which, in the eyes of all sensible men, will always remain a deplorable episode, is now sufficiently remote to have lost the character of a scandal; but it was reserved for Mr. Grimm to prove that Goethe's marriage to an uncultivated woman, who, in her later years, was habitually intoxicated, was, on the whole, a wise step, and entirely consistent with his greatness. The results, however, do not vindicate this view of the matter. The vice, inherited, in Christiane Vulpius's case, from a series of dissolute ancestors, re-appeared in Goethe's son, who came to a sudden and premature death, and the family of Goethe is now represented by two old bachelors, who are, to be sure, estimable men, but are destined to carry the great name with them into the grave.

Of Miss Adams's translation it is difficult to speak with respect, and when Mr. Grimm pronounces it excellent, we can only say that his knowledge of English must be even more imperfect than is his translator's acquaintance with German. What, for instance, can be more awkward and inelegant than the following (p. 13):

"The oversight of a university devolved upon him, which, in those days, was of far greater importance than it is now, where he called into existence or promoted institutions for scientific purposes, organized public criticism, and prescribed its direction."

She translates the German *advocat* with "advocate," instead of lawyer or barrister; the German

so she sometimes renders with the same word in English when it should be rendered "then," and *selbst* she once mistakes for the pronoun where it is an adverb, and should be translated "even." She sometimes translates German titles and sometimes prints them in the original, being guided, apparently, by her own caprice. Thus, we can see no reason why she should retain the German words in the case of Herder's "Die Kritischen Wälder," when she has just before (p. 44) translated the title of "Fragmente über die Neuere Deutsche Literatur." The most monumental blunder in the book, from a grammatical point of view, is on page 21, where Miss Adams boldly prints "the *Jungen* Goethe," which, for her sake, we hope is a typographical error. We have not the space to detail further the twenty or more blunders which we had marked for quotation.

Griffis's "Japanese Fairy World."

THE popular stories that circulate in a nation, and especially those that are told chiefly to children, are an infallible index of the character of the people. Mr. Griffis has, it is true, selected those which are not "bloody, revengeful, or licentious," and himself bears testimony to the fact that much of Japanese popular literature is not suited to Western ideas. But these thirty-four stories are nevertheless truly typical of one side of the Japanese character, and that the most prominent, and the one with which the foreigner is surest to come in contact. Strangers are accustomed to regard the Japanese more as a pack of grown children than responsible adults; while their love of laughter, *bonhomie*, and kindly disposition give them the air of good children, too. Now this little collection makes one think of good children possessed of extraordinary powers of imagination joined to great simplicity, who are making fables of all sorts of things round about them. From the creation of heaven and earth, the rising of the sun, the movement of stars across the Milky Way, to the fable of frogs, crabs, and talking kettles—all is fish to the imaginative net of the Japanese. And just as behind the stories of Mother Goose events of the highest importance are concealed, so, but far more clearly, there lurk behind these genial tales the greatest acts of the world of natural phenomena, and doubtless often, also, events in the history of Japan. Mr. Griffis will be remembered as the author of a delightful book called "The Mikado's Empire." His selection is excellent and most charmingly expressed. It is a pity that the publisher did not bestow greater pains upon the little volume, for its unpretending cover and very ordinary typography may keep many readers from discovering the treasure it contains. A feature of unusual interest is the series of illustrations by an artist of Tokio.

Mr. Griffis tells how his own curiosity was roused to understand the meaning of the figures and scenes that appear on the Japanese books, bronzes, fans,

lacquered boxes, and knickknacks, and how the pursuit led him to "behold the wondrous fertility of invention, the wealth of literary, historic and classic allusion, of fun, myth, and riddle, of heroic wonder and legendary lore, in Japanese art. Some of these stories I first read on the tattooed limbs and bodies of the native foot-runners; others I first saw in the flower-tableaux at the street floral shows of Tokio." We can think of no national collection of fairy-stories which surpasses the Japanese in originality and freshness. Those presented here almost always end pleasantly, as if the story-teller were too good-humored to afflict his hearers. They are full of odd and pleasing turns of thought. Many are plainly satires; others are instructive fables with a hidden moral; "Little Silver's Dream of the Shoji" is a temperance story that might appropriately be dedicated to Mrs. Hayes.

Twelve designs by Ozawa have the clever drawing and peculiar perspective of Japanese artists, without the agreeable background upon which they make their pictures. The paper is "natural tint" merely, and the wood-cutting not particularly good. The best are of "Yorimasa and the Night-beast," and "The Star-lovers' Meeting on the Bridge of Birds." The stories are of the greatest interest to savants occupied with the comparison of myths, and the pictures to artists who have come to acknowledge that to them also Japan has a good deal to say.

Coquelin's "The Actor and his Art."

THIS is an admirable translation of an admirable little book. Mrs. Alger has rendered into smooth and idiomatic English the graceful periods which M. Coquelin wrote for his own delivery—for his essay was a lecture before it got itself into print. At this late day it is not necessary to define M. Coquelin's position as one of the greatest comedians of the day, or to dwell on his exceptional qualifications for the discussion of his art. He is not the first of the comedians of the Théâtre-Français who has chosen to turn author also: indeed, the list is long, from Molière to M. Coquelin, who plays Molière's parts in the house of Molière. In our own day it includes Samson, the tutor of Rachel, who wrote a didactic poem called "L'Art Théâtral"; and M. Regnier, the teacher of M. Coquelin, who has written, for one thing, the history of histrionic art in France. M. Coquelin begins by asserting that his art is an art; and then he considers its conditions. This preliminary defense of the actor and the glorification—if one may call it so, although the word is perhaps too strong—of his art were, no doubt, the occasion of the essay. In France, the decoration of the Legion of Honor, although given to obscure artists, authors, journalists, and even to men who have merely made money, has not been awarded to an actor, however high his rank. M. Regnier only received it after he had

* Japanese Fairy World. Stories from the Wonder-Lore of Japan. By William Elliot Griffis. Illustrated by Ozawa, of Tokio. Schenectady, N. Y.: James H. Barhyte. 1880.

* The Actor and his Art. By C. Coquelin, of the Comédie-Française. Translated from the French by Abby Langdon Alger. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1881.

left the stage; it has not yet been given to M. Coquelin, M. Got, or M. Delaunay. It is an honor denied to the artists who embody the *Aleste* of Molière, the *M. Poirier* of Augier, and the *Gringoire* of Théodore de Banville; while it is freely given to the writer of an obscure farce like "Pink Dominos." After a plea—as clever as it is courteous—for the honor of his craft, M. Coquelin considers the foundations of the art of acting. His remarks should be read by every one who is fond of good acting. Like Lewes's acute essays on "Actors and the Art of Acting," it will help to clarify the understanding. It is safe to affirm, for one thing, that most readers will be greatly surprised at M. Coquelin's assertion that a great actor is not carried away by the whirlwind of his passion; that he remains absolute master of himself; and, indeed, that he moves others less in proportion as he is more moved himself. This is Diderot's "Paradox of the Comedian," and the great critic of the last century was right in this, as he was in most of his judgments.

Ingersoll's "Friends Worth Knowing."

THE felicitously named volume before us comprises eleven of Mr. Ingersoll's recent essays, three of which have become familiar to our readers in these pages, the others having first appeared in nearly as many different periodicals, and treating such homely subjects as snails, wild mice, the eagle, the buffalo, the oriole, etc.

The larger portion of the book is devoted to the birds, there being separate chapters on winter birds, bank-swallows, and the song-sparrow. In noting the habits and traits of the birds, as well as other animals, Mr. Ingersoll is usually close and accurate. He makes a nice distinction in speaking of the migratory habits which, to some extent, belong to all species: "The true home of a bird is where it rears its young, even though it be not there more than a third of the year, and everywhere else it is merely a traveler, or *migrant*." It must be by accident that he drops the statement that the robin is one of the birds which "truly and gracefully walk!" Certainly, if any bird moves upon the ground exclusively by hopping, in distinction from walking as the quail and partridge do, it is the robin.

"A Midsummer Prince" is the happy title by which our charming Baltimore oriole is designated in an essay devoted to him. No other of our birds, we think, combines so many attractions—plumage, structure of nest, variety and melody of song, and graceful flight. Mr. Ingersoll discusses these traits at length, and offers an original and plausible explanation of the fact that the nest of the oriole is so different from that of its fellows. The theory is founded on the fact that the oriole is the only species we have of which the female is rendered conspicuous by bright plumage; were its home of the ordinary type, the mother bird would be exposed when sitting and would, consequently, be in danger from its

enemies—hence the unique protection of a pensile nest.

The chapter on "Civilizing Influences" considers one of the most interesting subjects of natural history, namely, the effect of man, and of the changes he brings upon the face of the country, on the habits and instincts of animals.

Leroy and Renouard's "Pensionnaires du Louvre."

THE text of this handsome quarto of one hundred pages, collected after serial publication in "L'Art," vies with the designs for lightness of wit and piquancy of caricature. It is the woman copyists of famous pictures in the Louvre which employed the facile pen of M. Leroy, and he has brought to the task all the audacity and some of the unscrupulousness of the superior reporters for the journals of the Boulevards. The frequent use of names of real people may strike the reader as very bold, but, for Paris, the book is, in truth, by no means audacious. Almost all the copyists, or *pensionnaires*, at the Louvre are women. Some are old, some are young; many are Frenchwomen, but a good proportion of foreigners is also present. The chance for antithesis and contrast is wide; the opportunity for a bit of gossip here and a touch of naughtiness there does not go unused. Criticism of various schools of art can also be cleverly introduced. The Impressionists are the usual butts. Treading in the footsteps of Diderot, when he makes "Le Neveu de Rameau" his mouth-piece for a variety of heresies and sharp sayings, M. Leroy strolls through the Louvre under the guidance of a painter of the most virulently Impressionistic stripe, named Potet. The latter knows well all the regular copyists, and adroitly enters into conversation with all the new. The two come to a common-looking woman in spectacles, working away for dear life at a copy of one of Chardin's pieces of still life. She is Madame Zénaide Chaumonot; but her attitude, dress, and talk tell plainly enough that she likes plenty of cabbage in her soup. Potet delivers himself of some of the heresies in art of which once Courbet was, and now Manet is, supposed to be the artistic chief. The old lady is disgusted at such ideas.

"Do be done with your impressions; I have impressions, too, but that does not stop me from drawing."

"You really think you have them?"

"Don't I tell you so?"

"Very well; I am too polite to answer you with a coarse denial; I merely allow myself the affirmation that your impressions are to mine what the heavy duck is to the light and brilliant humming-bird."

"(That's what he calls polite!)"

"They dry up as they come from your brain—petrify themselves on your canvas. Your outlines are hard, abrupt; they hurt the eye. My dear Madame Chaumonot, you'll hurt yourself against them some day. Your unlucky coloring lacks

* Friends Worth Knowing: Glimpses of American Natural History. By Ernest Ingersoll. New York: Harper & Brothers.

* "Les Pensionnaires du Louvre." Par Louis Leroy, Dessins de Paul Renouard. Paris: Librairie de "L'Art." New York: J. W. Bouton.

vibrations; it lacks everything. Mine, on the contrary, indecisive and floating, has a pair of diapered wings, which never allow it to rest heavily on the object brightened by it.'

"'One has to turn to chance to get illumination with you, I suppose,' answered the old lady, with some maliciousness.

"'We have proclaimed the independence of form—the respect due to the outline—which is undetermined! What right has the model to ask that we should copy it servilely? Is not the interpretation the fundamental rule in art? I interpret—therefore I feel; I feel—therefore I —'

"'Ta, ta, ta! Enough about your feelings. Have you remembered the recipe you promised to give me for that famous soup, with cheese *à la Savoyarde*?'"

Then there is the American girl, "Miss Colorado," who will answer nothing but "Yes" to all the respectful advances of Potet. When, however, he is betrayed into advice, couched in the broken French suited to an ignorant foreigner, "Miss Colorado" turns upon him in excellent French, laughs at him, gives him to understand that she does not care to be spoken to by strangers, and goes off to her lunch.

Dropping Potet, the bright writer of dialogue gives a series of talks between copyists at the Louvre and the ghosts of the masters whom they copy. Regnault, for example, is astonished to hear the musical terms which his copyist employs. All this is very good fooling, especially in a daily paper; but it may be questioned whether there is anything like art-criticism in it. Amusement of the reader, at any cost, seems to be the effort.

The figures by M. Renouard (some engraved and some "processed") are very clever in the expression of character, but the engraver has sometimes evidently failed to preserve the original effect.

Miss Hale's "Peterkin Papers."

It is an unpleasant moment to a young man when he hears that the boy who was at the foot of the junior class, when he left school, is married and has two children. For the first time he realizes that his capital of youth is diminished; that men will soon ask of him—not, What will he do? but, What has he done?—and that the answer to this question may not be wholly satisfactory. There is many a young man who, to-day, will feel that depressing period brought back to him with unwelcome iteration when, looking for a book for his old chum's eldest boy, he comes across Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co.'s reprint of Miss Lucretia P. Hale's "Peterkin Papers." He will find it hard to realize that it is not yesterday, but a good fourteen years ago, that he himself smiled over those quaint sketches in the pages of "Our Young Folks"; and that "Our Young Folks" has since died, like the "Riverside," and has risen phoenix-like in "St. Nicholas." Yet he will find that he can smile over them still, and that the boy of eight will enjoy them as heartily as did the older boy who read them at sixteen.

Two generations have become intimately ac-

quainted with the Peterkins. Mrs. Peterkin is the original Lady Who Put Salt in Her Coffee, and who called in the Chemist, who tried to neutralize the objectionable element with chlorate of potassium, and bichlorate of magnesia, and tartaric acid, and hyper-sulphate of lime, and ammonium, and oxalic, cyanic, acetic, phosphoric, chloric, hyperchloric, sulphuric, boracic, silicic, nitric, formic, nitrous-nitric, and carbonic acids, and calcium, and aluminum, and barium, and strontium, and bitumen, and half of a third of a sixteenth of a grain of arsenic, and a little belladonna, and atropine, and some granulated hydrogen, and some potash, and a very little antimony, finishing off with a little pure carbon. Then, as all the world knows, she called in the Herb-Woman, who doctored the brew after her own empirical method, and said the coffee was bewitched. And poor Mrs. Peterkin never got her cup of coffee until an inspired genius from Philadelphia suggested to her to make a fresh cup.

Mrs. Peterkin had quite such a family as might be expected of her, comprising Mr. Peterkin, Agamemnon—the eldest son, who had been to five colleges, and had been graduated at none, because the professors would ask him just the questions he could not answer; Elizabeth Eliza; Solomon John, and the Little Boys, who may have been two and may have been three—"they were always coming in or going out, and it had been difficult to count them."

The adventures of the whole family are recounted at length in this volume. They go to the Centennial; Solomon John writes a book—or rather gets ready to write it, and then finds he has nothing to say; they have a Christmas-tree, and alter the house to fit the tree; and they do many things highly entertaining to those who read about them.

All this is told in an agreeably clear, straightforward style, marred only occasionally by the use of New England phrases, perplexing to outside barbarians. It is mere fooling, of course, and not wholly original fooling—being but an amplification, in fact, of the French conception of "Calino," or his antique prototype, that rare old myth known as "a certain simpleton," of whose antics the boys are now reading in the "Gesta Romanorum"; but it has a natural, wholesome humor of its own, such as children like, and here and there are passages the cleverness of which their elders can better appreciate—such as the demure explanation of some unexpected exhibition of common sense by the significant statement, "for there was a driver in the wagon beside Solomon John;" or such as this, from "The Peterkins celebrate the Fourth":

"Mr. Peterkin thought there actually was no danger, and he should be sorry to give up the peanut. [Mrs. Peterkin was afraid that the roasting-machines would burst.] He thought it an American institution, something really belonging to the Fourth of July. He even confessed to a quiet pleasure in crushing the empty shells with his feet on the sidewalks as he went along the streets. Agamemnon thought it a simple joy."

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Recent Progress in Photography.

THE introduction of the highly sensitive dry-plates used in photography (see *THE WORLD'S WORK* for May, 1881) has been accompanied by a wide-spread interest in the whole subject of photography. The ease with which pictures can now be taken in all climates and under every imaginable circumstance, and by persons of only moderate skill, has called the attention of both artists and men of science to the subject, and from their labors have sprung a number of improvements in the art that promise to be of real value in the shop, the field, and school-room. First among these improvements is the manufacture of small portable cameras, suitable for surveyors, reporters, contractors, builders, manufacturers, tourists, and teachers. In bringing the camera from the studio to the field and workshop, it is essential that both the apparatus and process should be cheap and simple. A camera suitable for business purposes can be easily carried in a hand-bag, and the price is about ten dollars. The usual size for dry-plates for industrial purposes, which are now made on a commercial scale for about one dollar and fifteen cents a dozen, is four by five inches. With such a camera and plates, pictures can be taken of buildings, architectural details, works and machinery in process of construction, furniture, decorations, patterns and models, tools, railroad work, and landscapes. The pictures are of a convenient size for mailing, and are sufficiently large and clear for all business purposes. In printing from the negatives, the blue ferro-prussiate paper proves for some purposes quite as good as the more expensive and troublesome photographic paper. A very brief exposure of the paper, under a negative, to the light, and a soaking in cold water in the dark, is sufficient to print and fix the pictures. This paper saves all the trouble and expense of using the photographic printing chemicals. It costs forty-five cents a square yard, and may be purchased of the dealers in artists' materials. The prints are blue on a white ground, but this is not objectionable where the pictures are to be used as advertisements, or as memoranda of work done, or as mementos of travel. All the chemicals and apparatus used in developing dry-plates are very cheap, and a small shelf in any closet will answer for a laboratory. Any room may be used as a dark room at night, because the plates after exposure can be developed at any time, provided they are kept in the dark. The faculty of taking the pictures and developing the plates can be easily acquired by any boy or girl in two or three lessons, and a person of ordinary intelligence can gain sufficient skill for all business purposes in a week's practice. The portable camera and dry-plates have also proved of the greatest value in schools, both in making pictures of places and things studied by the classes, and as a simple and inexpensive method of making pictures of geological formations, plants and minerals, studies in

drawing and plastic models, and in making copies of maps.

Among the most useful applications of the dry-plates is their use in the manufacture of transparent slides for lantern projections. The lantern has now become indispensable in the lecture-room and in schools, and it might become a valuable adjunct of the manufactory and salesroom. For instance, suppose an agent has a certain piece of real estate to sell, or a carriage-maker, or a dealer in furniture, other goods to dispose of. A photograph can be taken of the goods, carriages, or buildings, and when it is important to exhibit the picture in the minutest detail, or before a large number of people, a lantern will throw up the picture on a large scale, and give every detail, and with a very fair degree of projection. In this way, the purchaser can get a better idea of the place or goods than can be obtained from a photographic print. Slides of the usual size can be made very quickly and cheaply by using the dry-plates. The plate is put in a common printing-frame (in the dark room), and covered by a negative. It is then exposed to the light of a gas or oil lamp for about five seconds. The developing is the same as if the plate had been exposed in a camera. The result is a positive copy on glass of the negative, and, when properly protected by varnish, such a plate is ready for use in a lantern. The advantages claimed for this use of photographic positives as slides are evident. The copy is direct and simple, and, in the lantern, details that would not be visible in the print are quite clear. The method is one that can be recommended for the use of schools.

The demand for colored photographs is so great that efforts have been made to find some mechanical means of producing prints in colors direct from nature. The search for a material sensitive of itself to all colors, and able to copy them in the camera, appears, however, quite as hopeless as ever. Nothing of this kind is expected, in a new method of making photographs in colors that is now receiving some attention, but to make colored pictures that may be an improvement on the prints painted over by hand. Supposing the object to be photographed to exhibit two colors,—say a green-leaved plant with red flowers,—two negatives are taken, one designed to represent the leaves and the other the flowers. This has been done before by taking the two negatives and treating them mechanically, stopping out in one all the leaves and in the other all the flowers. From each negative a print is taken and each is colored, either mechanically or by using colored sensitive films, or, in fact, in any manner that will give a semi-transparent colored film. The two prints are then laid one over the other, and, if properly "justified" or fitted together, give a single colored picture of the green-leaved plant with red flowers. The prints are said to show the half-tints, and to give all the gradations of light and

shade, with none of the hardness and density of painted photographs. The novel feature of this process appears to be confined to the method of taking the negatives. Instead of stopping out the green portions of one negative and the red portions of the other by hand, two negatives are exposed to the plant at the same time, and by the use of colored screens each is caused to select its own color. By this is meant that only red light is admitted to one camera and green light to the other. These screens are made by filling thin glass vessels with colored liquids. For the negative designed to show only the red flowers, a red screen is set up before the camera. This transmits red light only, and seen through it the plant appears to have dark or black leaves, with red flowers. Through the green screen, it appears to have green leaves with black flowers. The two negatives exhibit, when developed, only the parts where the light was transmitted, the black portions being unaffected or blank. Prints are taken from each negative in its proper color, and are laid one over the other to give the finished picture in two colors. It will be seen that in making two such negatives, each reflecting its own color, it is essential that they should be exactly alike. It is clearly impossible that they can be taken at the same time from the same point of view, and to take one after the other would make it very difficult to give each exactly the same aspect. To overcome this difficulty, two cameras, each with its colored screen, are placed side by side, and before the first one is set up a sheet of clear plate-glass, at such an angle that the image of the plant will be reflected from the surface of the glass into the camera. As the glass is transparent, the larger portion of the light passes through it, and, falling upon a mirror placed at the same angle, is reflected into the second camera. In this way each camera has precisely the same aspect, for each faces its mirror, and the two mirrors are in line and at the same angle with the light. Three mirrors and three cameras have been used, but this is probably the limit, as the transparent mirrors absorb so much light that the third must reflect all that is left or the image will be too faint.

Besides these interesting discoveries in photography, a general advance is to be observed in the progress of the whole art, both in methods and materials. Some of these are yet in the experimental stage, and will be considered more fully at some other time. The general tendency seems to be to find cheaper methods of taking the negatives, making prints on a large scale, and to bring the art more and more into use in science, education, and business. Among the most valuable of these improvements is the use of the salts of platinum, in place of the salts of silver, in making the sensitive paper used in printing from negatives. The development is by the ferros-oxalate process, and the prints

have the merit of great permanence. Among the more curious of the recent discoveries is the art of making what are known as composite pictures. These are made by taking the portraits of a number of persons, say the members of a family, or of patients suffering from the same disease, and exposing these portraits, one after the other, to a sensitive plate. The result is a compound or composite picture, that is not exactly like any one individual, but resembles all. Composite pictures made up of a dozen portraits of criminals of a certain class have given ideal portraits, showing all the facial characteristics of that class. In like manner, a composite picture made by combining the portraits of a family of brothers and sisters has given a picture having a strong resemblance to one of the parents or grandparents. The most recent improvement in photographic printing is in the so-called rapid printing paper. From experiments seen in the laboratory of a photographer of this city, who brought the paper from England, it appears that the new paper will prove of the greatest value in making prints, either of the same size of the negative or enlarged. The paper is coated with a film of bromo-gelatin, prepared precisely as if for dry-plates. The paper examined was placed in a printing-frame with a negative in the dark room, and then exposed to the light of a common match for five seconds. The development after soaking was by the ferros-oxalate process. The fixing was in a solution of hyposulphite of soda, the paper being placed in the bath for one minute and then washed. A large sheet of the paper was set up on an easel, and a common magic lantern was used to project a negative upon it for five minutes by diffused light. The development showed a life-size picture, perfect in all its details. An oil lamp may be used in the lantern, and prints are only limited in size by the size of the paper.

The second annual convention and exhibition of the Photographic Association of America, held in this city August 16th, 17th, and 18th, gave an opportunity to examine the present position of photography as an art. It would appear that the tendency in this profession is toward greater artistic skill in the studio and retouching room. Mechanical excellence in the camera and printing-lantern, and thoroughness in the chemical department, have been attained. The photographer must now become an artist. The use of backgrounds painted from nature, the adjustment of light, and the combination of scenic effects with truthful and natural accessories, and artistic posing in the studio, now give ample scope for knowledge and taste. Retouching the negatives also gives a wide field for skill. The exhibition, composed of pictures from all parts of the country, and the valuable papers read at the convention, showed that the aim to raise the artistic standard of the work has been resolutely and intelligently taken up by the profession.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

The London "Punch" on Wood-Engraving (?)

AT A SMOKING CONCERT.

Herr Professor: "You haf a bleasing foice, my young vrent. Pot you ton't brotuce it in a lechidimate vay!"

Our Tenor: "Perhaps if I did it would no longer please."

Herr Professor: "Ach! Vat of dat? Bleasure is not effery ding! You should always brotuce your foice in a lechidimate vay, vedder it kifs bleasure or not!"

How Iō Died.

WHEN I was at Latin a tyro,
I read, in the old classic story,
About a dear damsel named Iō,
Who had a *penchant* amatory
For Jove; but his wife showed her power—
(Æneas once felt it, as you know),—
And so, most completely to cow her,
She was changed to a heifer, by Juno!

But after her buzz by that gad-fly,
When Jove had remade her a maiden,
I often have questioned, and sadly,
Who aided my lady to Aidenn.
At last, a fair female physician
(From skill does the pride of the lassie come)
Disclosed me her final condition.
She said: "Iodide of potassium!"

The Dame and the Critic.

[Versified from Hans Christian Andersen.]

Two waiting souls, just freed from fleshly guise,
Knelt, suppliant, at the gates of Paradise:
He, arrogant, imperious, bold of mien;
She, meek, yet fearless, patient and serene.
And as, to him, the time seemed long to wait
Before the final opening of the gate,
He fell, at length, to talking.

"While good St. Peter searches for the key,
Pray tell me—if to ask be no offense—
Your name and station, how you came and whence;
What you accomplished in the world below."
(He was a critic, reader, you must know.
Well skilled to censure, little given to praise,
The man had spent the substance of his days
In idle ease, while yet his caustic pen
Belabored better, because busier, men.)
"I am old Margaret," the dame replied;
"My home was in a hut the dame beside:
I've lived a calm and uneventful life,
By crime unsullied and unweaved by strife;
But as for aught that I have done, or been,
These blessed gates of Paradise to win,
I have no plea to make."

"But tell me now,"
The curious critic questioned, "why and how
You left the world."

"Indeed, I scarce *can* tell,"
Replied the dame, "since what at last befell
Seems strange to me and dim. I can recall
One dreadful night: beyond the great sea-wall,
Built up to keep the bristling tide at bay,
The towns-folk, young and old, had gone to play

And sport upon the ice, to skate and feast
And dance to pleasant lutes. The crowd increased
With every moment; large and round and red
I saw the moon rise, looking from my bed:
For I was feeble, sickly, worn and old,—
Nay, well-nigh helpless, if the truth were told.
But, as I said, I saw the red moon rise,
A ball of fire from out the eastern skies,
And marked, along the marge, a strange, white
cloud

Slow-spreading, like a spectral, ghastly shroud;
And, as I gazed, behold, its center grew
Black—black as ink. Oh, horror! then I knew—
For I had seen the fearful omen twice,
In my long, lonesome life beside the shore—
Its import, and the errand that it bore
To the doomed people skating on the ice.

"I knew that terror, tempest, flood and wreck
Waited like demons on its awful beck;
That, ere an hour had passed, the frightened deep
Its icy bonds would break and overleap
The wall in frightful floods. Was it too late
To save the people from impending fate?
Alas! alas! what hand, unless 'twere mine,
Could give them warning, knowing not the sign?
'Oh, impotent! great heaven! but give me power
To save my people in this awful hour!'
I cried aloud, in sorest agony.

The dear Lord heard; he heard and answered me:
A strange strength came to me in every limb,
My mortal weakness seemed a sick-bed whim;
I rose, I ran, I hurried to the door,
I rent the air with shrill and frantic cries,—
'Good friends! good neighbors! hear me, I implore!
Yon cloud! yon cloud! oh hasten! make for shore!'
In vain, in vain: no questions, no replies
Came floating back to me. My voice was drowned
Amid the merry-making and the sound
Of tinkling lute and viol. Once again,
Twice, thrice, I called. Oh! was it all in vain,
And must they perish?

"Suddenly, a thought,
A daring purpose (it was heaven that wrought
And sent the inspiration)! I would fire
My hut, my home, and haply thus the dire
And dread calamity forestall. I knew
The people were too good, too kind and true,
To guess what plight was mine and fail to come
Straight to the rescue. So, with trembling, dumb,
And eager haste, I lit the scanty straw
That filled my frugal bed. Oh, joy! I saw
The quick flames kindle—saw them rise and rise;
I heard the startled people's sudden cries,
And, groping blindly to my open door,
Beheld them hurrying wildly to the shore,—
Beheld them reach, at length, the great sea-wall,
And knew, thank heaven, that I had saved them all!

"Then came a rushing, roaring, deafening sound,
A thunderous crash, as if the solid ground
Were breaking up; then silence, chaos, night.
I know no more; the tumult and the fright
Were too much for a weakly, helpless thing
Like me, and so death's kind and pitying wing
Hovered above and brought me safely here,
To find, perchance, a home of light and cheer
In place of that I lost. But this I know,—
'Tis all of God's sweet grace, if it be so."

With that, the gates of heaven opened wide,
And straight an angel to the good dame's side
Glided with noiseless speed. He had been sent
To lead her in; but lo! as on they went,
A single straw, which had escaped the fire
When at the first she lit her funeral pyre,
Fell at the woman's feet; and as the two
Looked down upon it, suddenly it grew
Into a spray of brightest, purest gold,
With lovely leaves and blossoms manifold.
"Fair pledge and symbol of a good deed wrought!"
The angel, stooping, cried; "and hast thou aught,
Thyself, O critic,—aught like this to show
In proof of service done to man below?
Then learn thy doom"—but here the dame's kind
soul

Was moved to tender pity: "Give him dole
Of the large grace vouchsafed by heaven to me,"
She bravely pleaded for the angel: "See!
His brother wrought me, in my sorest need,
Bricks for my hut; shall not this kindly deed
Atone for him?" "You hear," the angel cried;
"Another's work, forsooth, must be applied
To cover your life-lack! Nay, nay, not so!
And yet, this respite I would fain bestow:
Remain outside these walls; a day of grace
Is granted you. If, haply, in this place,
Where yet a late repentance may avail,
You see your sinful folly, and bewail
Your error, and, by dint of earnest quest,
Accomplish something—not, perhaps, the best,
But something, *something*—it may be that you,
Saved as by fire, at length may enter, too,
And find a home within this blissful gate."

The proud and hapless critic heard his fate:
"That clumsy little speech I could have wrought
Much more effectively myself," he thought;
But from expressing it in words refrained,
And that—for him, at least—was *something* gained!

Aphorisms from the Quarters.

DE squ'el kin beat de rabbit clammin' a tree;
but den, de squ'el makes de bes' stew, an' dat sort
o' ekalizes de thing.

De waggin'-wheels aint 'fraid to tell you whar'
dey been.

Don't was'e no time coixin' a sick 'tater-slip;
stick a fresh one in de hill.

'Taint no countin' on de notions ob a gra'-vine
nor de chune ob a morkin'-bird.

It don't make much diffrance whar de rain comes
fum, jes' so it hits de groun' in de right place.

De crab-grass b'lebes in polertics.

A short crap an' a long face.

De old sheeps wonder whar de yarn socks come
fum.

A feather-bed aint much service to de young corn.

Palin's wa'n't fixed for clammin' ober.

Some smart folks can't tell a rotten rail widout
settin' on it.

De people dat stirs up de mos' rackit in de meetin'-
house aint always de bes' Kwis'chuns.

'Arly peach-blossoms got to run de risk o' de
fros'.

Ef you aint got nuffin' smaller'n a dime when de
hat comes 'round in chu'ch, drap it in; you'll git de
change some o' dese days.

De fat beef aint got much conferdince in de
butcher.

Sometimes de runt pig beats de whole litter
growin'.

Don't trus' a mad bull jes' 'cause he aint got no
horns; he kin do some right sharp pushin' anyhow.

You better not fool wid a water-millon dat puts
orf gittin' ripe till horg-killin' time.

A meller apple dat drops on de groun' widout
any shakin', is mos' too willin'.

Folks dat go to sleep in de meetin'-house do heap
o' late settin' up at home.

Muskeeters don't suit long pra'rs.

De people dat do de bigges' talkin' at home is ap'
ter do de mos' whettin' in de harves'-fel'.

Don't trus' a man dat nebber got tired in his life.

Satan habs de Scriptor in his school-'ouse.

Prevalent Poetry.

A WANDERING tribe, called the Siouxs,
Wear moccasins, having no shioux.

They are made of buckskin,

With the fleshy side in,

Embroidered with beads of bright hyioux.

When out on the war-path, the Siouxs

March single file—never by tioux—

And by "blazing" the trees

Can return at their ease,

And their way through the forests ne'er lioux.

All new-fashioned boats he eschioux,

And uses the birch-bark caniox;

These are handy and light,

And, inverted at night,

Give shelter from storms and from dyioux.

The principal food of the Siouxs

Is Indian maize, which they brioux

And hominy make,

Or mix in a cake

And eat it with pork, as they chioux.

Now doesn't this spelling look cyiouxrious?

'Tis enough to make any one fyioxrious!

So a word to the wise!

Pray our language revise

With orthography not so injiouxrious.

An Old Rondo.

HER scuttle hatt ys wondrous wyde,

All furry, too, on every syde,

Soe out she trippeth daintylie

To lett ye youth full well to see

How fayre ye mayde ys for ye bryde.

A lyttle puffed, may be, hye pryde,

She yett soe loveleye ys thatt I'd

A shyllynge gyve to tye, perdie.

Her scuttle hatt.

Ye coales ynto ye scuttle slyde,

So yn her hatt wolde I, and hyde

To stele some kysses—two or three:

Butt synce she never asketh me,

Ye scornful cynic doth deryde

Her scuttle hatt!

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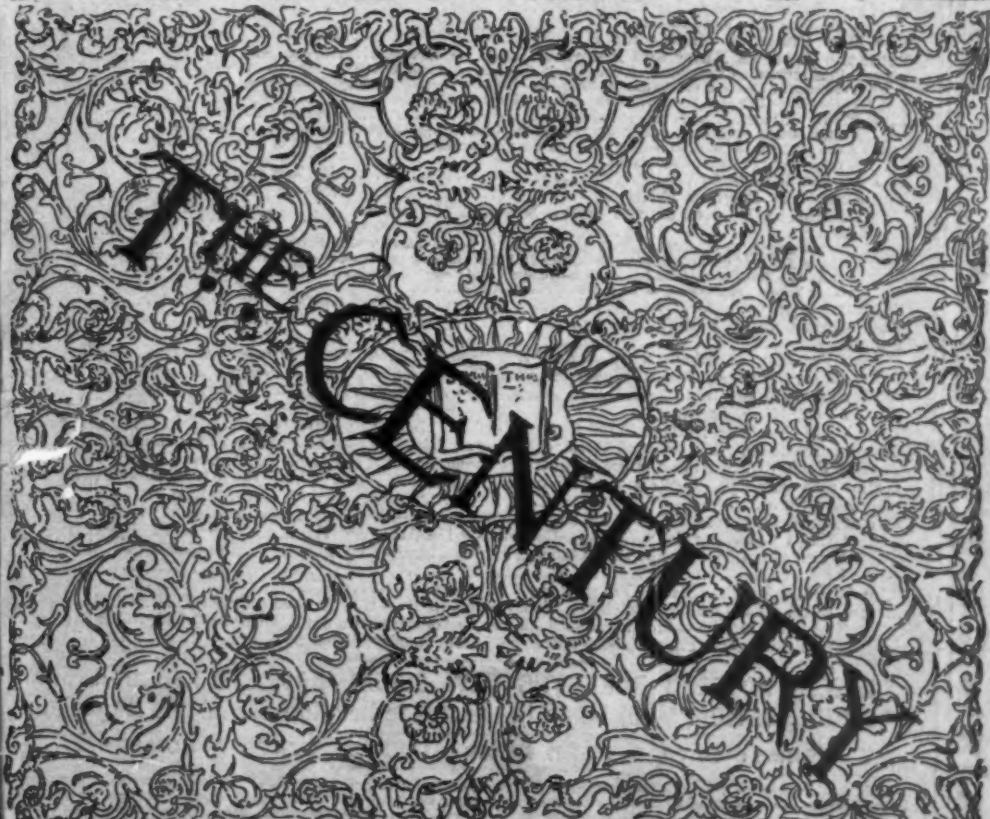
OCTOBER, 1891.

No. 6.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

325 Dr W H Dorrance

25c



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tions by an accomplished and enthusiastic traveler. Professor Roswell D. Hitchcock, the President of the Palestine Exploration Society, introduces the book to the public in a preface in which he points out in the strongest terms the value of Mr. Merrill's work.

The Bible Commentary, N. T., Vol. 3.—

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The Law of Love, and Love as a Law.—

President Hopkins's work on Moral Science appears in a new edition, which has been in part rewritten in order to bring it into closer relation to his *Outline Study of Man*, of which work it is really a continuation. More prominence has been given to the idea of Rights, but the fundamental doctrines of the treatise have not been changed. The very interesting correspondence with Dr. McCosh is retained.

From an able review of the work on its first appearance we quote the following:

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Phaeton Rogers.—The scene of Mr. Johnson's entertaining story is laid in Rochester, N. Y. The action grows mainly out of the hero's inventive faculty, which manifests itself in various ingenious ways, some of them practical and others quite the reverse. Phaeton and his friends have numerous adventures and get into various scrapes, which, somehow, prove to be a good deal less serious in the end than appears at first sight; but their energies are chiefly directed to various plans of rapid transit, one of which gave Phaeton his classical cognomen, or to quieter and more useful mechanical problems, especially the printing-office and a scheme for helping one of their poorer comrades of a poetical turn, by printing and publishing his poems.

The other characters who contribute their share to the action are, Monkey Roe, the roguish boy; Isaac Holman, the learned boy; Jimmy Redmond, the poetical boy; Patsy Rafferty, the Dublin boy; Ned Rogers, brother of the hero, the impulsive and blundering boy; and Jack-in-the-Box, a young gentleman who mysteriously occupies the post of railroad signal-man.

The story is not without its moral, which, though never obtruded in set terms, is plainly developed in a dozen different points. It is full of

fun and humor, and the author displays unusual ability in the difficult art of telling a story for boys without seeming to descend to their level. The illustrations are in keeping with the narrative, and the book will undoubtedly be the prominent juvenile publication of the season.

The Quartet.—Mr. Stoddard's *Dab Kinser* made such a decided hit, that he has done well to follow it with a sequel to let Dab's friends into the secret of his school and college life, and there is no doubt that this part of his career equals the former in interest. The four friends, Dabney Kinser, Ford Foster, Frank Harley, and their colored comrade, Dick Lee, at Grantley Academy, have full scope for the exercise of their love of sport and manly exertion, in addition to the active part taken by them in the various episodes of school life. The female members of the family are not left out, and in the last chapter, after Dab has finished his education in school and college, not without many vicissitudes, Jenny Walters makes him a happy man.

The verdict of the *Christian Intelligencer* on *Dab Kinser*, viz.—"In a literary point of view, we are inclined to rank this book among the first of its kind. A father who wants his boy to grow up in a manly way, may find in such books something to help him amazingly"—applies with equal force to its sequel, *The Quartet*.

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The Ballads of William M. Thackeray.—A complete illustrated and richly bound edition of these interesting poems is now ready (small quarto, \$3). It is well known that many of the choicest thoughts and fancies of the great English novelist were daintily set in verse; and in this volume they are gathered together, and illustrated with some of Mr. Thackeray's own drawings.

THE NEW ROUND-ROBIN NOVELS.

The Georgians is called by the Atlanta *Constitution* "the most satisfactory piece of literary work that has been done in the South since the war." A well-known New York critic says: "As a study of the working of human souls, we think this book very close upon Hawthorne's best effort. . . . The grand and profound climax of the story lingers in the mind like the story of Hester Prynne."

Patty's Perversities, a charming story of quiet New England life, "is already attributed to half a dozen people, among them Mrs. Julia Schayer, the author of 'Tiger Lily'; Miss Sprague, of 'Earnest Trifler' fame; Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke, and the daughter of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney."—*Boston Courier*.

Homoselle is a romance of lowland Virginia before the war, with quaint studies of negro life, as contrasted with the patrician dignity of the ancient white families of the James River country. The *Boston Traveller* says: "'Homoselle' has much of the democratic fervor and realistic power of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' or 'A Fool's Errand,' while it is eminently more pleasing as a work of art."

The Round-Robin Series now stands among the best, and the appearance of a new novel in this category secures for it a favorable reception. The signal ability of the stories thus far brought out, and the variety and diversity of their themes, give evidence and promise of a high standard of merit. The sixth volume of the series, entitled *Damen's Ghost*, appears late in September.

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Specimen illustration reduced.



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Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
When the wind wakes how they rock in the grasses,
And dance with the cuckoo-buds slender and small!
Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's own lasses,
Eager to gather them all."

Miss Ingelow is unmistakably the most popular of living female poets, and the best known of her poems, and the one which has given her the widest fame, is "THE SONGS OF SEVEN," or, seven periods in the life of woman. We have prepared for this Holiday season a new edition of this famous poem, with 34 illustrations, drawn and engraved expressly for it. The artists have happily conceived the very spirit of the poem, and the book in its whole may be called a triumph of the book-maker's art and the gem of Holiday Gift-books. It is in the form of a square small quarto, beautifully bound in illuminated cloth, beveled boards, gilt edges. Price \$2.00.

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Artistic Holiday Book.—Among the holiday books to be issued this year, there is one, at least, that it may fairly be assumed will easily take a leading place. We refer to a work on which Mr. Louis C. Tiffany and his corps of associated artists have for several months been engaged. No pains have been spared to perfect the workmanship of every detail, Mr. Tiffany himself having complete supervision of the work. It is a book that for uniqueness and artistic beauty will challenge universal attention. The subject matter is Mary D. Brine's highly popular poem, "The Road to Slumberland." Price, \$5.00. A large number of private orders already registered for this elegant souvenir.

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The following Volumes, to be issued in this series, are in active preparation. Others will follow.

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"'Wood-Magic' is very charming. . . It is the best written, and in many ways the most pleasant, of its author's works." *London Athenaeum.*

"'Wood-Magic' is full of exquisite description." *London Academy.*

"When once a reader has taken up 'Wood-Magic,' he must be a cold-blooded person indeed if he lays it down again before he has read every line from beginning to end. The book is like a breath of free breezes to men wearied with hard head-work of our own towny and work-a-day world." *Pall Mall Gazette (London).*

"'Wood-Magic' will charm the most languishing. It is a book which will be found a delightful companion for a holiday in the country." *London Standard.*

"The volume contains some charming rural pictures." *Spectator (English).*

"The volume abounds in picturesque descriptions." *Edinburgh Daily Review.*

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"'Wood-Magic' is finely descriptive and full of observation. Mr. Jefferies has never done better than this." *Nottingham Guardian.*

"'Wood-Magic' contains exquisitely graceful descriptions of woodland scenery." *Liverpool Mercury.*

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PROSPECTUS

OF

The New Series of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY :

TO BE CALLED

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.



WITH THE OCTOBER NUMBER the first series (of twenty-two volumes) of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY is completed, and with November a new series will be begun, under the title of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. The change of name of the magazine is made necessary by the conditions of the recent sale of CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS' stock in "Scribner & Co.," the entire stock in the Company—now known as THE CENTURY COMPANY—having passed into the hands of those connected with the business, editorial, and art departments of "Scribner" and "St. Nicholas."

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE will be, in fact, a new, enlarged, and improved "SCRIBNER," in whose conduct the managers of that magazine will be able to profit by the experience of the last eleven years. In appearance the magazine will remain much the same,—the large and clear style of type, which is one of its distinguishing features, being retained,—though the type itself will be entirely new. *The page will, however, be somewhat longer and wider, admitting pictures of a larger size, and VIRTUALLY INCREASING THE READING MATTER TO THE EXTENT OF ABOUT FOURTEEN ADDITIONAL PAGES.*

It is a gratifying fact that, in their endeavors to improve the quality of both the literary and art departments of this magazine, the managers have hitherto met with the greatest popular success. Contrary to the expectations of many, it has been found that, in conducting a magazine "for the people," the higher the excellence attained in the letter-press, and the greater the refinement of the illustrations, the wider has been the circulation, and the more substantial the encouragement.

It is the intention and hope of the managers of this magazine, while increasing the quantity, also still further to improve the quality of material offered to the public. It will be the aim to give the literary contents of the new series a higher and more permanent value, as well as to carry still further the reform in wood-engraving and in magazine illustration begun by this periodical. With an increased list of distinguished contributors and experts on leading questions, and with more room for discussion and for illustrations, the new series, it is believed, will be heard from still more frequently and authoritatively on subjects of immediate public concern.

Below will be found a summary of certain of the leading features of the first year or more of the new series :

STUDIES OF THE LOUISIANA CREOLES. By GEORGE W. CABLE (author

of "The Grandissimes," "Madame Delphine," etc.), to begin in an early number. Mr. Cable's stories and novels have already revealed to American readers the unique interest that invests the history of New Orleans. Of all large communities in the United States, it is the most dissimilar from the nation at large. In origin, growth, traditions, language, literature, and social customs, it unites the romance and picturesqueness of a foreign civilization with the vivid contrasts of widely different populations growing up side by side, and the stirring incidents of a wild frontier. The history of New Orleans is a succession of wars, famines, floods, pestilence, internal strife, commercial aggrandizement, decline and recovery. To the general reader this is virtually a sealed book, while to no one is it more intimately known, either by study or experience, than to the writer of these papers. The special subjects which Mr. Cable will treat—and which will have a separate as well as a serial interest—are chiefly "The Origin of the Creoles," "The Creoles in the Revolution," "The Purchase of Louisiana," "The History of the Blacks in Louisiana," "The New Orleans Quadroons," "Epidemics," "Commercial Rise and Decline of New Orleans."

"THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION." A new novel by Mrs. FRANCES HODGSON

BURNETT (author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "A Fair Barbarian," etc.), to begin with the November number. Mrs. Burnett has hitherto been so remarkably successful in widely different fields—such as Lancashire, the lower Alleghanies, Paris, etc.—that her readers will be glad to learn that in her new novel she will again tread upon ground entirely new to her, and comparatively new in fiction—no very marked successes, at least, having been made in depicting life at the National Capital. This story, while being the author's most mature work, and in delineation of character perhaps the most subtle she has yet undertaken, may be expected to deal incidentally with matters in which there is at present a general public interest.

A NOVEL BY W. D. HOWELLS (author of "A Chance Acquaintance," "Venetian Days," "A Fearful Responsibility," etc.), to begin in the February number. Mr. Howells's new story will deal with characteristic features of American life, and will have a more extended scope than any of his previous books. It will take up new types, and the action will be placed in fresh and widely different scenes of the East and West.

OTHER AMERICAN FICTION has been contributed or is expected from the pens of MARK TWAIN, JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS ("Uncle Remus"), The author of "The Village Convict," CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON, GEORGE W. CABLE, HENRY JAMES, JR., Mrs. JULIA SCHAYER, author of "Tiger Lily," FRANK R. STOCKTON, author of "Rudder Grange," ISABELLA T. HOPKINS, H. H. BOYSEN, and many others, including a number of writers who are entirely new to the public.

A DILIGENCE JOURNEY IN MEXICO, by Mrs. MARY HALLOCK FOOTE, to begin in the November number. This brief series of papers will be a record of recent personal experience, with illustrations by the writer. Since Madame de la Barca's well-known "Life in Mexico," probably no papers of equal interest on this subject have appeared.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SCULPTURE. The November number will contain a valuable paper on "The so-called Venus of Melos," by W. J. STILLMAN, with fine engravings and diagrams demonstrating the supposed true significance of the statue. A "HISTORY OF ANCIENT SCULPTURE," by Mrs. LUCY M. MITCHELL, will begin in an early number. In these papers a summary will be given of the origin and history of the art, from its earliest beginnings down to and after the time of its culmination in Greece. In the existing histories of art, the illustrations are usually of little value, except as maps or signs for the objects delineated. Mrs. Mitchell's papers, it is expected, will contain the finest series of engravings yet published of the masterpieces of ancient sculpture, including some of the most important of those recently discovered. Mr. EDMUND W. GOSSE will contribute papers on "LIVING ENGLISH SCULPTORS," which will include cuts of the best contemporary examples of the art in England. Papers on the "YOUNGER SCULPTORS OF AMERICA" are also in preparation.

THE OPERA IN NEW-YORK, by RICHARD GRANT WHITE. The writer of these papers having been one of the first, as well as one of the most constant and intelligent, of American writers on music, and the history of Opera in America for thirty years being familiar to him, both as critic and amateur, the readers of the Magazine may be sure of a most popular and valuable series. The subject will be illustrated with a completeness and technical beauty not before attempted.

ARCHITECTURE AND DECORATION IN AMERICA. The noticeable improvement in the construction and decoration of American public buildings and houses, and especially the growing departures from conventional styles, are the motives of a series of papers by a competent writer on the rationale of architecture, with special reference to the conditions of American life and climate. It is expected that these papers will have and deserve as wide a popular influence upon public taste as those of Mr. Clarence Cook upon House-furnishing, first published in SCRIBNER. The subject will be treated in a way to interest both the householder and the housewife, the wide range of excellent examples of recent architectural and decorative work accessible to the conductors of the magazine affording opportunity for careful selection of the most practical as well as the most beautiful illustrations.

REPRESENTATIVE ENGLISH MEN AND WOMEN OF THE 19TH CENTURY. Under this general caption may be grouped a number of separate biographical-critical papers of very striking popular and literary interest, most of which will be accompanied by new and excellent portraits. Mr. FREDERICK MYERS will contribute to the November number a paper on George Eliot, which will contain an authoritative account of her philosophical and religious beliefs, accompanied by the only authorized or adequate portrait of the great novelist, engraved from an etching, made specially for the purpose by M. Paul Rajon; Mr. EDMUND W. GOSSE has prepared the first authorized account of the career of Robert Browning up to the date of his marriage, to be accompanied by two portraits; there will also be an essay on Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, by the late DEAN STANLEY; biographical sketches of Matthew Arnold, by ANDREW LANG; of Christina Rossetti, by Mr. GOSSE, and a paper on Cardinal Newman, which will, it is believed, be a contribution to the history of modern thought. The last four papers will have portraits. Prof. JAMES BRYCE, of Oxford, member of the present Parliament, will also write of the late Lord Beaconsfield; and the magazine will print in an early number the most important contribution to "Dickens literature" that has lately been made.

THE TILE CLUB. During the year, at least one, and perhaps two, of the unique papers on the adventures of this well-known association of artists will appear. It is safe to say that they will not be inferior to their predecessors in artistic effect or in unexpectedness of incident.

LIFE OF BEWICK. An original life of BEWICK, the engraver, by AUSTIN DOBSON, author of "Proverbs in Porcelain," the life of "Hogarth," etc., etc., illustrated with portrait, birthplace, etc., and reproductions of many of his engravings, some of the latter being from the original wood-blocks, lent for the occasion by their present owners. Mr. DOBSON says: "Bewick was a man of a singularly attractive northern type, having something both of Hogarth and Franklin in his character and deserving of study as much from his personality as from his talents."

SCENES OF THACKERAY'S NOVELS. The series on the scenes of Dickens's novels will be succeeded by illustrated papers, by W. H. RIDEING, on the Scenes of Thackeray's Novels.

YOUNGER AMERICAN AUTHORS. The papers which from time to time have been published in SCRIBNER, on popular writers of this country, will be continued by the addition of sketches of WM. D. HOWELLS, HENRY JAMES, JR., and GEORGE W. CABLE, with fine portraits.

THE REFORM OF THE CIVIL SERVICE being the most pressing political question before the American public, arrangements have been made for the early publication of a series of papers on different phases of the subject, by several of the ablest advocates of the reform.

POETRY AND POETS IN AMERICA. By EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. There has been no such important body of literary criticism in America in the last fifteen years as Mr. Stedman's papers in SCRIBNER on English and American Poetry. His "Victorian Poets" has already taken a permanent place as an authority. Of his companion volume on "American Poets," the chapters on Whitman, Poe, and Bayard Taylor have already been printed. The studies of Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, and others will appear in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

TOURGUÉNEFF ON RUSSIA OF TO-DAY. The continued interest in Russian affairs and events, together with the prevalence of unreliable information, make authoritative writing on the subject especially welcome to American readers. TOURGUÉNEFF, in his remarkable and widely read novels, has already shown his thorough acquaintance with the problems that are now distracting the Great Empire, and it is expected that what he will write for this magazine will give a juster, as well as a clearer, idea of the rights and wrongs of the Russian people, and the difficulties under which they labor, than any other book or papers accessible to the English-reading public.

MISCELLANEOUS SKETCHES AND ESSAYS may be expected from CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, W. D. HOWELLS, EDWARD EGGLESTON, JOHN MUIR, MISS GORDON CUMMING, "H. H.," JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY, W. J. STILLMAN, A. C. REDWOOD, CHARLES DE KAY, F. D. MILLET, NOAH BROOKS, W. J. LINTON, WM. H. RIDEING, SIDNEY LANIER, T. R. LOUNSBURY, H. H. BOYSEN, ALBERT STICKNEY, EMMA LAZARUS, WASHINGTON GLADDEN, JOHN BURROUGHS, PARKE GODWIN, TOMMASO SALVINI, HENRY KING, ERNEST INGERSOLL, E. L. GODKIN, E. B. WASHBURNE, Dr. J. G. HOLLAND, the Editor-in-Chief, and many others. It is impossible here to mention in detail the subjects, or even the classes of subjects, which will be treated by the above-named contributors. It will be enough to say that there will be a steady advance toward the realization of the high standard of excellence entertained in all departments of the magazine.

THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS: In "TOPICS OF THE TIME" will be presented, as usual, brief editorial essays on current events. Arrangements are being made with writers of knowledge and reputation for contributions to "HOME AND SOCIETY," which will give that department a wider range of subject, and a more intellectual, though, it is hoped, none the less practically suggestive character. Realizing the hopelessness of any attempt by a popular magazine to cover the whole field of new books, the department of Reviews will only aim to review or notice the best and most significant, which, as far as possible, will be intrusted to the hands of specialists. "THE WORLD'S WORK" is so frequently the source of quotation by scientific and industrial journals, and of inquiry by readers of the magazine, that its enlargement seems to be demanded. It will continue to be made up mainly of descriptions of new processes and appliances which have been personally inspected by the editor of the department. "BRIC-A-BRAC," as heretofore, will be open to humorous verse or prose, dialect, "cartoons," vers de société, curiosities of literature, etc., etc.

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A PORTRAIT OF DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

The publishers of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, believing that an authentic and life-like portrait of the Editor-in-chief of that magazine will be welcomed by thousands of readers, have issued a large photograph of Dr. J. G. Holland, taken from a crayon portrait by Wyatt Eaton. It is considered an excellent picture, and by far the best likeness of Dr. Holland ever made. The photograph is printed and mounted in the best style of art, size 21x27, and can be supplied, with or without a frame, at the following prices:

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Book-sellers and news-dealers throughout the country will supply the portraits and receive subscriptions on the above terms.

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COMPLETE SETS OF THE BOUND VOLUMES OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

MANY of the earlier numbers of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY having run out of print, we have been unable to fill orders received for complete sets of the magazine, or for single copies of any of the earlier volumes. We have now reprinted small editions of the missing numbers, at a largely increased expense, and make the following offers:

(1) The first 14 Volumes, Complete, for \$38.00.

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These are the volumes from November, 1877, to October, 1881, containing all the numbers since the introduction of the full-page frontispieces, and the adoption of the methods by which the magazine has made such rapid strides in the art of wood-engraving.

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We can make one hundred sets of the twenty-two volumes, complete, which we offer, with indexes, for the above price, \$55.00 (regular price, \$70.00). These volumes are an encyclopedia in themselves, containing nineteen thousand pages and more than seven thousand wood-cuts. In no other shape can so much good literature and such a wealth of artistic engraving be had at so low a price.

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Any of the above sent, charges paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of price.

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ST. NICHOLAS for 1882.

PUBLISHERS' PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Century Co., publishers of ST. NICHOLAS, take pleasure in announcing that the Ninth Volume, which opens with the November number, will be one of exceptional variety and excellence. The features already secured for the year 1882 are such as cannot fail to interest all boys and girls, and be of permanent value in their lives. Only a partial list of the attractions secured is given below.

An announcement of great interest to young folk everywhere is that of

A NEW SERIAL STORY BY MARY MAPES DODGE,

Editor of ST. NICHOLAS, author of "Hans Brinker," "Rhymes and Jingles," etc. This story, entitled

DONALD AND DOROTHY, novel in plot and exciting in action, cannot but be deeply interesting to boys and girls of all ages, arousing curiosity, as it does, in the very first chapter, and enabling the reader to take Donald and Dorothy by surprise just when those two young persons are themselves mystified by the turn of affairs. This is the first long story which Mrs. Dodge has written since the issue of "Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates," and, like its predecessor, it deals with real live boys and girls. But this time America, not Holland, is the scene of action. A second serial story, full of lively incident and interest, will be

THE HOOSIER SCHOOL-BOY, BY EDW'D EGGLESTON

author of "The Hoosier School-master," "Roxy," and other well-known stories of Western life. This, his latest work of fiction, is written especially for boys, and has all the exciting incident, spirited dialogue, and life-like touches that made the Hoosier School-master a familiar character all over the land.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY, by HARRY M. KIEFFER,

a Pennsylvania volunteer who, in early youth, went through all the important campaigns of the Army of the Potomac. These admirable articles contain nothing that would awaken or foster a sectional spirit among young or old in any part of the country, but are simply an accurate, sincere, and interesting review of four years of actual service in the field. The work, however, is pervaded by the spirit of the army to which the writer belonged, and has a simplicity and directness of style which will at once commend it to young readers. Many of the descriptions are exceedingly vivid, and as a picture of the realities of camp and battle-field these Recollections have never been surpassed.

EMBROIDERY FOR GIRLS

will receive due attention in the course of a series of beautifully illustrated practical and descriptive papers, and special consideration will be given to

AMATEUR NEWSPAPERS,

a subject of great interest among young folks at the present time.

In addition to the above-named new attractions and others to be mentioned next month, several of the most popular and distinctive features of our past volume will be continued in the coming year. Mr. E. S. Brooks, author of "The Land of Nod," will contribute several admirable plays, and Dr. Felix L. Oswald will have Tales of Adventure similar to his fine series "In Nature's Wonderland." THE TREASURE-BOX OF LITERATURE will be opened from time to time, and a most interesting and valuable course of reading for young folk in the way of historical fiction will be outlined in a series of articles. The "Stories of Art and Artists," which constantly grow in interest, will be enriched by very fine reproductions of famous pictures. The very popular Illustrated Ballads for Young Folk, such as "The Miller of Dee," "The Frog's Tea-party," and "Proud Prince Cham," will be followed by others equally spirited and pictorial. Beautiful and costly illustrations will be lavished upon the new volume, and rich engravings and frontispieces, including copies of original paintings and drawings by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Millais, Alma Tadema, and others, will appear in its numbers. A large supply of novel features and stories, especially designed for the Christmas Holidays, already is in hand, and the coming Christmas (December) number will surpass even that of last year, and be the finest number of ST. NICHOLAS ever issued.

FULL PROSPECTUS NEXT MONTH.

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They prepare to wrestle. Rosalind says: "Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!" and Celia:

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"I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg," Charles is thrown; for, by a trick well known to professional wrestlers, as they stand facing each other, Orlando suddenly seizes Charles by one arm and twirls him round, which enables him to clasp him from behind and lift him from the ground, so as to throw him on his shoulders. Charles tries to break Orlando's hold by twisting open his hands. This is the moment the group is intended to represent.

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An Unsolicited Testimonial.

The following letter appeared in a recent number (June 4th) of *Food and Health*, a Scientific and Practical Review, published in New-York. Many will recognize in the signature that of a gifted lady, whose fine contributions have graced the pages of some of our best periodicals.

"DUNDEE, Kane Co., Ill., May, 1881.

"To the Editor of *Food and Health*:"

"In a stray issue of your valuable magazine I notice a kindly comment on 'Compound Oxygen,' manufactured by Drs. Starkey & Palen, of Philadelphia. As circumstances have thrown in my path an extended knowledge of this reliable agent, it may be pardonable to present to your readers a few facts relative to its object and results.

"It is not always easy to discriminate between the false and true, as humbugs and impostors abound in every calling, and in none more than among physicians and remedies for disease.

"The earnestness with which you have espoused truth and set yourself not only to expose fallacies and fraud, but to show forth a more excellent way, will give weight to all that is allowed within your columns. Many a sufferer, worn out with nostrums, reaching out in despair for help in some more scientific and rational way, unable or loath to leave home to obtain it, would gladly embrace this Home Treatment could they be assured by sincere and honest testimony of its worth. To such I would speak words of encouragement and hope. 'Compound Oxygen' is the result of years of careful investigation and experiment, originally prepared in behalf of personal suffering, and ultimately extended to suffering humanity. The present manufacturers are physicians of reliable character and ability, possessed of such benevolent spirit and kindly nature that the world is enriched by their existence. The treatment is by inhalation, and acts upon the whole system through the blood, purifying, invigorating, arresting and expelling disease.

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"It gives me pleasure, through the columns of *Food and Health*, to attest the honor and truthfulness of these gentlemen, and to recommend to all suffering ones this beneficent aid to health.

"If it would be a matter of interest to any to receive a fuller statement of the nature and action of this remedy, I should be happy to give a more extended account, or answer private inquiries.

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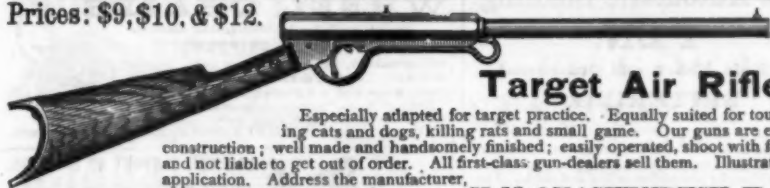
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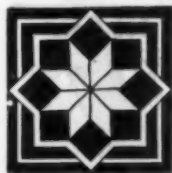
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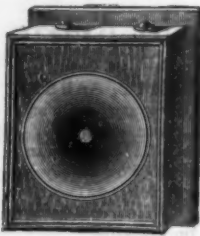
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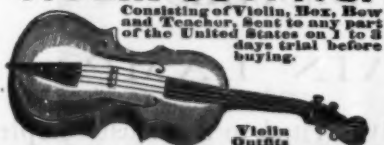
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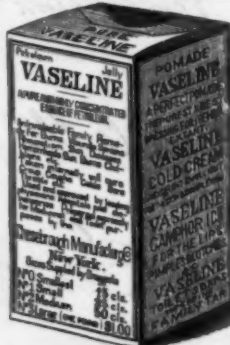
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